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April 13, 1940

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Collier's

THE NATI

THE SECRET OF THE MARSHBANKS—A NEW NOVEL BY

KATHLEEN NO

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS

PRIL 13, 1940

Finest G-E Refrigerators You've Ever Seen!

AT LOWEST PRICES IN G-E HISTORY!
Beautiful Cabinets! New Conveniences! And Conditioned Air!

THE most complete refrigerator you've ever seen! That's what you'll say when you see the new deluxe General Electric—*the refrigerator with conditioned air!* Big, beautifully styled cabinets, more spacious interiors, more usable conveniences, better food preservation than ever. Yet prices for 1940 are the lowest in G-E history!

The First Choice of Millions

Shop around, compare values and you'll be quick to appreciate how much your dollar buys in a General Electric. And when you choose a G-E you have a refrigerator that will serve you faithfully for years to come. Sizes from 4 cu. ft. to 16 cu. ft. See your G-E dealer for new low prices and easy terms. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

SEE G-E
THAT'S THE BUY!

CONDITIONED AIR! Controlled temperature, humidity, and constant circulation of freshened air.

SELECTIVE STORAGE. All four needed zones—Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; Safety-Zone General Storage.

ALL-STEEL CABINET, built for long life. One-piece porcelain interiors — and porcelain exteriors, too!

STAINLESS STEEL Super-Freezer and **STAINLESS STEEL** Sliding Shelves!

ILLUMINATED TEMPERATURE DIAL Tel-a-frost Indicator. Thriftometer. Interior Lighting. Easy releasing, fast freezing Quick Trays. Matched Dishes.

SEALED-IN-STEEL G-E THRIFT UNIT famed throughout the world for quiet, low-cost operation and enduring economy.

FIRST CHOICE!

A Statement by the General Electric Company

We believe the new 1940 G-E Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered to the American public—one that will cost you less to own than any other refrigerator you can buy at any price.

GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.

* * *

The G-E Refrigerator is a product of the world's largest and oldest electrical manufacturer. Into its design and manufacture have gone the knowledge and skill acquired through sixty years of leadership in things electrical.

CONDITIONED AIR!

Keeps food fresher longer with air sweet and clean like that in the old-fashioned spring house.

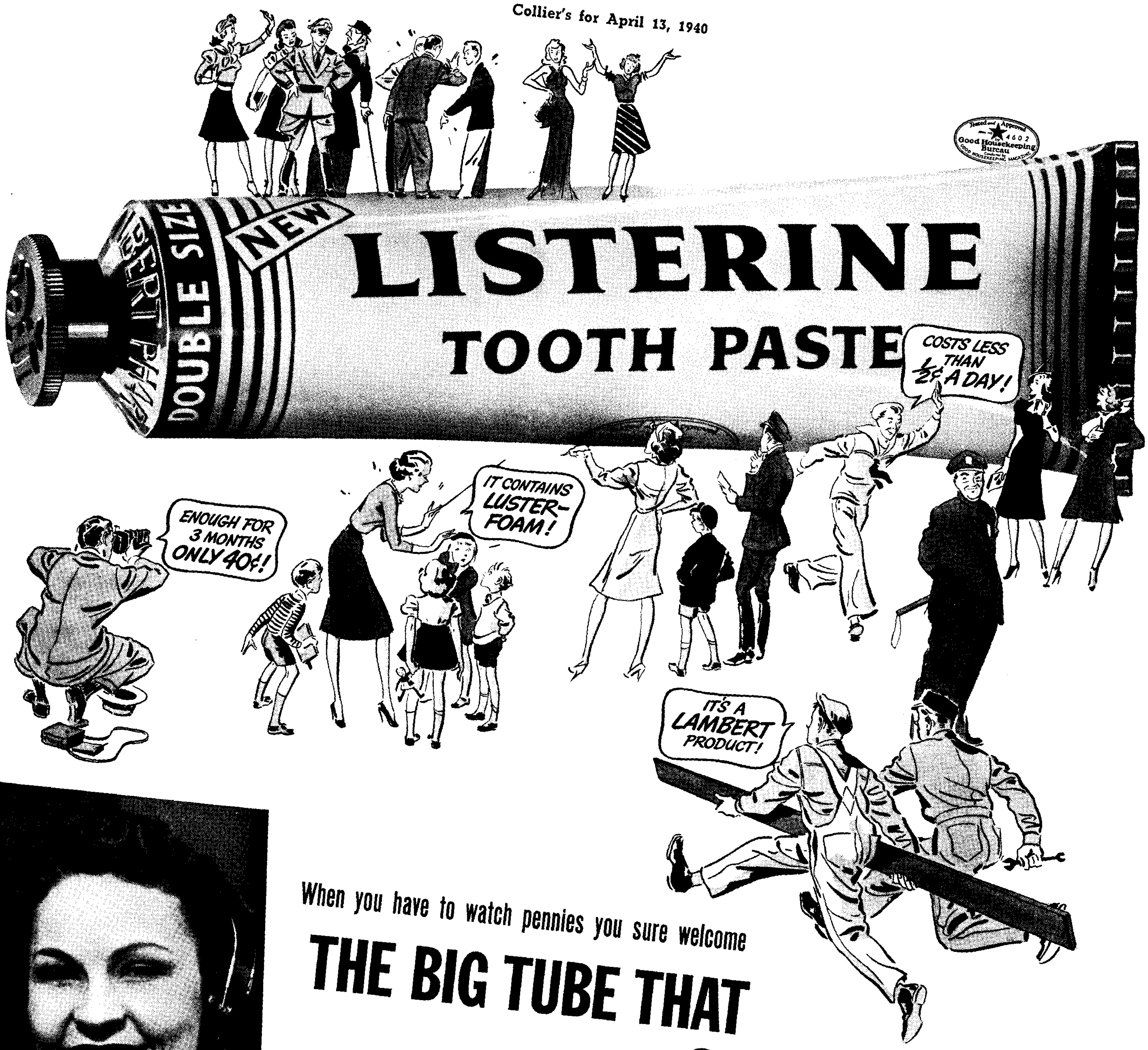
1. New G-E Cold Storage Compartment automatically controls humidity for keeping meats better longer.

2. New Air-Filter freshens air, practically eliminates transfer of food odors. You can taste the difference!

3. New G-E Humi-Dial provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables garden fresh.

"You'll always be glad you bought a G-E"

GENERAL ELECTRIC



"A MIGHTY WELCOME BARGAIN," SAYS TELEPHONE GIRL. "When you're living on what a telephone operator earns, a dentifrice like Listerine Tooth Paste that costs so little and lasts so long is a mighty welcome bargain," says Sally Graham, New York.

When you have to watch pennies you sure welcome

THE BIG TUBE THAT LASTS 3 MONTHS!

Yes, Sir! When day-to-day expenses empty that pay envelope almost before you open it . . . when buying some little luxury means scrimping on necessities . . . you certainly do appreciate that big economy tube of Listerine Tooth Paste.

Just think of it! The 40¢ tube lasts three whole months . . . even when you use a full ¾ inch of paste per day . . . still longer if you use less!

The secret of this economy? Well, one important factor is a new-type ingredient in Listerine Tooth Paste—Luster-Foam detergent. This wonderful new laboratory achievement makes possible a real tooth cleansing and polishing job with only a small amount of paste.

Luster-Foam quickly sweeps tooth surfaces clean of food particles and other loose deposits. Then this wonderful new-type ingredient rushes to get after many of those tiny crevices where, according to some authorities, more than 75% of decay starts. And at the same time the paste polishes your teeth and helps to bring out the gleam and flash of their natural brilliance.

Remember, this grand new dentifrice is a Lambert product. That means you economize without any compromise on quality. So start with the New Listerine Tooth Paste, containing Luster-Foam detergent, today. Ask at any drug counter for the big 40¢ tube. Use as much as ¾ of an inch a day, and it will last you three whole months!

Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Costs you less than ½¢ a day!

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Collier's

April 13, 1940

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Next Week

IT MAY come as a shock to hear that we—the citizens and government of the United States—*are paying* millions a year directly into the treasury of the Soviet government. "How Stalin Steals Our Money" begins a series of startling revelations by D. H. Dubrowsky, the man who, as director of the Soviet Red Cross in this country, organized the transmission of money and supplies. He takes you across the Red frontiers and into official circles in Moscow to explain the devices by which America is made to pay for subversive propaganda at home and help support the Stalin machine abroad.

NO HOUSE flag fluttered from the foretop, no bugle echoed through the companionways as the Nuremberg, repainted in its new wartime drab gray, slipped out to sea on its well-nigh hopeless dash to the safety of Bremerhaven. Her broad white decks were empty of passengers, and a scuttle crew stood constant watch for the tense moment when a sleek British cruiser might loom on the horizon. It was to be the Nuremberg's "Last Voyage." Walter Havighurst writes this dramatic short story of the last days of a beautiful luxury liner and of the self-sacrificing bravery of a great captain and his crew. It's a gripping sea story of the present war.

YOU can't send a carrot to the hospital, nor can you vaccinate a field of beans. Yet these crops are as subject to disease as a delicate baby. About all you can do is design vegetables that will resist disease. That's why plant explorers paw through vegetable stalls in Bagdad and tramp the scraggy hillside farms of Afghanistan. They're looking for vegetables that can be crossed with our own varieties to build up disease resistance. J. D. Ratcliff gives you the fascinating story of the plant breeders' search for "Vegetable Gems."

ROARK BRADFORD presents another amusing story of Little Bee Bend, demonstrating how even the plantation preacher may do a bit of "One-Legged Backsliding" and still come back to grace. Ernest Haycox writes a tense romance of Army life during the early Western Indian wars. Bill Terry, manager of the Giants, tells why he doesn't like night baseball even though his team will play it at the Polo Grounds this year. Then there are all-star contributions by Dan Parker, Frank Fenton, Kyle Crichton, Henry Jackson and others. Food for thought.

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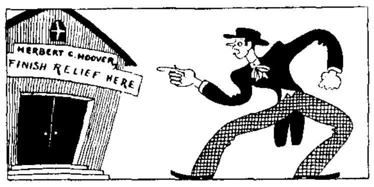
COVER E. M. JACKSON

Any Week

THIS couldn't have happened in Mr. Pullfer's youth. Mr. Pullfer of Bessemer, Alabama, assures us of that. He blames it on Franklin Roosevelt, although we fail to see it as clearly as Mr. Pullfer does. Anyway there are quite a number of coal miners in northern Alabama. They all belong to Mr. John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers and are loyal to his C.I.O. At least four of these union locals have, Mr. Pullfer regrets to report, Negro presidents and secretaries. That, as you can readily see, is a pretty desperate state of affairs, particularly in Alabama. But the reason makes it all the worse. In these locals, officered by colored miners, are plenty of white men. But the reason for Negro presidents and secretaries—particularly secretaries—is that it was deemed necessary that they—particularly the secretaries—should be able to read and write. And that, says Mr. Pullfer, is your New Deal for you. "When I was a young man," he told us, "Negroes were kept in their place."



WE GOT to talking to Mr. Pullfer because we'd just seen a sign on a dismal hall in a forlorn village in Kentucky. It seemed to be addressed to Mr. Herbert C. Hoover. It read: "Mr. Hoover, Finish Relief Here." We thought it a pretty clever sign but Mr. Pullfer didn't. "That's plain Communism," he told us. "It wouldn't have happened when I was young—when Americans ran this country."

WE WERE sorry to have to leave Mr. Pullfer. But he had to go to a Klan meeting where everybody could read and write and didn't get slogany about relief, and we wished him lots of luck. We might have regretted it more, however, if we hadn't met a gentleman named Patterson, who was ready to spring to arms about those census questionnaires. He had an idea too. "Listen," said Mr. Patterson, "they ought to add one more question: 'Are you a candidate for a third term?' "

ALL OF which set us to thinking, a function we're quite capable of just like Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Thompson, Mr. Lippmann, General Johnson and the rest of those brain-cudgelers. And we were doing nicely until interrupted by a Mrs. Stull of Cairo, Illinois, who had been investigating the lives of flatboat families on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. They couldn't get relief, she told us, because, living on boats, they never stayed in one place long enough to establish residence. "There are children on those flatboats," said Mrs. Stull, "who are twelve years old and never ate anything but corn pone and catfish." She is writing to Mrs. Roosevelt about it. "I am sure," she said, "that Mrs. Roosevelt has never been on one of these flatboats—that is, pretty sure."

WHILE that's being settled, Mr. Joseph E. Winshaw of Denver, Colorado, wants to know "why we overburdened taxpayers should pay salaries to public servants who spend half their time seeking some other office." Naturally we don't know. All we can do is tell you that Mr. Winshaw is rather angry at Senator Taft, Paul V. McNutt and Thomas E. Dewey. "Mr. Taft is being paid to legislate," cries he. "Mr. McNutt gets big money to administer the Social Security law and Mr. Dewey is hired to prosecute criminals. If they don't like their jobs let them quit instead of running around the country trying to look like Presidents."

PERHAPS you too will receive a letter from Colonel Bates B. Frame of Los Angeles, California. Colonel Frame wishes to enlist a large number of patriots in a movement to adopt a "modified innovation from the English system" into our American way of life. Says the colonel: "When an English prime minister is at odds with Parliament he goes to the country. I would have it so in the United States, but with this small difference: When a President of the United States finds himself in that predicament he should go to the country—and stay there."

AND from Mr. H. C. Dekker of Portland, Oregon, we have a request for information about that upsetting editorial—Debt's Debt. "A fine exhibition of financial illiteracy, I call it," scoffs Mr. Dekker. "Did the ape on the cover page write it?"

MERELY his idea . . . W. D.

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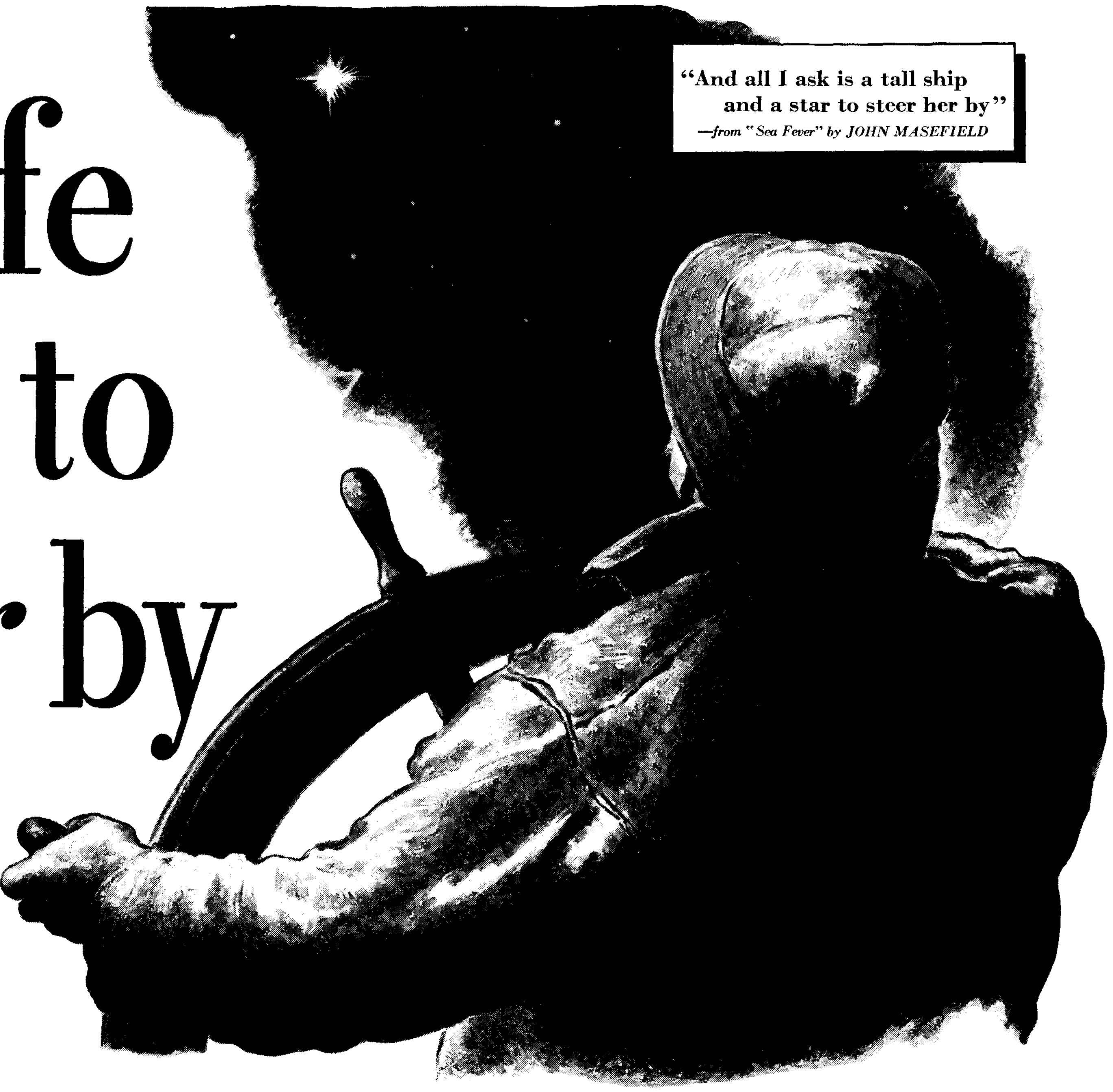
A Safe star to *steer* by

"And all I ask is a tall ship
and a star to steer her by"
—from "Sea Fever" by JOHN MASEFIELD



For a thousand years, sailors of the Northern seas have set their courses by the North Star. Why do they choose one single speck of light among all the myriads that dot the sky? Because, taking their bearings from the North Star, they can hold a true course—steer safely into port.

You don't like to steer blindly when you're buying tires. It's too important a purchase for that. You not only want to get full value for what you pay, but the safety of your car, your friends, your family—all are at stake.

Before you buy *any* tire, find out who made it, how long they have been making tires, how many tires they have made and how their tires have performed. Find out what their production facilities are for making *quality* tires to sell at a *low* price.

Good tires don't just happen. They can only be developed out of long experience by a reputable manufacturer.

If you've lost your bearings in a sea of confusing and conflicting tire "claims," here is one unchanging fact to guide you. The blue-and-gold *Goodyear diamond sign* points your way to a safe tire purchase.

Goodyear makes a *complete line* of tires, for every driving need and every purse—now at *new low prices!* For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—priced *lower*—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.

GOODYEAR
GOODYEAR TIRES

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

"ALL-WEATHER"—T. M. THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.

Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread—Proved for Safety by More People over More Miles Than Any Other

GOODYEAR TIRES
Always as good as you think.
Now cost less than you imagine.

The RAMBLER, S-941
$8.95
The HIGHLAND, S-938
$10
Punched Clear Through

ESTABLISHED 1892

We're old enough to know...

THAT FIT IS NOT ALWAYS A MATTER OF SIZE!

The correct shape of the shoe is as important as the right size. That's why Florsheim measured thousands of pairs of feet, and designed hundreds of exclusive lasts that provide perfect fit for every degree of difference, in shape and contour! Most Florsheim wearers come back, season after season, for the *same* Florsheim last they're wearing.

Most Styles $8.95 *and* $10

THE Florsheim SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers*, CHICAGO
Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

The COASTER, S-936
$10
The SARANAC, S-867
$8.95

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Until about 1933, few persons outside of Japan could tell the sex of a chicken until it was several weeks old. Today the United States has approximately 300 Japanese and 200 American "sexers" who, being able to separate cockerels from pullets when only one day old, are saving large-scale breeders and hatcheries much time and expense. —*By R. N. Harvey, Delhi, New York.*

When a person endangers his own life in saving, or attempting to save, the lives of others in a wreck or any other grave disaster on an American railroad, the President of the United States presents the hero with the Medal of Honor of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in the past eight years have varied in size from $150, which was lent to a barber to pay for equipment for his shop, to $208,500,000, which was lent to the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California to pay for the construction of a 240-mile aqueduct.—*By Joseph W. Middleton, Muncie, Indiana.*

Any foreign ship that transports passengers between ports or places in the United States is subject to a federal fine of $200 for every such passenger.—*By Louis A. Lebowitz, New York, New York.*

On American postage stamps, whose fifty-four regular varieties are produced in forty-one colors, the adhesive is dried in twenty-five seconds.

When sailing between widely separated ports, most ships follow a Great Circle course, or an arc whose center is the center of the earth, because it is the shortest distance. For instance, the distance between San Francisco and Yokohama by direct compass bearing is 5,517 miles, whereas the Great Circle course is only 5,224 miles.—*By Dr. Karl W. Ruyle, Miami, Arizona.*

Passengers who carry motion-picture film on trains, ships, busses, airplanes or any other common carrier without notifying the company violate a federal law and are subject to a fine of $2,000 or imprisonment for as long as eighteen months or both.—*By Leonard Laub, Brooklyn, New York.*

Radio engineers have discovered that, on certain wave lengths, a small but easily detected amount of static comes from interstellar space, evidently being produced in some manner by the stars.—*By R. Clark Jones, Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

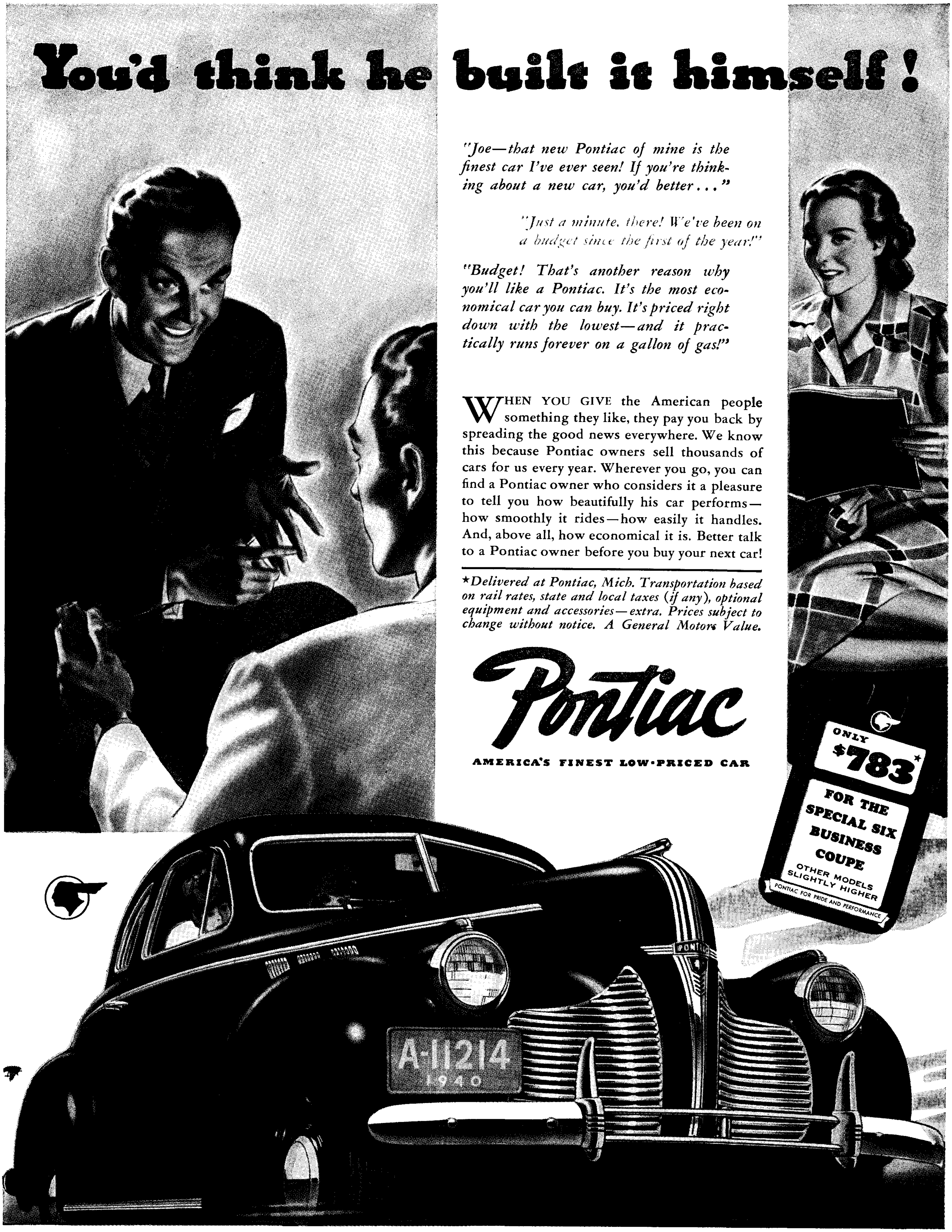
More than 2,000 typewriter and other business-machine ribbons are on the market. They are made from five different kinds of material, in 52 widths, with nine degrees of inking, using 27 colors and color combinations. One is a gold ribbon for typing on black or blue stationery. —*By Carl F. Hayn, Jr., South Bend, Indiana.*

Among the 19,000 different editions of the Bible in the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, are Braille copies in forty-one languages.

Modern automobile carburetors use approximately 10,000 parts of air to one part of gasoline.—*By B. D. McBride, Greenwood, Mississippi.*

Every batch of 10,000 American-made nails carries an indentifying mark, and therefore, in case of a crime, can be traced to the manufacturer, thence to dealers and purchasers. In 1936, a Pennsylvania criminal, whose bombs had killed three persons, was captured and convicted through a single nail found at the scene of one explosion.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher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ONLY
$783*
FOR THE SPECIAL SIX BUSINESS COUPE
OTHER MODELS SLIGHTLY HIGHER
PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

You'd think he built it himself!

"Joe—that new Pontiac of mine is the finest car I've ever seen! If you're thinking about a new car, you'd better . . ."

"Just a minute, there! We've been on a budget since the first of the year!"

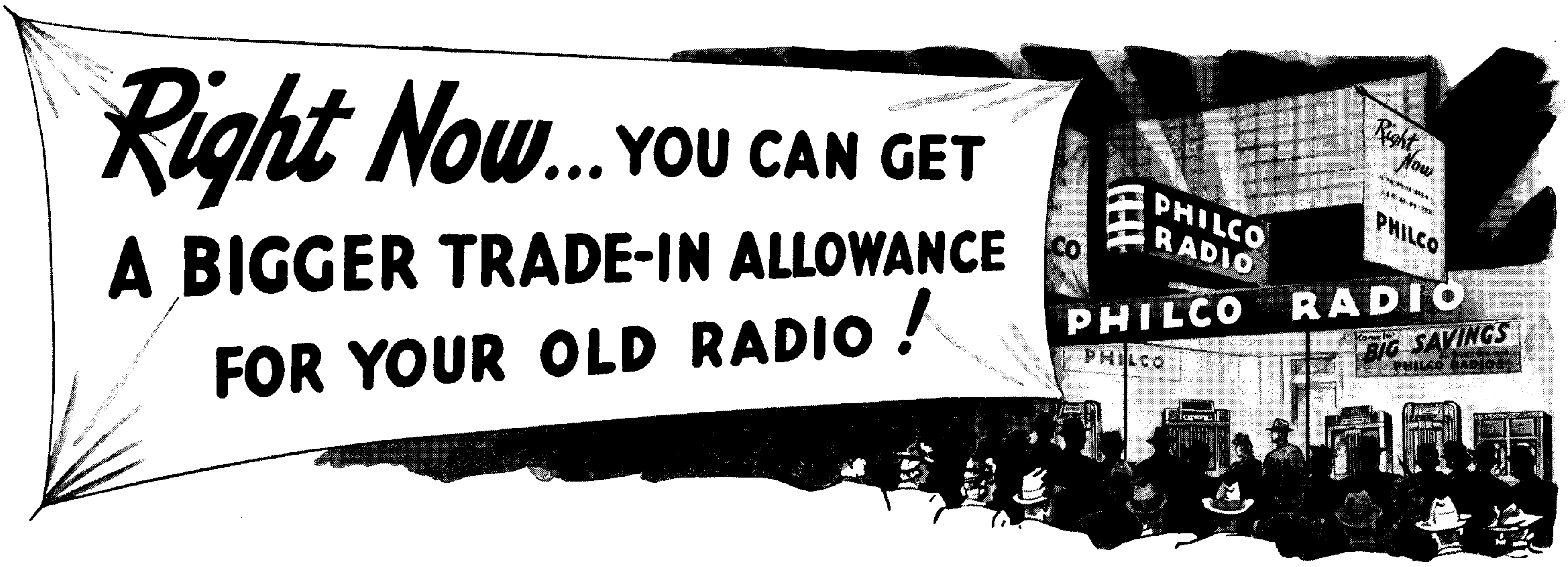
"Budget! That's another reason why you'll like a Pontiac. It's the most economical car you can buy. It's priced right down with the lowest—and it practically runs forever on a gallon of gas!"

WHEN YOU GIVE the American people something they like, they pay you back by spreading the good news everywhere. We know this because Pontiac owners sell thousands of cars for us every year. Wherever you go, you can find a Pontiac owner who considers it a pleasure to tell you how beautifully his car performs—how smoothly it rides—how easily it handles. And, above all, how economical it is. Better talk to a Pontiac owner before you buy your next car!

★Delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.

Pontiac

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR



See your PHILCO dealer today!

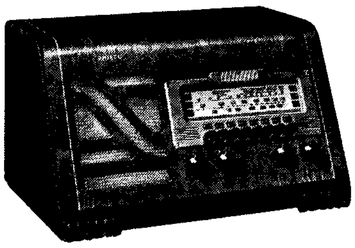
THIS is the time of the year when Philco dealers everywhere offer their most liberal trade-in allowances! And this year, with Philco's special cooperation, your old radio has a surprising *added value* on a number of exquisite, brand new, 1940, fine performing Philco radios and radio-phonographs.

Right now, is the best time for you to replace your old radio and begin to enjoy the thrills of a modern, 1940 Philco . . . America's favorite and finest radio. Enjoy the glorious new richness and purity of tone which is yours through the Built-in Super Aerial *System,* Philco's amazing and exclusive invention. You just plug in anywhere and play . . . no untidy aerial or ground wires on your roof or around your room. Tune in short-wave foreign broadcasts better than ever, hear history as it happens *direct* from the capitals of Europe. Beautify your home with the smart, lovely design of Philco's 1940 cabinets.

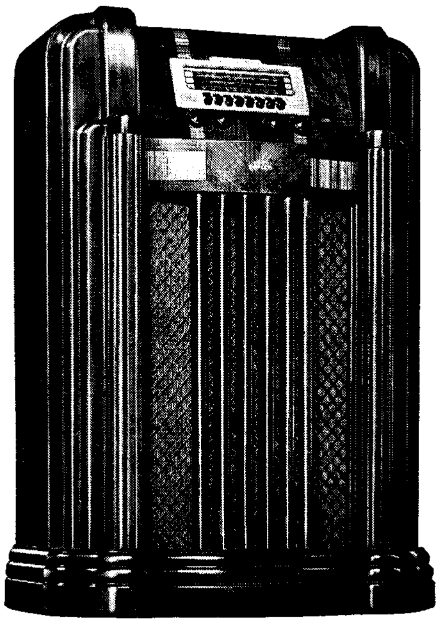
Your Philco dealer offers you a real, money-saving opportunity now. Visit him today . . . investigate his special offers while they last . . . see *how much* your old radio is worth in trade if you act at once. And remember—you can have your choice on the very easiest of monthly payment terms.

PHILCO 217RX WITH WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL The world's most thrilling radio! 12 tubes, American and Foreign reception, Built-in Super Aerial *System . . . plus* Wireless Remote Control of favorite stations. Tune from any room *without wires or connections to radio!* Magnificent Walnut cabinet with folding lid that covers the Inclined Control Panel. Extra liberal trade-in allowance; easy terms.

PHILCO 190XF *(right).* A sensational value that brings you *marvelous* tone, performance and beauty! Powerful American and Foreign reception. Built-in Super Aerial *System* with Twin-Loop Aerial. Electric Push-Button Tuning for favorite stations. Impressive Walnut cabinet with Inclined Control Panel. Special trade-in allowance, easy terms.

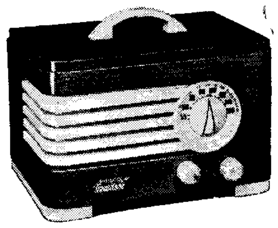


PHILCO 150T. Built-in Super Aerial *System* gives you *powerful* American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning for favorite stations. Fine-toned speaker. Lovely Walnut cabinet with Inclined Control Panel. Generous trade-in allowance; easy monthly payment terms.



PHILCO RADIO-PHONOGRAPH 515. Authentic 18th Century Chippendale reproduction, in choice of richly finished, hand-rubbed Walnut or Mahogany. Has new Philco *De Luxe Intermix Record Changer;* plays 14 ten and twelve inch records, intermixed in any order, at one loading. Extra trade-in allowance and easiest of terms.

PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-43 *Quality-built,* AC-DC Compact with Built-in Loop Aerial. 5 Loktal tubes. Walnut cabinet, cream plastic trim; also in other colors. Many models, $9.95 up.



PHILCO OFFERS A COMPLETE SELECTION OF AUTO RADIOS FROM $19.95 UP—INCLUDING THE SENSATIONAL NEW SHORT-WAVE AUTO RADIO . . . HEAR IT!

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Collier's

The National Weekly for April 13, 1940

The Secret of the Marshbanks

By Kathleen Norris

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Beginning the romance of a girl who was born to great happiness and high fortune and who came, by devious ways, to her hidden destiny

"THAT'S the child—that's Cherry," Sister Seraphine said in her serene voice. Her hands were crossed and hidden within her wide sleeves, but a motion of her caped and coifed head indicated a certain girl among the milling masses, and the man who was her companion looked at the girl keenly.

The tableaux and the play were over, but many of the girls still wore their make-up and a theatrical excitement possessed the hot, crowded hall. It was not a large hall; just now it was filled with spectators, nuns and performers mixed indiscriminately.

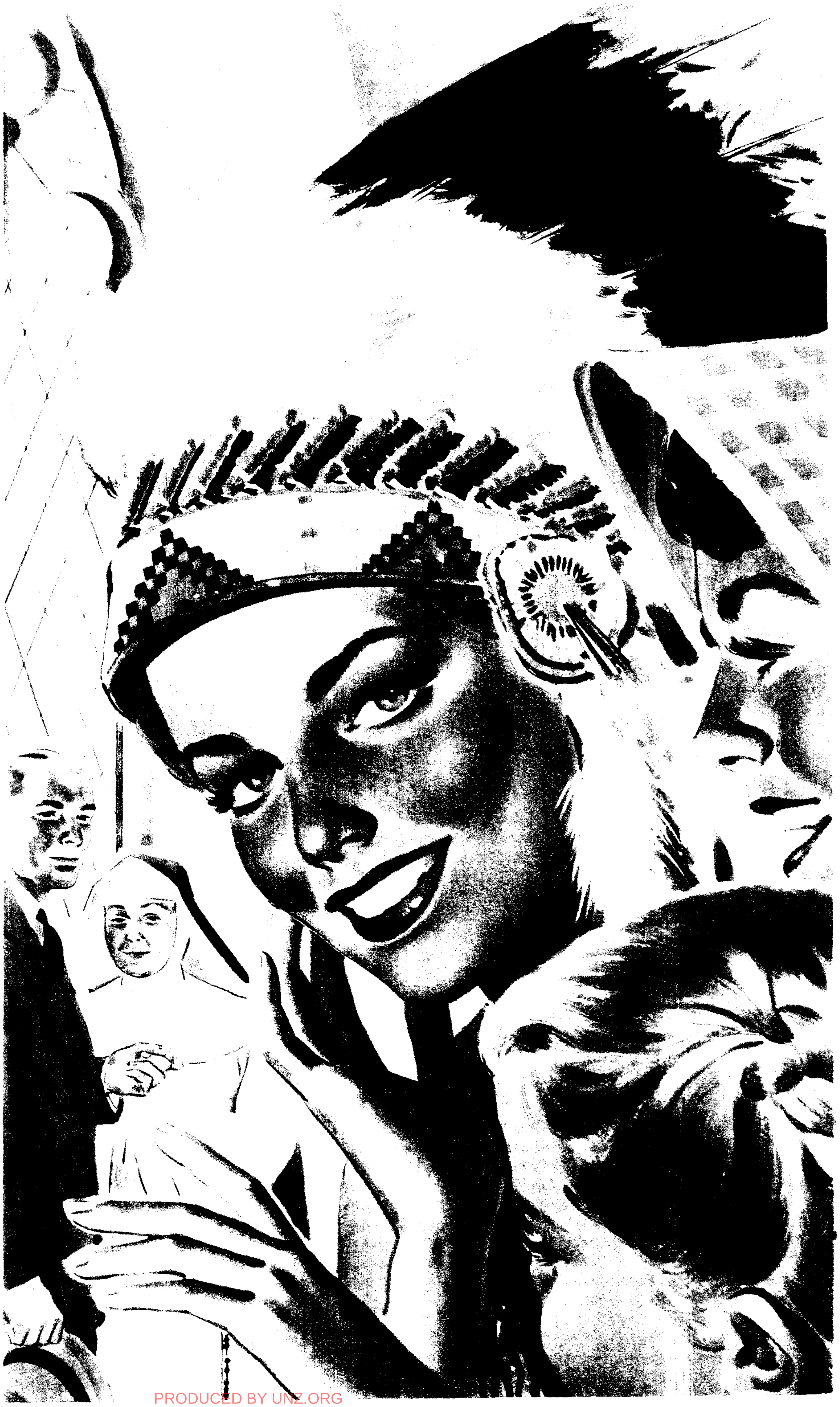
Bright lights flooded auditorium and stage; groups formed and reformed. The man watched the girl he had identified for a few minutes and thought that she was a vital young creature, anyway; she was not a bad-looking young creature, anyway; she seemed popular enough, anyway. Obviously she was the center of everything that went on.

As the daughter of an Indian chief she had taken the leading part in the play that had concluded the program, and had appeared in more than one of the tableaux that had preceded it as well. Judson Marshbanks saw her questioned, kissed and congratulated; saw her drop her proudly feathered head more than once in a deprecating fashion, as if she were embarrassed by praise.

After some fifteen minutes of this postperformance bedlam when some of the audience were already drifting away and the atmosphere had been somewhat cooled by the opening of wide doors into the night, a nun drew her quietly aside. The girl's laughing expression changed, as she glanced in his direction. She joined him immediately.

"Cherry, this is Judge Marshbanks," said Sister Seraphine, and the judge watched her dark eyes brighten suddenly, and felt the touch of her warm, young, quickly extended hand.

All she said was a somewhat shy how-do-you-do, but her look added what she did not say: "I know your name! I know something about you."



Judson Marshbanks saw her congratulated; saw her drop her head more than once in a deprecating fashion

"Well, so you led the pioneers out of danger?" Judson Marshbanks asked amiably. Color showed under her Indian brown and he thought with satisfaction that she was a handsome, glowing sort of girl who ought not to have too much trouble getting along. Tall, with fine eyes and a nice smile on painted lips, and with a lithe young body to which the brown-fringed cloth and beads and feathers of her costume were infinitely becoming.

"It was a silly sort of play," the girl said quickly. He remembered that she had written it, and smiled.

"Come over here and sit down, Cherry; I want to talk to you a minute," he said.

"Now is this a good place for you to talk? Or would you rather have one of the parlors?" the hovering little Sister asked.

"This is very nice," said the judge. "I'll not keep her long. I'm joining a friend who is flying his plane down to San Francisco tonight," he explained, "so if Cherry doesn't mind—?"

Cherry did not mind anything. She looked dazed with excitement and surprise. A man coming to see her, who had not averaged a caller a year in all her twenty years, and coming just now, when she was still flushed and breathless from the evening's thrills, created a situation that silenced her. She sat down, as he had, at the little side table where Sister Imelda had recently been collecting the ten-cent tickets, and looked at her companion expectantly and could not speak.

Sweet night air was rushing in the open doorway now, most of the lights had been extinguished, and the place was all but deserted.

"I thought it was a very good play," said the judge. "I understand that you wrote it? It was a sort of allegory—a pageant, wasn't it?"

"Well, they all have to be pageants, because of having to get all the girls in," Cherry answered in a shy voice. But her dark blue eyes were not shy, and they shone with curiosity and friendliness and eagerness at her companion. Fred's eyes, he thought. How like him she was!

"Oh, you have to get all the girls in?" he asked aloud.

"OH, YES. Last Halloween—we always have a play for Halloween—we had only fifteen girls, so that wasn't so hard. I could have used more! But now we have twenty-four girls from the house in Victor Street that burned down!"

"I see. And do you always write the plays?"

"Well, usually. Yes, I guess always."

"And who wrote the song?"

"That Madeleine sang? Didn't she sing that beautifully? Sister Claude," Cherry went on, suddenly warming to confidence, "went to an opera once. You know, real opera."

"I didn't think Sisters did."

"Oh, but this was before she entered!" the girl reassured him. And for the first time he heard her resonant joyous laugh.

"You wrote the words to the song, too?"

"Oh, well, yes," Cherry said carelessly. "And she said—Sister Claude did, that Madeleine sang like the prima donna—she said so, really."

"You acted the leading part, too," the man said.

"Yes, I had to! Miriam Foster was twenty and so she had to go home. We thought she'd be here until at least Christmas, but her mother sent for her. So I took her part."

"Some of the girls here have mothers then, Cherry?" His tone had changed. It had dropped to a personal note of something like pity and tenderness, and he saw her flush brightly again as she faced him, realizing perhaps with a little fear that they had reached their own affairs now.

"Yes; some have," she said almost inaudibly.

"And you know that you lost yours when you were very small, my dear?"

"Seven," she said unsteadily. "I remember her, and living in the country."

"YOU came here at seven. Thirteen years! But they haven't been unhappy years, have they, Cherry?"

"No. They've been—heavenly years!" she said loyally, after a moment. "But, of course—of course—I've wanted someone of my own—someone—"

Her head went suddenly down on the table, she covered her face with her hands. The judge cleared his throat.

"Of course you have, of course you have," he said a little thickly. It was an immense relief to him to see that she really had self-control, that she could straighten up, and wipe her eyes and blow her nose on the handkerchief that he offered her, and even laugh a little to see the brown paint and rouge that streaked it.

"I'm very sorry," she said composedly in the voice and manner of a much older woman. "I don't cry much. I don't know what started me. We've been decorating and rehearsing until I suppose I'm tired. But of course, they haven't been unhappy years," she said sensibly. "I've loved the Sisters, and they've all liked me—at least I think they have—"

"Sister Seraphine said that you were the most influential girl in the school," the man put in.

"Oh, that couldn't have been Sister Seraphine; she never praises anyone!" Cherry smiled, with wet eyes.

"It was, though. She said they would be sorry to lose you. Sorrier than over losing almost any other girl."

"Did *she* say that?" Cherry had pushed off her headdress now and he saw that her hair was a warm tawny mixture of tan and brown. The significance of his last phrase came to her suddenly. "Sorry to lose me?" she repeated, the color leaving her face. "You mean I'm going out?"

"You're twenty, aren't you? Isn't that the age when girls are launched from Saint Dorothea's?"

"Yes, but—yes, but—" she whispered, and stopped.

"Don't you want to? Don't you want a look at something outside these four walls?" the judge questioned.

"Why, yes; the others have. But I

(Continued on page 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY

They displayed themselves with that air of unconscious loveliness that is part of society's stock in trade

FISHER

ancy Hamilton's success formula is mple. She writes good plays, never verlooking good spots for herself

HER OWN BEST BET

By Henry F. Pringle

The stage is Nancy Hamilton's shining cause. She acts in her own revues, sings her own lyrics and therefore she is literally the whole show

AFTER seven years on and off Broadway, Nancy Hamilton is still the "What is it?" of the theater. She isn't a dancer or a tragedienne. She isn't a singer or a comedienne. She isn't an ingénue. Miss Hamilton is not even a producer, although she is closer to that role, perhaps, than to any other.

Nancy Hamilton sings a little, acts somewhat more, is a comedienne when called upon and could, no doubt, play lady villain parts. Her particular talent, though, lies in making jobs for herself and she usually does this by planning and putting on a show with a swell part for Nancy in it. Last year she offered One for the Money, a revue of the cozy, intimate variety that was roasted by the critics and then ran to excellent houses until Grover Whalen's World's Fair opened and wrecked the theater business. This season she has a sequel called Two for the Show for which, again, she has written the songs and most of the book and has staged the production.

Only one thing on earth can make an actor, an actress or a playwright happier than having a smash hit. This is when the theatrical critics, who have an insufferable air of infallibility, roast the show and it becomes a hit despite them. Miss Hamilton had a double load of this joy a year ago when One for the Money opened. She was both the author and the star of this musical, which the first-night audience seemed to like. But the boys who cover the New York theaters thought otherwise. They said it with adjectives.

"I remained unamused," was the lofty verdict of Richard Watts, Jr. of the New York Herald-Tribune.

"It just stinks," was the elegant observation of the New Masses, mouthpiece of the nation's radicals.

The Feminine Noel Coward

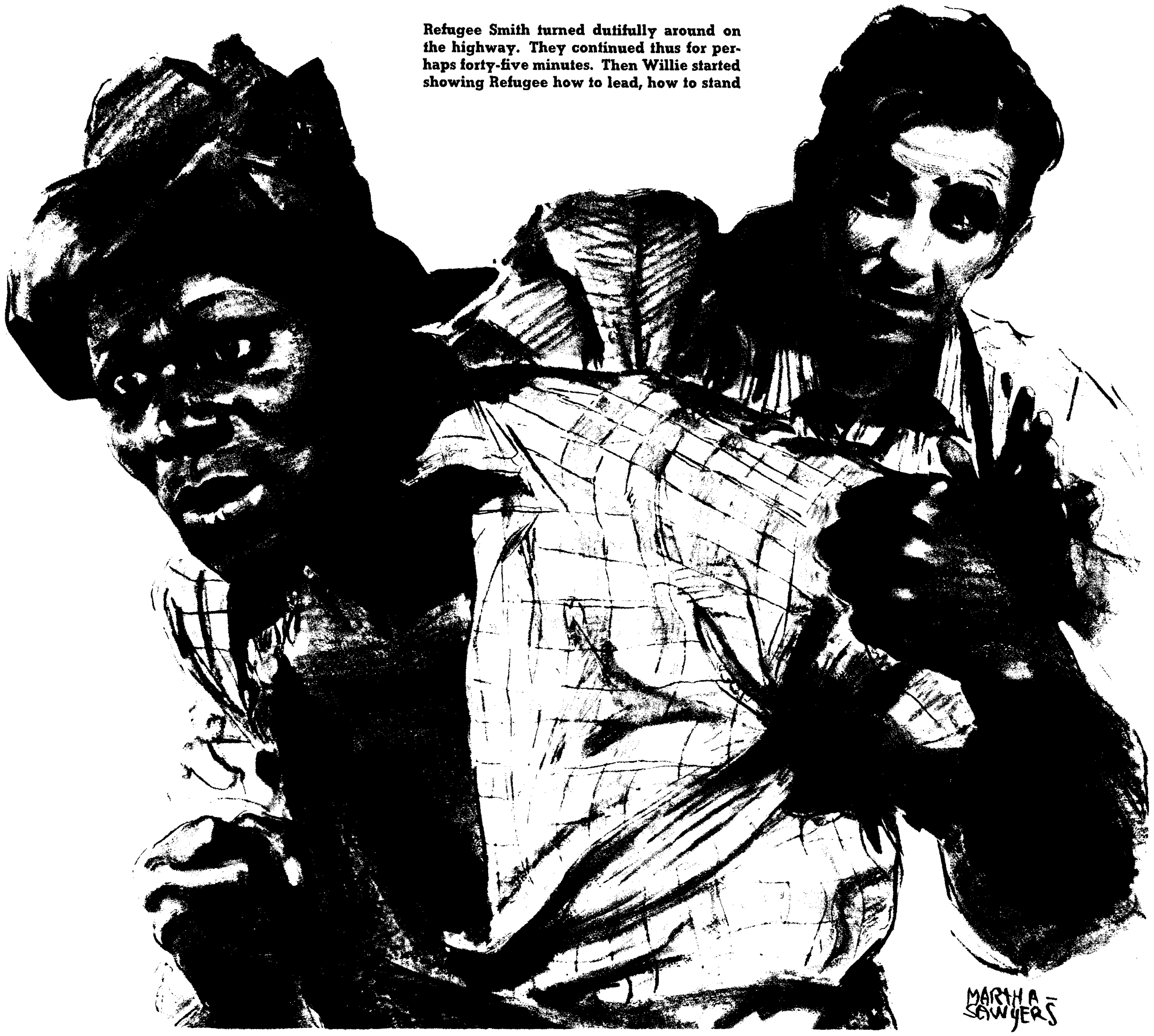
Almost the only exception was the verdict of Lucius Beebe, whose influence is most potent in the Stork Club and other New York night clubs, and whose praise was sadly classified by Miss Hamilton herself as "the kiss of death." Everybody assumed that One for the Money would close in short order and that Nancy would start looking for a job again. But the show started to build. It had good tunes, a pleasant company and some amusing skits. Most of all, it was an admirable vehicle for the special talents of Nancy Hamilton. That's why she planned it, wrote it and raised some $50,000 to have it produced. One result is that she netted, when the show got going, some $700 a week in addition to gratifying her ego. Lack of self-confidence has never been among Miss Hamilton's major failings. Four years ago, with an earlier revue to her credit, she was sometimes indiscreet enough to refer to herself as "the feminine Noel Coward." She is smoother, now, and couldn't possibly say such a thing out loud.

She has demonstrated, on several occasions, that she has the courage of her convictions. At times she has been very broke and has been offered jobs in Hollywood as a scenario writer and jobs in New York on magazines. She turned them down loftily and continued to batter at Broadway's stubborn gates. She became quite accustomed to being broke and her friends, in their way, grew used to it, too.

Miss Hamilton's stage career, as distinct from her writing career, began in 1932. Meeting useful people is one of the things she does very well and early that year she scraped up an acquaintance with Katharine Hepburn—after hearing that Katie was slated for a leading part in a show to be called The Warrior's Husband. Built very much like Miss Hepburn, she decided that she would be her understudy.

Nancy knew that this cockeyed legend required a large amount of leaping and prancing by the cast. An athletic actress,

(Continued on page 46)



Refugee Smith turned dutifully around on the highway. They continued thus for perhaps forty-five minutes. Then Willie started showing Refugee how to lead, how to stand

THE LORD IN HIS CORNER

By Eustace Cockrell

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

If he couldn't fight a lick he'd still be a sensation

REFUGEE SMITH got from his knees to his feet and up to a half crouch in one smooth, flowing motion as the dice from the cup rolled to a stop in the blob of yellow light from the lantern above the kneeling circle of gamblers. His left hand, coiled into a black, knotty fist, moved in a long arc and lit with a sharp, metallic sound against the chin of the man who had the cup. Then with the right hand, on an arm long enough so that he didn't have to bend over, he groped for the dice, found them and stepped back.

The man with the cup had fallen over on his face, the leather cup still half clutched in a passive hand. Nobody moved.

Refugee held up one of the dice to the light and turned it over slowly. The dice had three fives on it. He reached out then into the circle and with a quick movement grabbed the two dirty dollar bills lying there.

"Top dice," he said, and waited. "Don't nobody top off Refugee."

The man who held the cup pushed himself back up to his knees and was reaching into some inner recess of his coat when Refugee sprang. In an instant he had the hand that was reaching for the gun. The others faded against the walls into the darkness as suddenly Refugee leaped back. In his hand he held a gun.

He didn't hold the gun as if to shoot. He held it by the butt but his finger wasn't in the trigger guard. He held it like a club.

The man across from Refugee was bigger than Refugee, much bigger, and he was a lighter color, a dirty coffee color. Refugee could hear him breathing hard, through his nose.

"Put dat gun down, boy," the big man said. "Put de gun down."

Refugee stood swaying on the balls of his bare feet. "I'm gonna put de gun down," he said. "I'm gonna put de gun right down yo' th'oat and pull your gizzard out wid de sight." And he moved a half step closer.

The big man saw he wasn't going to be shot and came to meet him, charging with his head down. Refugee Smith leaped and swung the gun. There was a flash of metal in the light, a crunching sound and the big man was past Refugee, charging on, his head going lower and lower until finally it drove into the floor. Then he lay still, blood making a little pool beside his still head.

There was a long silence. Then a voice from out of the darkness came through: "You've kilt him, Refugee. The Man ain't

(*Continued on page* 56)

SHEER MAGIC

By Frank D. Morris

After incubating for ten years nylon bounced out of the laboratory and rebuilt a town. But that's only the first stage. In a hundred forms it's thinking of remodeling our lives

SEAFORD, Delaware (population 2,500), on the lazy Nanticoke, heard the rumor about the sale of Bill Mears' cow pasture and shrugged its shoulders. Uh-huh. Mayor Donoho and the councilmen listened politely to the outlanders and agreed their proposition was most interesting. A new $10,000,000 plant for Seaford to employ a thousand hands. Very nice indeed. But listen, mister, let's see your plant first. Build houses for a thousand employees? Let's see your employees first.

Even when the last divot of Bill's clover had been plowed under to make way for concrete, brick and steel, civic Seaford refused to get excited. It still relied on Parsons Brothers' and Allen's box-shook factories, Pritchard's cannery and other local enterprises to keep its citizens off relief. There was no crime problem in Seaford: Chief Bowden and his capable department of two patrolmen saw to that. And a Seaford housewife could walk down High Street any morning and buy a pair of silk stockings for 69 or 79 cents. Good, sturdy stockings with rayon tops and feet. Serviceable.

That was a little more than a year ago. Today Seaford is a boom town complete with real-estate developments, blueprints of a new sewage-disposal plant and dreams of a landscaped Riverside Drive, and it's a push-over for a weekly Rotary or Kiwanis luncheon club. Sleepy Seaford even has a city manager now and the paint is still fresh on his slogan, "25,000 population by 1950."

Today the ghost grass of Bill Mears'

(Continued on page 69)

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DOOLITTLE—ENSEMBLE, COURTESY THE BROADWAY, HOLLYWOO

How the Germans Take It

By W. B. Courtney

Rich or poor, a woman in Germany can buy no more than one pair of silk stockings every two months. Food and clothing are doled out meagerly on ration cards—and you had better get in line early in the morning to get yours. Watch Hans and Gretchen tightening their belts to help Hitler win the war

FRAU TENNY ECKERTH was called from her home in such a rush, and felt so sure the whole affair wouldn't take more than a few minutes, that she had not bothered to dress or primp. She was decent, of course, with a long coat thrown over her nightgown; but she wore only slippers, and had not stopped to pull stockings on, because she never dreamed that she would have to get out of the car. It was all in the careless manner of a young wife who, having a lot of things to do around the house, and finding the morning slipping away from her, will sometimes run out to do the marketing or to drive her husband to the station.

The police had run up just after breakfast and told her to fetch her car immediately to a downtown point, where its availability for army use would be checked. Frau Eckerth and her friends in Berlin's West End knew their cars were subject to *"kommandieren."* They expected the leisurely processes of bureaucracy. So it was without anxiety that Frau Tenny drove the Eckerth family's little car—it was practically brand-new and had cost 8,000 marks, and she and her lawyer husband were very proud of it—along Tiergartenstrasse this winter morning. But there was a surprise for Tenny.

Instead of dull policemen, whom a pretty girl can always *schmeichel,* or bookish civilian *unterschreibers,* whom she might intimidate, here were soldiers running this commandeering business. Crisp fellows, with no nonsense about them as they marshaled the arriving cars like squads on a parade ground. Also, many were there ahead of Frau Tenny, who now regretted her thoughtless haste in a gush of apprehension. But she could not retreat from the crowded *Platz.* She knew suddenly that she had been sucked into the hard, bright gears of war.

And No Backtalk, Please

A middle-aged sergeant was the final authority here. One at a time he looked the parked cars over, the way that old army men have of making everything seem like a horse for the cavalry. He would look at the wheels, and feel the hubs, and run his hands across the radiator—"as if," thought Frau Eckerth, "he is counting teeth!" Lastly, he would chalk a figure on each car: that was the price the army would allow. There were all kinds of cars; small and large, open and closed; some with liveried chauffeurs. Altogether they represented a good deal of money, for in Germany automobiles are very expensive and even the Eckerth's little one cost more than four times what a similar one in the United States would cost.

The sergeant worked steadily, but he was so deliberate that poor Frau Tenny fretted as she thought of housework undone, the way she was dressed and the few marks in her purse. Could the sergeant please make an exception for her now, or allow her to come back later? The sergeant's military pride was so outraged that he gave Frau Eckerth a regular drill-hall bawling out; delivered at a formal distance of five paces from her car and at the top of his voice. The sum of it was: no exceptions here, madame, rich and poor, important and nobodies, all alike in the eyes of the Reich's army! Poor little Frau Tenny Eckerth, with her face as red as the paint on her sports car, shriveled into her coat.

It was past noon before the sergeant got to Frau Eckerth. Yes, the army could use this car, and 400 marks would be paid by the government for it. Frau Tenny choked with quick tears. Four hundred marks in September for a car that in August, new from the dealer, had cost twenty times that much. Moreover, the car must be delivered at once.

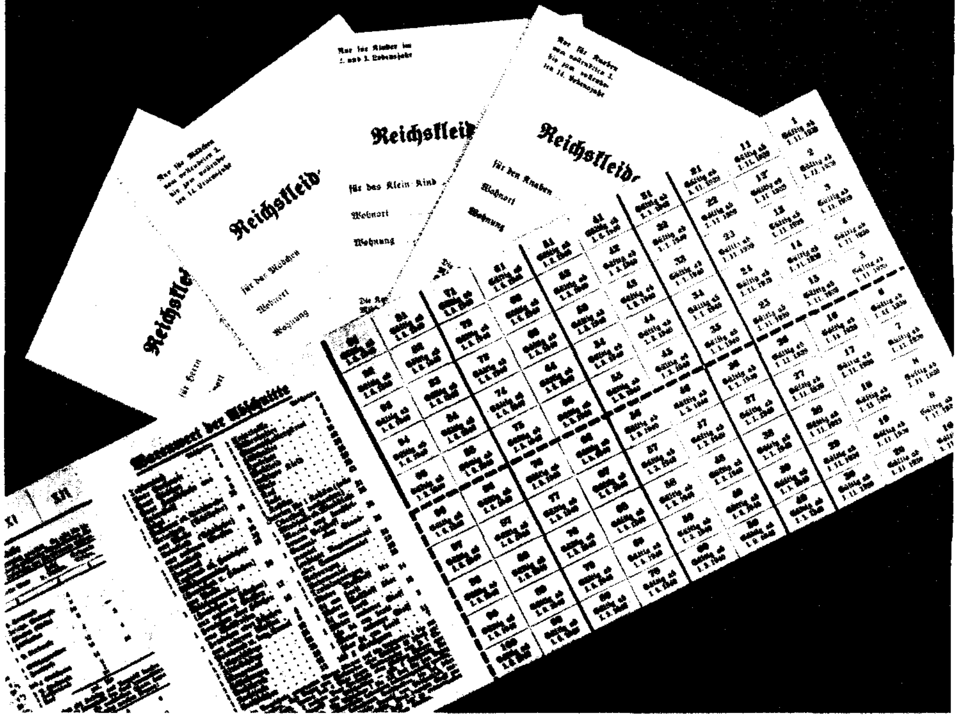
Frau Tenny Takes a Ride

Perhaps Frau Tenny should have known better; at any rate she tried again. Would the sergeant be good enough to let her go home to dress and put things in order, and she would get back in almost a jiffy, to go wherever he ordered? This time the sergeant walked closer to her car, and his manner was grim. Did the frau want to find herself in serious trouble? Could the war be stopped, and the work of the Reich's army be relaxed, for an impatient woman? Frau Eckerth was frightened and said no more, but even in her worst misgivings she was not prepared for what came. When, at two o'clock, the sergeant decided a large-enough cavalcade had been formed, the owners were instructed to drive in a group to Stettin and turn their cars over to the military depot there. Stettin! A hundred miles away by road.

Well, it was a good road—one of the fine *Reichsautobahnen*—and despite traffic and formation driving they made Stettin in less than four hours. This was one of the only two breaks Frau Tenny got that day. The other was that she had kin in Stettin, who lent her clothes and gave her food—neither of which she could have got, lacking travel ration cards—for the journey third class by train back to Berlin. It was past midnight before she groped out of the black-out, into the home where Herr Eckerth, informed by telephone from Stettin, waited anxiously.

It would be nice to believe such experiences could only happen in a far country. Unfortunately, this is a fair sample of how modern war falls on the common people of every land. This same thing could happen to your wife in the United States under our "M" Day Plan, which Mr. Davenport explained to you in Collier's recently. Whether it would happen in the same way is beside the point—a human equation. Another German sergeant might have been less strict with Frau Eckerth.

The important thing is that war used to mean all the able-bodied men in arms but now it scoops up not only the able-bodied—it makes imperative the full, active, unremitting participation of every man, woman and child in the nation. This is a corollary of the industrial, or machine age. This is what



AC

Clothes ration cards for a man, girl, boy, small child and woman, the latter in detail. The coupons, becoming valid as dated, are for purchase of articles listed on the card: handkerchief, 1; stockings, 4; woolen dress, 40, etc. Below, Field Marshal Goering solicits funds in a "Winter Help" drive. These drives are held once a month, on Sunday, and reach 98 per cent of the people

PI

UROPEAN

Most difficult job of the hausfrau is balancing economical purchasing against interesting meals. Here, buying sauerkraut, she provides the container, as paper in the Reich is scarce. Below, housewives go personally to market because friendship with tradesmen results in better bargains; there is still class distinction in Germany, despite strenuous Nazi efforts toward regimentation

IX

Ludendorff meant by "Totalitarian War." And this is the kind of war the one in Europe is.

Nearly 2,000 years ago Chinese emperors began construction of a Great Wall to insulate their countries against enemies. After seventeen centuries of progress, modern European civilization reaches the old Chinese practice; builds Maginot, Siegfried, Mannerheim and other lines against one another. The natural interest Americans customarily feel about how average people of other countries meet everyday problems of life is now intensified with respect to Germany, because she is the most shut-off country on earth. She is cut away from normal intercourse with us by the world's greatest navy, in what Germans call "England's Hunger Blockade," and "England's Starvation Control." Obviously, for their own very good strategic reasons, the Allies are fighting German stomachs rather than German soldiers. Germany's U-boats and planes try to do the same to England.

Behind the Battle Lines

The surprise is that behind these 20th Century Great Walls life goes on more or less normally. People laugh, cry, make jokes, quarrel with their in-laws, spank their children, scramble for bus seats, walk in the country on Sundays. Yet because Germany has less commercial access to the outside world than her enemies, I think the efforts of the German people to keep roofs over their heads, clothes on their backs, food in their children's stomachs, affords the sharpest picture of what modern war means. What it could mean to us—with political and geographical modifications, of course.

In Germany as in, I suppose, all major countries save Russia, if you are utterly poor, unable to support yourself and lacking in kin you are better off than if you have just a little. The party, following the old German political and social tradition, does care well for the nation's helpless margin. In Berlin alone, for example, this winter 8,000 gallons of hot food are sent out daily in thermos containers from a central welfare kitchen to more than a hundred distributing points in the city. One Sunday a month throughout Germany the party workers and Hitler youth turn out for a "Winterhilfe" (winter help) drive, and probably less than two per cent of the total population miss paying 20 pfennigs each for the lapel gadget that shows you have come across.

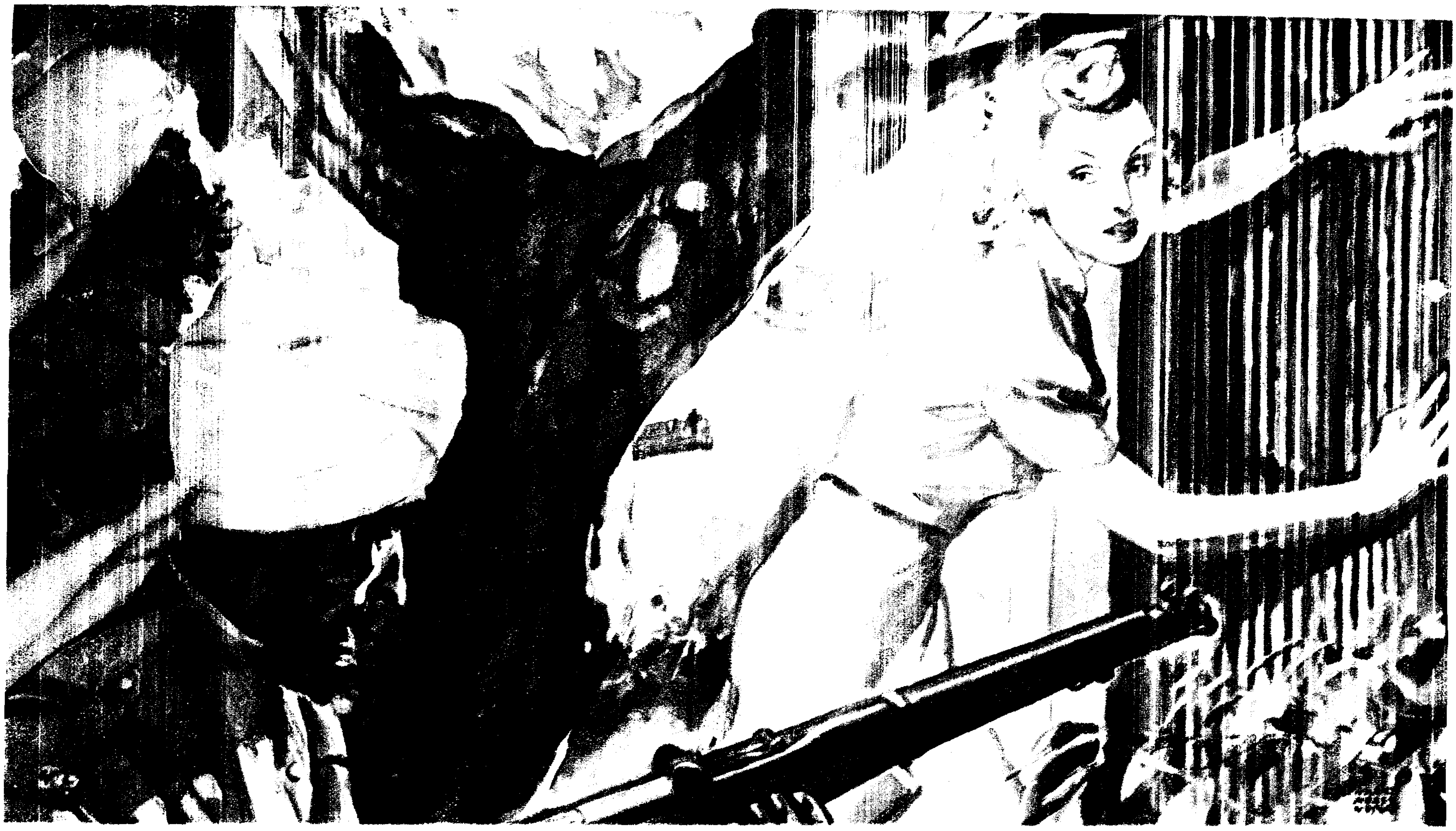
One such collection reached a national total of 15,000,000 marks. It's like the poppy drives at home. In each block in every German city the party appoints a "counselor" whose job it is to visit all families living in that block; and see that none is uncared for. The Germans do this sort of thing with characteristic thoroughness; and it is the opinion of diplomats, and of foreign welfare experts who have investigated, that less abuse, waste and favoritism exist here than in many other great nations.

Every correspondent who has visited the soldiers in the Westwall or in reserve areas remarks on the apparently high morale. One reason for this is that no soldier, whatever his peacetime circumstances, need fear that his family will be out on the street while he is in service. The government pays every soldier's rent.

Strangely, with all the fuss over ration cards and food shortages, health statistics prove that most Germans are getting fat this winter. There's a reason. A diet that has been unbalanced by starch.

"Soldiers and children eat best," the Germans say. If you have children under six, here is what each one is allotted

(Continued on page 61)



Virginia's heart was beating violently, choking back her breath. She could not force the words to her lips

Appointment in India

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

FRED OAKS, a restless wanderer, joins the rebels in Spain, who send him to Shakkarpur, India, where, aided by one Ganeshi Lal, he makes plans for a native uprising. When his father—a wealthy man who has disinherited him—dies in California, a girl—Lucy Steel—employs a San Francisco detective—Bill Gabriel—to fly to India with her and find him.

And find him Gabriel does—he is stopping at an old hotel, Seaside House, where (on Gabriel's suggestion) Lucy Steel also takes a room. . . . Two women are interested in Fred Oaks: Virginia Hatton, whose brother is the district officer; and Rhoda Curring, a married woman who is infatuated with him.

Wishing to have a talk with Lucy Steel, Gabriel goes to her room. She is not there. He goes to Oaks' room. Oaks admits him, with great reluctance. Lucy is lying on his bed. Someone has shot her—she is dead! Oaks insists *that he is innocent.* But the *evidence* against him is strong. So, assisted by Ganeshi Lal, he makes his getaway.

Knowing that her brother has decided to arrest Oaks, Virginia *sends a warning* to him by Lal.

Wondering what has happened to Rhoda, Virginia walks toward her home. Fred Oaks suddenly confronts her. He tells her that he is wanted *for murder* (not for inciting the natives to rebellion); he tells her that a shipment of rifles (*addressed to her*) will soon reach Shakkarpur; he tells her—after taking her to a watchman's lodge, where he is hiding—that she *must* bring him food, or else—

Virginia is shocked by his attitude toward her; he is insolent, brutal. . . . Bill Gabriel encounters Rhoda Curring on the street. He is on his way to an interview with District Officer Hatton. She tells him she has an assignment for him; she requests that he come to her bungalow, after seeing Hatton. Then she hands him *five thousand-rupee notes*—and hurries away.

Gabriel and Hatton have their interview. The detective tells Hatton that he has learned that Oaks and Lucy Steel had been married—*after* Oaks had married one Marjory Root, in Reno. . . . Ganeshi Lal calls on Rhoda Curring. He accuses her of murdering Lucy. Hatton learns that Oaks is hiding in the watchman's lodge. He orders the constables to arrest Oaks.

V

A LANTERN swinging from the lower branches of a tamarind tree glinted dully on the rifle barrels of the Sikh constables surrounding the watchman's shack. Six of the constables were drawn up in front of the lodge, red turbans piled proudly on their erect heads, their square beards savagely dark in the lamplight. The rest were deployed on the other three sides of the little building.

The district officer came up behind the line and addressed his native police captain:

"Has he tried to get out, Subahdar?"

"No, Excellency. There has been no movement, no sound inside."

The district officer pushed his way between two riflemen, strode boldly to the front door of the shack, rapped twice.

"Come out, Oaks!" he ordered. "I have a warrant for your arrest."

There was no response. Hatton tried the door. It was locked. He kicked at the bottom panel.

Virginia Hatton, standing far to the rear, felt her mouth go dry. She wondered vaguely why she had come. She didn't want to see this, yet some strange fascination had compelled her to follow her brother after he had wrung the story from the chokidar, that Oaks had given him money. . . .

The district officer raised his left forearm level with his eyes, half turned so that the light from the lantern fell upon the dial of his wrist watch.

"I'll give you half a minute, Oaks," he declared to the door. "If you don't come out peacefully, we'll come in after you." He stepped back a pace. "Have your men get ready to fire through the door, Subahdar," he ordered.

Cold moisture formed on the palms of Virginia's hands. She felt her knees buckle. Reaching out for support she grasped the arm of Bill Gabriel who stood next to her, watching the proceedings with detached calm.

"Take it easy, sister," Gabriel said. "Everything's going to be all right."

All right! In the deathly silence she could almost hear her brother's watch ticking away the seconds. She had to act—and quickly. Whatever she did, Fred would think she had betrayed him. No matter. Anything was better than having him shot down in cold blood. She released Gabriel's arm, ran. She heard Gabriel call to her but she ignored him. She ran past the gleaming line of rifle barrels, flung herself upon the district officer.

Hatton pushed her aside. "Stand back!" he said.

"You can't do this, Reg," she pleaded. "You can't shoot a man without a chance. . . ."

"He's had his chance. Get out of here."

"No, Reg. He'll come out for me. Let me ask him."

HATTON hesitated. He glanced at his watch. Then, "All right. Half a minute more. Go ahead. Try."

Virginia pressed her hands against the door panel. Her heart was beating violently in her throat, choking back her breath. She could not force the words to her lips. The seconds were ticking by again. She swallowed.

"Fred!" she gasped at last. "Please come out. This is Virginia. Please! Don't make them shoot!"

No answer. She could picture him behind the door, waiting with that reckless half-smile of his, his arms crossed defiantly, waiting in supremely confident silence. . . .

"He's not there," the district officer said. "This is a trick of yours to gain time."

"He's there, Reg. I'm sure of it."

"Then stand aside."

"No, Reg. Please. His blood isn't going to solve anything. . . ."

"Get back!"

"No, Reg. . . ."

The district officer seized the girl's arm, flung her roughly beyond the line of Sikh constables. "Hold her, Brinker!" he ordered.

Brinker and Gabriel caught her arms, drew her farther back behind the bristling rifles. Gabriel said, "Take it easy, sister."

"Ready, Subahdar?" the district officer asked.

"Ready, Sahib."

"Fire!"

The hot night trembled with the roar of the flaming rifle muzzles. Slumbering treetops awoke to the terror of screaming monkeys and shrieking birds. The haze of dust and splinters settled to silence in front of the watchman's shack as the echoes died. Wide-eyed and speechless, Virginia watched the district officer again step up to the door.

"You know we're in earnest now," Hatton said. "Come out, Oaks."

Silence.

(Continued on page 32)

Bad news for Japan is Madame Chao Yu-tang, the 65-year-old patriot known as "Mother of the Guerillas"

MA-MA MOSQUITO

By Dean S. Jennings

For the capture of a harmless-looking old lady the Japanese army offers $15,000 reward. But the wild hills outside of Peiping shelter Ma-ma Mosquito, who continues to wage war against the Mikado's men with 30,000 Chinese fighters

AN AIRPLANE from Hong Kong skimmed down the muddy runway of the airport at Chungking one recent morning with a solitary passenger, a quaint and wrinkled grandmother on her first visit to the capital on China's last frontier.

A large crowd at the field welcomed the old woman as she walked toward them stiffly, supporting herself with a stout ebony cane. A little girl presented some flowers, an officer bowed and made a polite speech. And at a banquet that night Madame Chiang Kai-shek, China's first lady, broadcast a message to the nation honoring her somber, soft-spoken guest, sixty-five-year-old Madame Chao Yu-tang.

"Madame Chao," said the generalissimo's wife, "is one of China's bravest women."

The significance of this stereotyped tribute might have been overlooked. But the old woman's name was shouted across China a second time that week when a Japanese army leader offered a new 50,000-yen reward for her capture—dead or alive. Preferably dead.

That's a lot of money to pay for a seemingly harmless old lady who appeared so prim and proper at Chungking, in slippers, severe black dress and fur-trimmed coat. But she was just being polite that day. Because usually she wears pants, has a big automatic strapped around her small waist—and is personally responsible for killing thousands of Japanese soldiers.

Those who know Madame Chao intimately call her "Mother of the Guerillas."

To countless other thousands, from Shanghai to Chungking, she is affectionately known as Ma-ma Mosquito, an elusive angel of death who organized and became the brains for a great swarm of guerilla fighters.

She began her personal feud against the Japanese nine years ago with a nucleus of six young men, including two of her sons.

Today she has 30,000 fighters under her command.

All of them, including two other sons, her husband, and even her college-educated daughter, Li-jen, are waging their own private little war from the wild hills north and west of Peiping.

It is an effective, devastating kind of war, perhaps the only kind that can ultimately break the invaders' morale. Her troops are amateur soldiers, without uniforms, rules or science. They would be crushed in an open fight against a military machine with half their number. But when she has sent them swarming at night, they have been known to snuff out entire Japanese companies all at once, like candles on a birthday cake.

Being a methodical person who wants to know the dividends paid on every bullet, Ma-ma Mosquito has kept books on her numerous raids. Up to the spring of 1939, about the time the Japanese sent out their sixth special expedition to trap her, the ledger had these summarized entries:

Japanese soldiers killed	5,000
Guerillas killed	700
Seizures	
Rifles	6,000
Machine guns	150
Rounds of ammunition	100,000
Japanese military trucks destroyed or taken	230

It will be observed that there are no figures for "Japanese soldiers captured." Some of those 5,000 Japanese on the list were caught alive. But Ma-ma Mosquito, like other guerilla leaders, has learned that modern war apparently leaves no room for mercy, and her wise old eyes have seen too much not to fight with rancor and hate. And killing the

(*Continued on page* 65)

Sharpshooting from behind cover is a specialty of Ma-ma Mosquito's men. She's as good as any of them at it

MISTY

By Grover Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Pugsy and Mordecai, rivals for Misty's hand, did not know that women are hard to fathom. But they learned

BUNCH TANNER, the blacksmith, was sharpening picks when Pugsy Lakin barged in out of the early morning sunlight. Bunch eyed him through a veil of sparks. The little mule skinner was fighting mad, a rage that puffed a scant five-feet-five inches of body into the wrinkles of his ill-fitting pit clothes. Blood that properly belonged to kindly lips had sought refuge in the end of his pug nose, and his eyes, usually warm and smiling, were as cold as the ribbon of gray smoke that marked a hot pick point on the shop's plank floor.

"Old Wahoo, again, huh?" grinned Bunch, squintingly appraising a finished pick.

"Aw, that quack!" Pugsy picked up a container from behind a box of mule shoes and poured some lard oil into his long-stemmed driver's lamp. "He gives me a pain, that guy—always talkin' about mateery medicate, or somethin'. Boy, is he a medicine-show phony!" He held the pit lamp upside down, then lit the wick. "They was out pickin' herbs again, yesterday—him and Misty. . . . Mordecai Baine—ain't that a name for you? Some day I'm goin' to smack him in the puss—you wait an' see."

"You like Misty, don't you?" smiled Bunch.

"Sure. Why not?"

"I just asked. Why?"

"I dunno." Pugsy gave the matter thought. "I guess maybe it's because she reminds me of fresh-baked bread. Know what I mean?"

"I know there's nothin' better than fresh-baked bread," said Bunch.

"Sure—an' there's nothin' like Misty, neither."

"Maybe not so tall, maybe." Bunch wanted to laugh but he had seen the mule skinner in too many fights. "Women ain't supposed to be as big as the men they marry."

"That's the way it is in books!" snapped Pugsy. "But who in the hell cares for books? I get Misty, I get a good wife. She can cook an' I can foot the bills. We'll have babies an' I won't get drunk on pay nights. You think up somethin' better'n that an' I'll trade you my run on the Main North for your blacksmith shop."

The sheave on the tipple began to sing and Pugsy cursed as he ran out of the shop. He believed it was bad luck to miss the first cage down. Bunch watched him lead his claybank mule over to the gates, then laughed. He was all right, this guy Pugsy. "But," said Bunch to himself, "there's nothin' wrong with Mordecai Baine, neither."

The two hit town at the same time—Pugsy up from Blocton, and Mordecai just out of the Choctaw region. Pugsy came in on a slow freight, carrying a union card, thirty-two cents and the home address of his mother. Hungry Hollow was not his objective, but the train had stopped for water and he had seen some children laughing. He got off. Laughter was the one thing he could understand.

Mordecai's entrance was much more spectacular—driving a pair of spirited grays, attached to a silver-trimmed buggy, and accompanied by two Indians and the fanfare of a six-piece band. Oh, the Wahoo Medicine Show was proud of Mordecai. A smattering of Latin and a natural flair for oratory had made of him a ballyhooer par excellence. He wore a snakeskin vest, a big, broad-brimmed hat and he was taller than a beer-keg castle at an Italian wedding.

When Mordecai talked, his audience stood transfixed in the smoky glow of tent torches and believed once more in miracles. He spoke of salep, of sago and cochineal; of true love and lobelia poultices. Men laughed at his intermittent jokes and approved his prescriptions for shin sores and dusty lungs. Married women jotted down his recipes for farina gruel and slippery elm bark tea. Marriageable maidens suffered palpitations of the heart, for which they wanted no cure. . . . And all went away from there with a bottle of Wahoo Wonder Wine and a million dollars' worth of hope in their hearts.

PUGSY and Mordecai met at Mrs. Lanton's Boardinghouse. Mordecai walked up the gravel path, carrying a bag made of real alligator leather. Pugsy followed behind, bearing a smile and the urge to take a bath as quickly as possible. The smile was really a repressed opinion of the long-legged dandy who preceded him.

Misty Hudell met them at the door. Six feet of primitive beauty, with cheeks ruddied by kitchen glow and an aroma of jumbo and spiced cookies clinging gently to her calico dress. Pugsy's eyes shot upward to the wells of blue that topped a pair of smiling lips. They were already on a level with Mordecai's—and seemingly were very well satisfied to be there.

"Board and room—five dollars a week," said Misty, although neither man had spoken. "You want a room together?"

Mordecai frowned. For the first time, he became cognizant of the man next to him; found himself staring into a face that reflected nothing but vinegary blankness.

"I don't usually—"

"He'll want windows, an' things," interrupted Pugsy, winking at Misty. "Gimme the closest crib to the kitchen."

"An icebox thief," thought Misty, as she stepped aside and let them walk into the moist but sweet-smelling hallway.

BYRON SCALDER, owner of the Wahoo Medicine Show, paced angrily back and forth across the dank grass in the big tent. Mordecai Baine slouched lazily against the apron of the small stage.

"You're rattin' out on me—you know that," growled Scalder.

"Can't see it that way," said Mordecai. A happy sigh escaped him.

"You're a damn' fool!"

"So?" Mordecai sighed again.

"She ain't no woman. She's a—she's a wrassler."

Mordecai eyed his recent boss amusedly. No use getting mad now. After all, Scalder had always treated him decently.

"You'll run the show after I'm gone," he said. "My kind's not hard to find."

"It ain't fair, Mordecai." Scalder was truly anguished. "We been cleanin' up, you an' me. These stoop-squeezers think you're good. You are good, Mordecai—we both know that. You stick around in this coal town an' what'll it get you?"

"Misty," said Mordecai. "And that's enough for me."

"But you ain't a coal miner."

"I'll learn."

"You're nuts."

"I was." Mordecai stretched himself. "You've never met a clean woman, Byron, and I have. It's a helluva thrill. I always thought that women went with perfume and silky things, but I guess I was wrong."

"I can see her wearin' silky things," grunted Scalder.

"Misty can do anything—and the more you look at her the sweeter she gets. She does, honest. She slapped me down, yesterday, Byron; and I'm pretty husky, you know that. We were down in the backwaters fishing for carp. I got fresh. She laid one on my button and pea-green stars squirted out of my eyes. When I came to, she was sitting on the ground, crying. If I show anything but respect for women after this, I hope that God strikes off both my arms."

Scalder gave up; grabbed his hat and stalked out of the tent. Mordecai had it bad. . . . Coming out of the third saloon, the unhappy showman got an idea. A diabolical idea, to be sure, but its execution meant the possible retention of Mordecai—and Mordecai was his bread and butter. . . . He walked into the fourth saloon, merely to refresh himself.

MISTY was in Mrs. Green Parney's kitchen helping her put up watermelon rind. And while she worked, she talked. The diminutive Mrs. Parney watched her steadily through eyes filled with warmth and understanding.

"—it ain't love like you have for your Ma or your Pa," said Misty. "It's different-like—you know—like you an' Green—now, I mean."

Mrs. Parney knew; how well she knew. And this Amazon, moist with kitchen heat, was responsible for it. She shuddered at the thought of those early days, before Misty had helped her husband find himself. True, Misty broke three of his ribs but, as she explained, anything can happen when you lose your temper. And now Green was the best-liked man in Hungry Hollow, and certainly the finest husband. . . . Mrs. Parney's shapely hand brushed a tear away.

"But you can't love two men, Misty," she said.

"Oh, yes, you can," returned Misty quickly. "I been doin' it—both Mordecai and Pugsy. I—well, they're just exactly the same. I get the same kind o' feelin'—you know?"

"And you're sure it's love?"

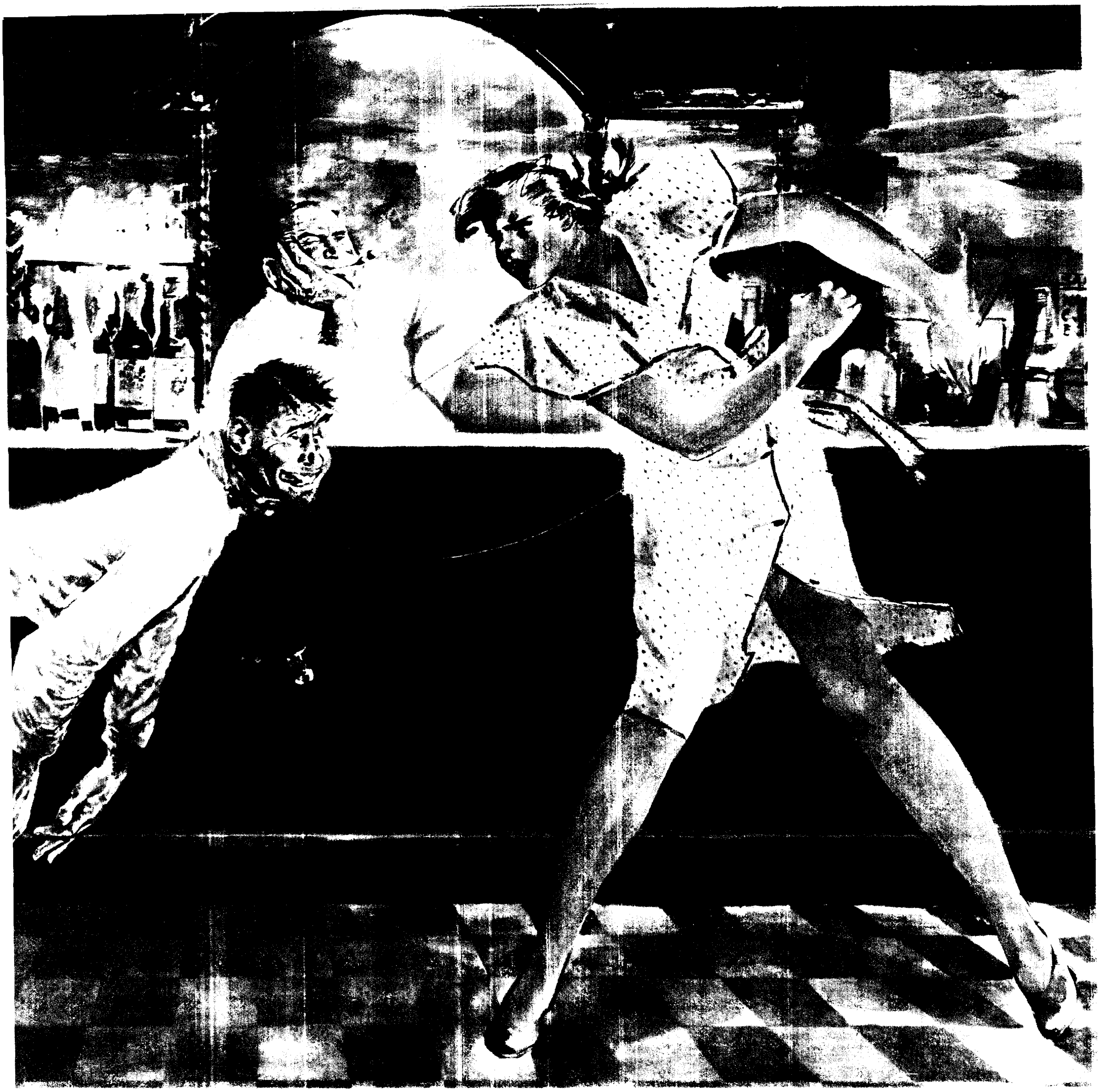
Misty mopped her face with a towel, then eyed Mrs. Parney quietly.

"No—I'm not sure. You see, I don't know, Mrs. Parney. You see, I don't know exactly what love is. I thought maybe that time I was crazy about your husband—when I didn't think he was married—I thought that was love. But when I found out he was married to you, an' just a big bag o' wind, it didn't hurt me at all to knock his ears down. I mean, I didn't have no pain inside."

Mrs. Parney smiled.

"You're sure it isn't a desire to mother somebody? It couldn't be that, could it?"

"I'm not sure o' nothin'," said Misty. "I get myself in a helluva fix, I guess. I ain't as good as Pugsy thinks I am but I'm a damn' sight better than Mordecai thinks. . . . Look—I broke this middle



"I'm sorry," said Misty, then she swung for his jaw. Pugsy swung around dizzily, then fell

knuckle on him yesterday. He belongs to seven lodges. Can you imagine that?"

BYRON SCALDER left Hungry Hollow without Mordecai Baine. But before he left, he saw to it that Mordecai had a copy of his itinerary.

"Any time—any place, lad," was his parting speech. "Send me a wire, that's all. You've always got a job with Byron Scalder."

And as he drove down through the bottoms toward the National Highway, Scalder chuckled to himself. A lousy trick, sure, but the medicine business was tough enough without losing its top salesman. His chuckles grew louder as he recalled the bugged eyes of Pugsy Lakin—Pugsy Lakin looking at a fifty-dollar bill like a brush rabbit seeing a ferret for the first time.

He had an ally in that fellow, no argument about that. Even when he told him all of Mordecai's past history—that stretch in Joliet—everything—he just sat there, hypnotized.

"I guess I'm gettin' old an' soft," soliloquized Scalder. "I could have paralyzed him with a ten-spot just as easy."

He should have seen Pugsy that night. The little fellow clomped into the Lanton wash shack singing at the top of his lungs:

"Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground,
Diggin' dusty di'monds all the season 'round;
Where the gleam o' sunshine never can be found—
Down in the coal mine, underneath the ground!"

The shack was crowded with miners. Men bent over their tubs grotesquely, scrubbing their blackened bodies. Others sat about and talked—and nobody paid any attention at all to the singing Pugsy.

But Pugsy didn't care. He was singing to a dream, and the dream had him floating in the sky with Misty. People were staring up at them; thousands of people. He could hear them talking. "Look at him go! Just works his fingers and runs like a steam engine. There's somebody flying up to him. Who's that? Oh, that's Mordecai Baine. What's happening to him? Why, he's coming apart. Holy smoke! He's painted inside like a zebra. Maybe like a convict. Maybe he was a convict. Maybe he is a convict!"

Pugsy sang louder—happier:

"My hands are hard and horny black,
From working in the vein;
The clothes I wear upon my back
And my speeches, both are plain.
If I should stumble with my tongue,
I've a little excuse to say:
It's not the miner's head that's broke—
It's his heart that goes astray."

Oh, boy, wait till supper—just wait! . . . What was that Scalder said about a woman down in Hocking Valley?

Corn on the cob and dripping with

butter. Wooden platters full of cracklings. Hominy. Bowls of sliced cucumbers. Mashed potatoes. Scalding coffee and equally scalding conversation. That was Mrs. Lanton's supper table every night. And this particular night was no exception to the rule. Dai Jones was mumbling through a knifeful of mashed potatoes:

"The fire boss puts up a mark an' throws a rail across the neck o' the room. But that old buzzard goes in anyhow before the gas is brushed out. Pit lamp set it off an' blew him to hell. . . . We got out o' the entry just as she hoove shet."

Pugsy heard nothing. He was watching Misty as she stopped beside Mordecai, gave him a smile and another helping of cracklings.

"Any you bums ever been in jail?"

Pugsy wanted the remark to appear casual but the corner of one eye told him Mordecai had upset his coffee.

"Sure," said Muggy Dell. "Down in Vandalia twicet, and three times here. Why?"

"I mean the state joints," said Pugsy. Misty was staring at the nervous Mordecai. Then her eyes met Pugsy's. He smiled innocently. "They must be tough places. I'm glad the cops never took no picks on me."

"There's always a chance," came from Mordecai quietly. "I did a three-year stretch once."

Pugsy suddenly felt unhappy. One side of Misty's face had twisted strangely. She turned quickly and went back to the kitchen.

"That's what you wanted to know, wasn't it?" Mordecai's eyes leveled coldly on Pugsy.

"Who—me?" fumbled Pugsy. "Hell, no! I was just askin'."

But the miners knew better—and so did Pugsy. Misty came back from the kitchen, carrying a platter of sliced bread.

"I'm what you call a smart guy," said Mordecai, avoiding Misty's eyes. "Always a trick to beat the law, and always dumb enough to get caught. Selling medicine's the most honest job I ever had—and it's a fake."

"That Knox-Drops cured my hiccups," defended Dai Jones.

"And it cost you a dollar," said Mordecai. "A nickel's worth of lemon juice would have done the same thing."

"Tell 'em what they did to you up in the prison," said Misty. "You know—that time you hit a guard." She laughed—a bit wildly. "Funniest thing you ever heard."

Pugsy cursed himself. Mordecai's eyes were on Misty. Something told Pugsy that Misty hadn't known—she was just saying things.

"Guard. Oh, yes," said Mordecai. Then uncertainly: "Uh—it was—yes, I remember now. There was a guard up there—"

Pugsy heard no more. He got up from the table and walked out into the moonlight. Stood there and wished he'd never been born.

EVERYTHING is news in a mining town except deaths and accidents, and they come too often to be of sufficient importance to talk about. Porch-talk time demands conversational grist for the mill, whether it be Mrs. Gabbert's new tin-can footstool or the time the stranger from Canal Dover got a bumblebee in his hat, so it was only natural that the battle for Misty's heart made local history.

Mordecai got a job laying track at the Old Tippecanoe, a modern mine with a lot of silly improvements like devices for saving human life and things. It was the only coal pit in the county that had a steel girder roof at the bottom of the shaft. Matter of fact, that's why Mordecai chose that mine. He was horribly afraid of mines. Nobody knew it—nobody except Misty, and he told her because he loved her.

Every night while the cage was dropping him to the sump, he breathed a prayer for a quick tomorrow and a blessing on the people of Hungry Hollow for taking him at his worst. . . .

Pugsy annoyed him. There were times while he was laying track he entertained thoughts of bashing in the little fellow's face. There was something rowdily evil about him—the manner in which he wore his hat, his brash contradictions to anything and everything that was said, his attitude toward Misty.

That's what annoyed him most, his actions with Misty. He was always the last one in the wash shack, preferring to go into the kitchen, prop his pit shoes up against the stove and sing with Misty while she was getting supper for the boarders. What Mordecai couldn't understand was her tolerance. Didn't she realize that the diminutive Pugsy only accentuated her own height? Women don't like to be too big, do they? Or do they?

As he hammered spikes into slender ties, he tried to figure out ways and means of holding his own with the mule skinner. Up to Pugsy's profanity he was the master in everything, but here he had to admit the little fellow's superiority. Pugsy's swear words had beauty and grace; they were made up of shimmering syllables and bore no taint of obscenity. So often they were the short cut to truth. A moment's retrospect would work Mordecai into silent fury; too many times he had seen his own apt phrases depth-bombed by one of Pugsy's lucid ejaculations. A scholar, it seemed, had little chance with a stumblebum, especially when they were both lying.

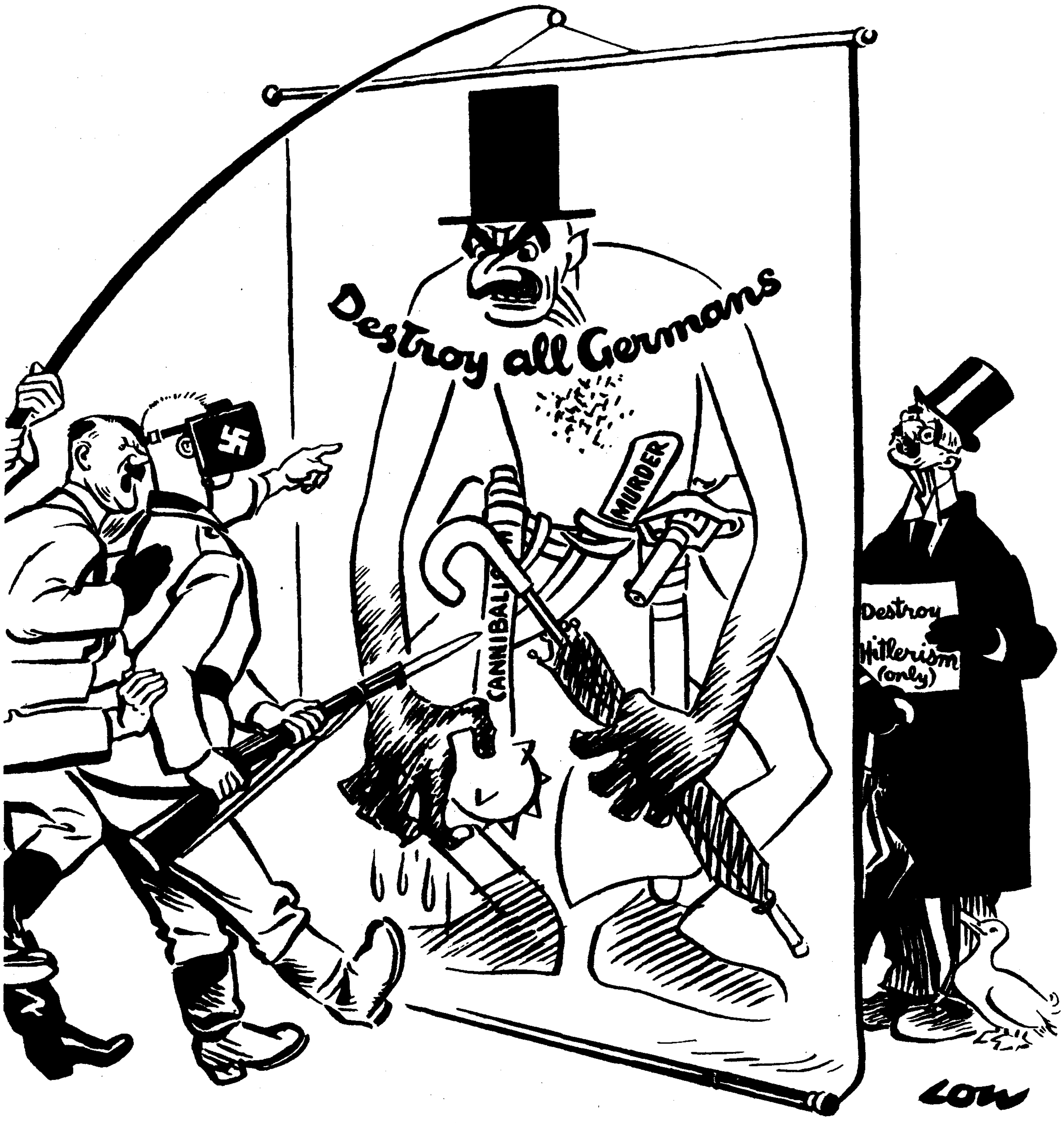
SO MORDECAI applied himself to the art of swearing. Eight hours alone gave him splendid opportunity. The trap doors trembled at the blast of his voice. And the fan in the manway felt his profane power pushing against its many blades. The rats in the Main North were stripped of their ennui and scurried about like water mites before a storm. Every timber and cap piece became a living Pugsy Lakin to Mordecai and each felt the cut of his saw-tooth expletives. The devil leaped into his hammer and sang with him. Mordecai was beginning to lose his fear.

Pugsy, too, was having his mental problems. Standing on a tail chin with one hand on the rump of a running mule and the other pressed against a cribbed car may not be conducive to clear reasoning for most people, but Pugsy didn't seem to mind it at all. Even the dangerous grabbing of the snake whip that draped his neck became an involuntary one. The sting of the cracker on the bank mule's belly actually served as emphasis for his mental calisthenics.

How could you lick anybody who knew the names of all the bones in the human body and talked Latin when you mentioned something about your kidneys? And why was it that no matter what the subject of conversation was, it always ended by talking about somebody's health?

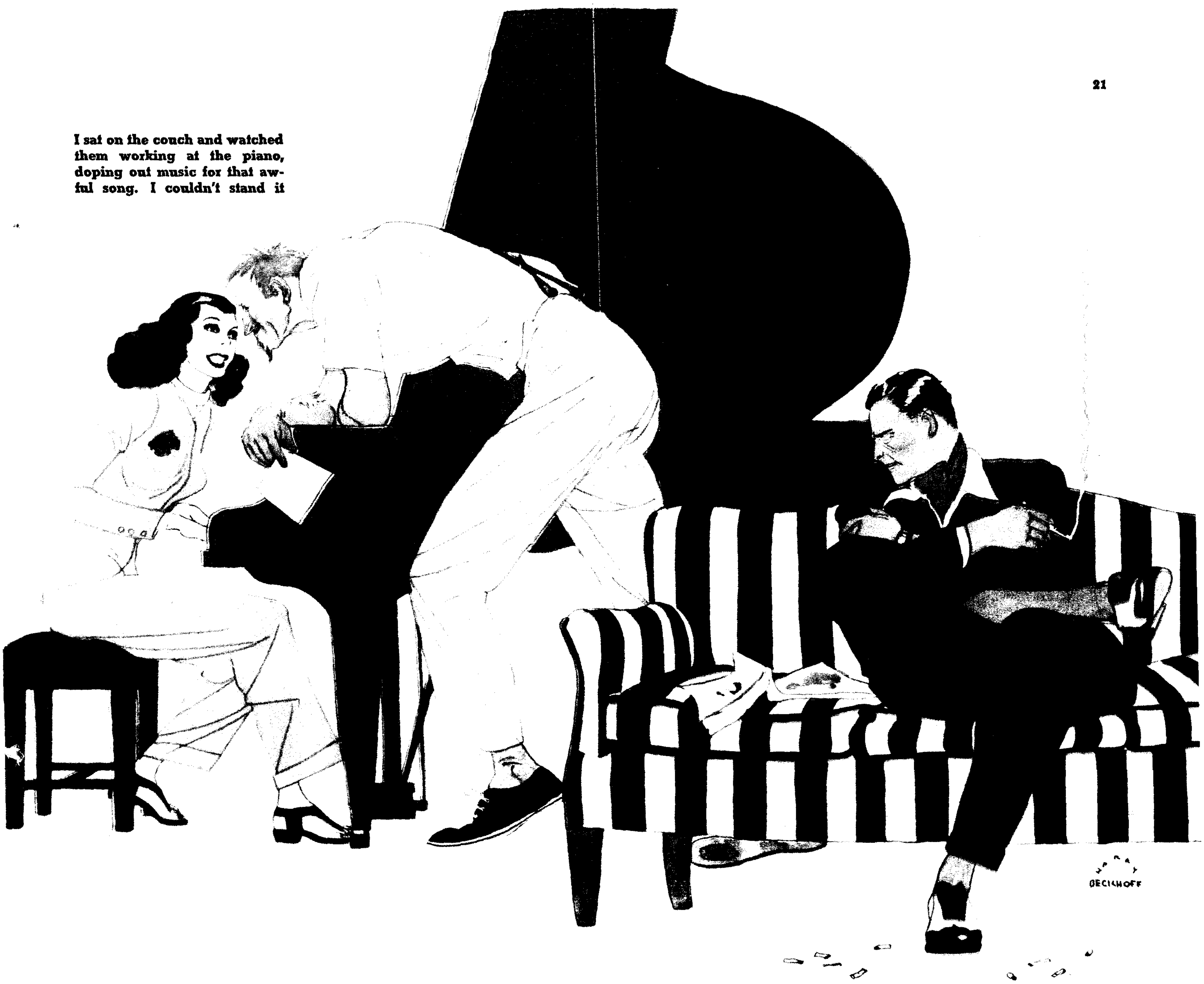
Pugsy thought long and hard as he labored, and when the solution of his problem came it brought along mental pain and misery. He'd have to study

(Continued on page 27)



THAT'S HIM! KILL HIM, BOY!

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO



I sat on the couch and watched them working at the piano, doping out music for that awful song. I couldn't stand it

The Pie-Eyed Piper of Hollywood

By Frank Fenton

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Cousin Waldo could do what Hitler couldn't do. A remarkable man, Cousin Waldo!

I ALWAYS knew it was a lead-pipe cinch that some day my first cousin Waldo would come out to Hollywood and move in on me. Every letter I got from a relative was mostly about what a good-for-nothing Waldo was turning out to be. All I remembered of him was a big bony kid about six feet four who made the All-State High School basketball team for three years in a row, but when that proved to be his first and last accomplishment the people of Greentown, Ohio, and particularly his relatives who lived there, must have been happy when he at last turned his gaze westward.

It was five years since I'd seen him, but he didn't look much different as he hopped off the back end of a truck and walked up to the door. He looked a little dusty after three thousand miles of hitchhiking; he seemed a little taller, and he had grown himself a mustache and goatee. Otherwise he was the same, just as lazy and just as untalkative as ever.

He refused to shave the goatee even after I compromised on the mustache. He didn't go dancing. He didn't care about visiting a studio.

For five days and most of five nights he sat by the radio and listened to war news; and he was very glum.

I began to get disgusted. "Waldo," I said, "don't take this war so tough. All that radio gab is somebody's propaganda."

"Yeah, and it's somebody's funeral," Waldo said bleakly.

"It's big-time scenario writing," I said, "only the actors don't know the plot and they really die in the end. But that loud-speaker ain't going to tell you how it happened."

"Well," he said, "there's an angle somewhere," and this was his second longest speech in five days.

"There's nothing but angles," I said. He didn't seem to hear me. "I ain't figured it yet," he said slowly, "but there's an angle."

We had a highball. I was in the middle of mine when Vivian called. I can tell you three things about her: she was an actress and she was beautiful and I loved her.

An hour later she arrived for dinner. We had cocktails and sat down at the table. Waldo was eating in the kitchen where he had the radio plugged in. We could hear the dull reports of news broadcasts from Europe. Vivian said nothing because she knew that Waldo always ate in the kitchen when there were guests for dinner, and nobody could talk him out of it. "How's your scenario coming along?" Vivian asked.

"Just like the last one with the names changed," I said. "I'll wind it up tomorrow."

"It says in Variety that the war is going to be hard on the movie business."

"It'll pick up later," I said. In the candlelight she was lovely. She was still a little pale from an appendectomy a month ago and her pallor was like a calla lily. It made her beauty more ethereal, with her hair like a dark cowl over her forehead. "Why don't we get married, darling?" I said. "Then we could have dinner like this every night."

She laughed. "We'll get married when we're both rich," she said. "Now we're barely making a thousand a week between us!"

I didn't have a chance to answer this because just then Waldo came in from the kitchen. He had a piece of paper in his hand. "I think I got something," he said.

"Hello, Waldo!" Vivian said, smiling.

He nodded brusquely. He didn't trust actresses. He handed me the piece of paper grimly. I read what he had written on it and found it was a song. It was called "Over Here!" It was terrible.

"Waldo," I said, "believe me, this stinks."

He was unperturbed. "Sure, it stinks," he said. "It's for a popular song. Only this one is for the war. This one means that America won't get stuck this time."

Vivian had taken the paper and scanned it. Now she looked up at Waldo with a curious smile. "How about the music?" she asked.

"I can't write music," he said, "I'll have to find a guy."

"I can write a little music," she said quietly.

That's how it started. I sat on the couch and watched them working at the piano, doping out music for that awful song. And I couldn't stand it. I got up and said I was going to Keefer's Hamburger Nook for a whirl at the marble game. "I'm a lover of music," I said.

Vivian smiled gaily. "Okay—we'll be over later," she said, and went back to hammering out sour notes with two fingers.

My favorite waitress is Jenny. She works in Keefer's Nook. She gave me credit on the first hamburger I ever ate in Hollywood. She was little and slim and pretty and when I walked in she came over smiling.

"Hello, Nick!" she said in her low, happy voice.

I slammed down a half dollar. "Gimme ten nickels," I said. I took the nickels over to the marble games and lost ten straight. Then I went back to the counter.

"What's the matter?" Jenny asked. "Did your girl step out on you?"

"Not exactly," I said. I felt ashamed. I was getting three times more money a week than any man is worth, writing movies for people who only looked because of block booking, and here was a little waitress getting eighteen beans a week at the top and still being wise and happy. And I knew she saw right through me just as she had at the time of the first hamburger five long Hollywood years ago. "What time do you quit?" I asked.

"Same as ever—midnight."

"Lemme drive you home," I said desperately.

"Just because you're jealous of somebody!" she laughed. "Oh, no!"

THEN I suddenly realized with horror that I was jealous of Waldo. But how could a man be jealous of Waldo? Gee, I thought, I'm going crazy too! I said to Jenny, "Okay," and from the door, "Some other time, some other life."

"That's a date," she called after me as I left.

I drove around. I stopped for five Scotches. Finally I went home.

Vivian was gone. The song was finished on the piano. Waldo was lying on the floor, his bare feet extended, toes twitching. He looked up at me with a strange light in his eyes. "I think now I really got it," he said.

"You mean that song?" I asked bitterly.

"Nah. This time I got holt of something big."

"Keep a holt on it," I said sarcastically. "I'm going to bed."

"Wait a second," he said, rising slowly, like a telephone pole going up. "See how you like it."

I was high, but I poured another. I didn't listen much until he got near the point. "War," he said, "what the hell is it? People got war enough in their own four walls. They don't want any part of it. So who wants it? The guy in the driver's seat, he wants it, so he—"

"Is this why I'm staying up?" I asked.

"Take it easy," Waldo said. "I think I got something. The trouble is these people around Europe ain't got any way of showing what they think. They can't even get together and throw a big parade with some signs."

"Hurry," I said.

"Here it is," he went on patiently and grimly. "I been lookin' through a history book. It says back there a few hundred years that they had some crusades. Okay, only one of them crusades was a bunch of kids . . ." He paced the room, his big naked feet banging the boards. "Well," he went on, "I see by the raddio that there's a million kids sent out of the cities to duck them bombs. Okay, we take them million kids and march 'em right clean through the Maginot and Siegfried lines. We march 'em clean inta Berlin carrying big signs that says they ain't gonna have their old men shot down fer nuthin' . . . like my old man took it in them French woods. And there ain't no war left. Who the hell is gonna bang away at a flock of kids? I ask yuh that."

I could hardly believe my ears. I swallowed the drink and just stared.

"Now you," he said, "here's where you come in. This here is gonna take a little money, so you gotta throw a big brawl and invite all them picture producers and rich actors, and we're gonna raise a fund up."

"And what will you do?" I asked.

"Me," he said, "I'm gonna lead them kids inta Berlin personal."

I got up and went to bed.

AT ELEVEN o'clock the following morning I put the finishing touches to the script of The Fox At Bay, and sent it in to the stenographic department. Less than fifteen minutes later I received a call from Finckel, the scenario editor.

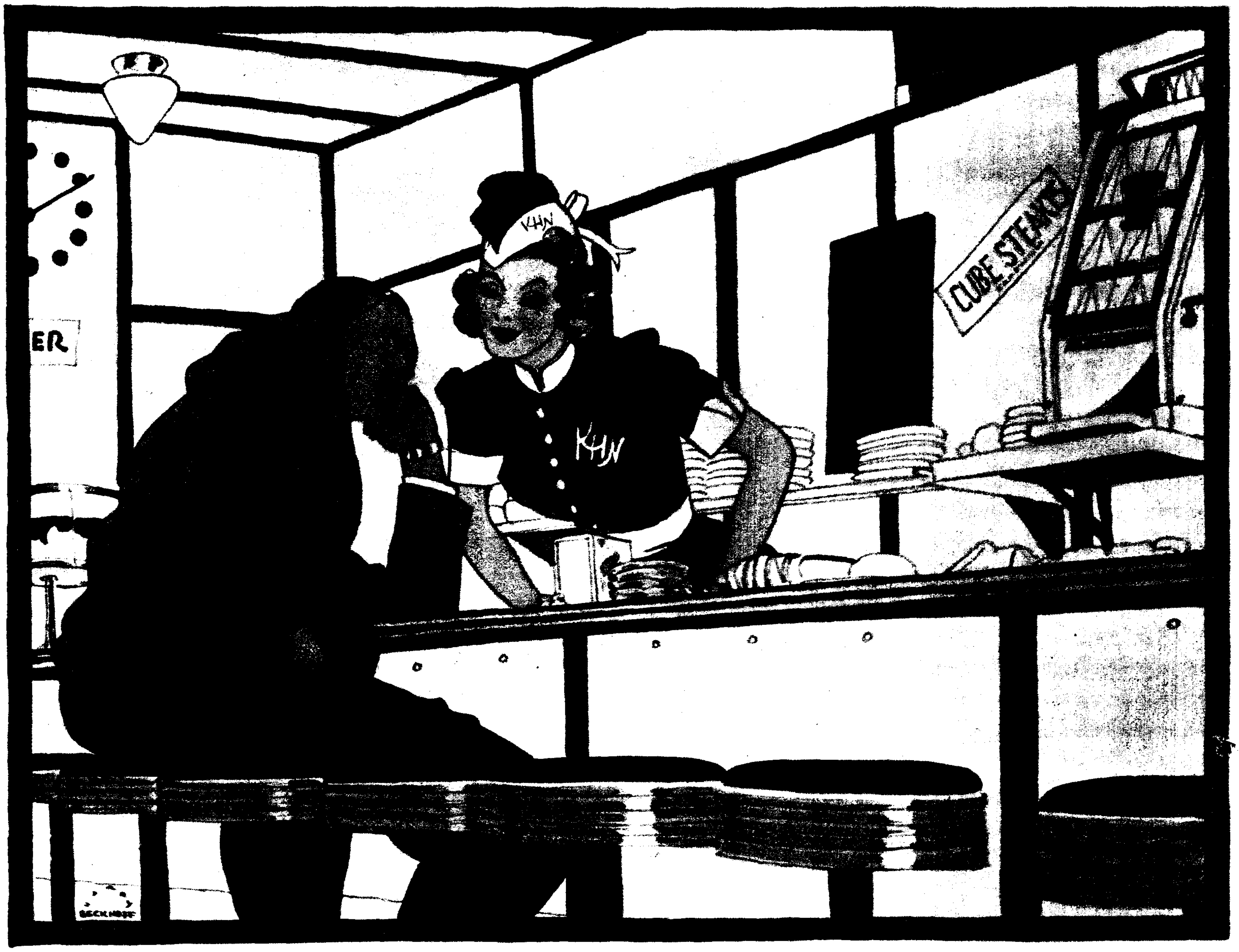
Once in his office, I decided to talk first and fast. "Fink," I said, "I don't want any more of these damn' Fox stories. Give me something with guts and glamor."

"Yeah?" he said, delaying it.

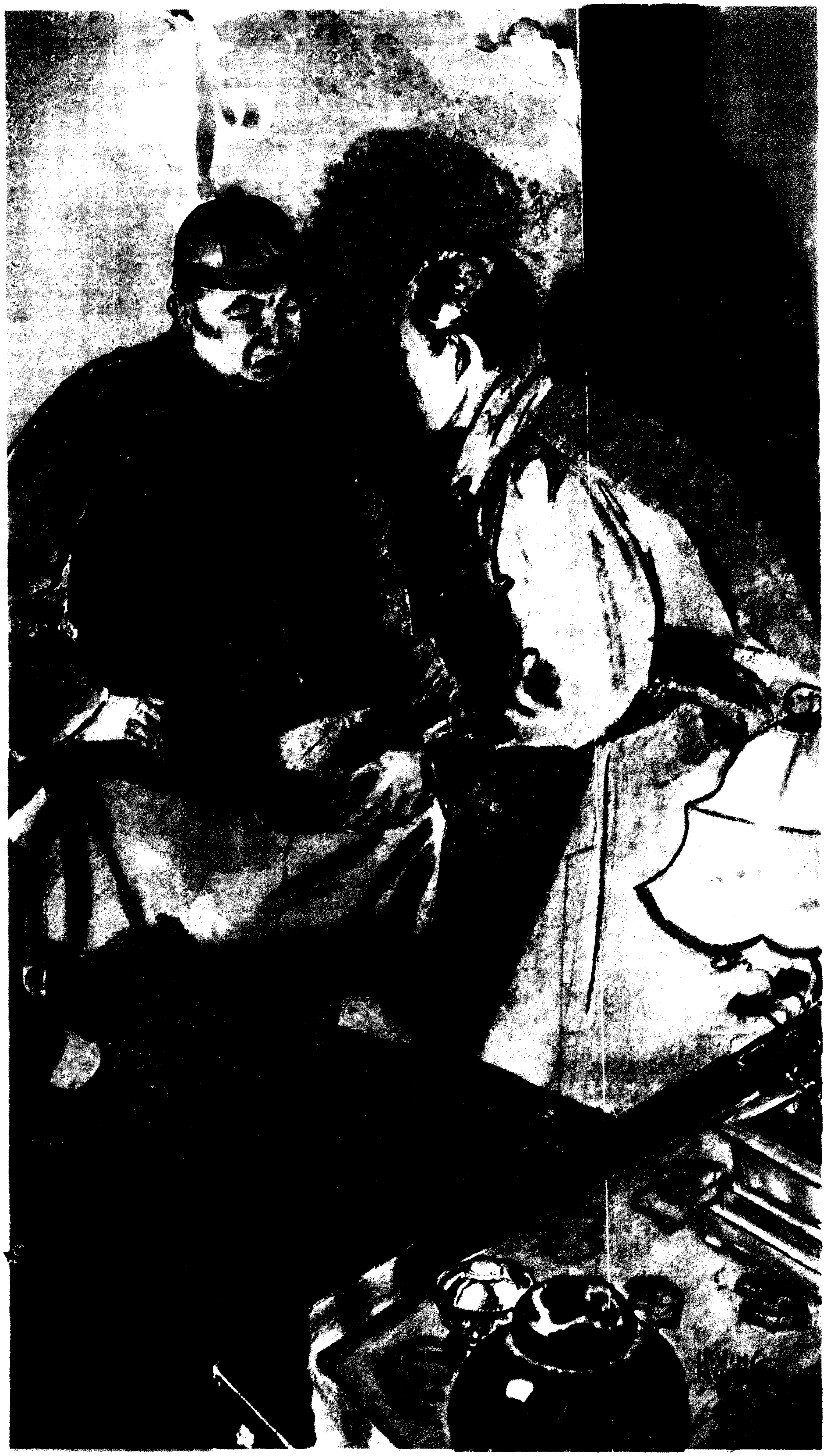
I kept on. "The nearest thing I ever get to romance in these lousy detective stories is a closeup of a fingerprint," I said.

Finckel smiled urbanely. "Don't worry about that either," he said, "because as of today you aren't working here any more."

(Continued on page 67)



"What's the matter?" Jenny asked. "Did your girl step out on you?"



The Room of Death

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

A telephone call at midnight and two shots from the dark start another exciting adventure for resourceful James Lee

AT MIDNIGHT, to James Lee over the telephone, "They will kill him!" Jane Young declared. Her voice was thin with fear. "I know they will kill him, Mr. Lee. You must do something to save him!"

"Come down to my apartment at once," James Lee directed. "No more of this over the wire."

"I will be there in ten minutes."

A moment later, to his assistant, Frank Wilbur, over the wire, "Walter Young has disappeared," James Lee announced. "Millionaire insurance man."

"I met him during that insurance racket crusade," Wilbur said. "What's the play?"

"Come over to my apartment and we'll get to work. Mrs. Young is on her way here now. I want you to sit in."

In his library, after he had introduced Frank Wilbur to Jane Young, "Why do you think your husband is in danger?" James Lee asked the woman. He noticed that her hands were trembling. "May I get you a drink?"

"Thank you, no. I'm quite all right. But I know that something terrible has happened to Walter. I've always known that some of those desperate men would kill him."

"What desperate men?" James Lee asked. "Please take your time and tell the story."

"Walter has sent fifty of them to the penitentiary in the last ten years—firebugs and wreckers and insurance killers. Some of them have been released. I know they have him. He's probably being tortured. I've warned him a hundred times. So has Mason Romer."

"Who is Mason Romer?" James Lee asked.

"His secretary. He's rather arrogant and stupid, but he knows everything about Walter's affairs."

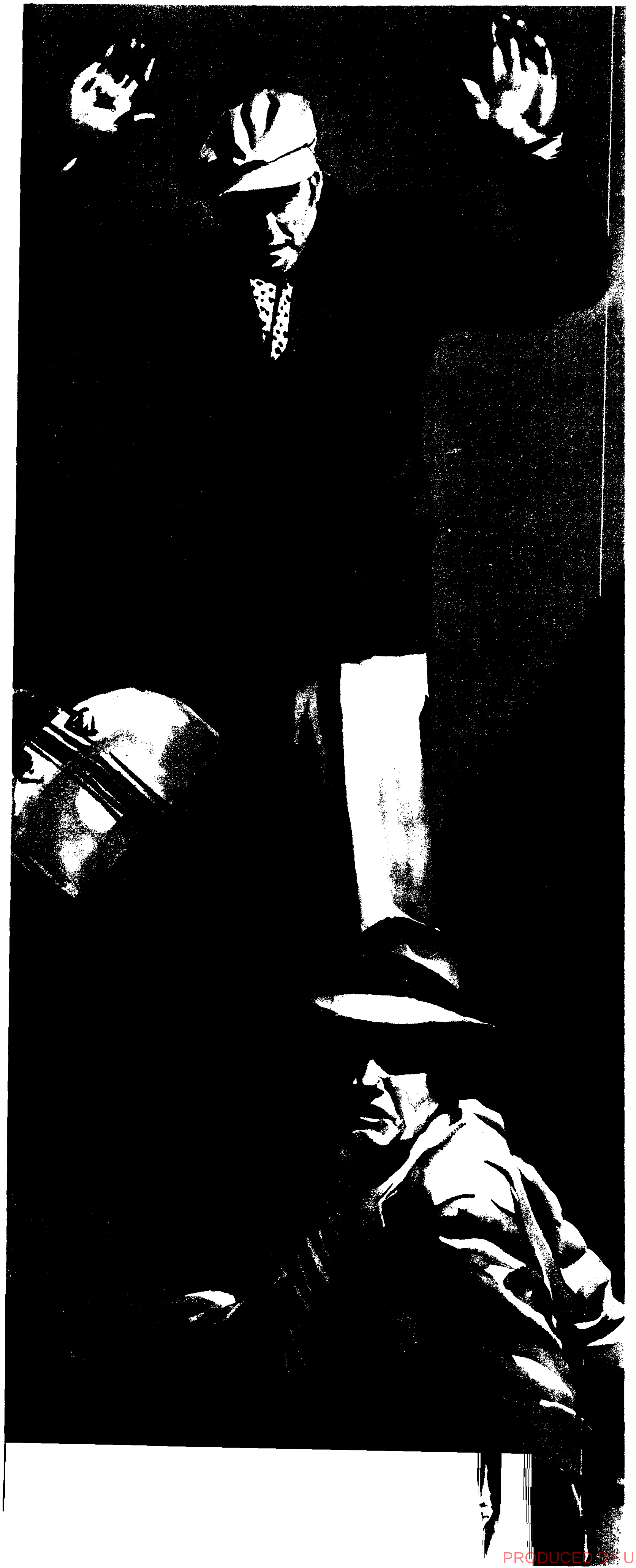
James Lee nodded to Frank Wilbur. "Get Mr. Romer in here right away," he directed. To Jane Young, "Has your husband received any threats lately?"

"I don't know. Walter used to show me the most terrible letters, but he stopped that. They frightened me."

"You will forgive the next question,"

(Continued on page 78)

"Time is precious," James Lee said. "His wife is also in danger, and you are my only hope of saving them"



A Favor for the Cop

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

I WAS sitting in the car, with the motor turning over slowly, up the block from the 81st Street Bank. I was listening to the game on the radio and it hollers, "Here comes the pitch!"

The law was passing by, a big mick cop named McLarney, and he butts his head in my car and says, "How's the game?" It was the first game of the World Series.

"Them Yanks are doing great, Officer!" I said. "Greatest team New York ever had!"

"You bet you," he says, swelling. "I was watching the game on the board over on Broadway, other end of the beat. Getting to Derringer, are they? I knew they would. It was 1-0 favor the Reds going into the fifth—what's it now? What's the score?"

He got set for good news.

"Still 1-0 favor the Reds!" I said. "Them Yank bushers are doing great to hold the score down. Great team, Officer—for New York!"

"That so?" he sneers, going sour on me. "Where you from—Cincinnati? I thought you were. I can always tell you mugs."

"But you can't tell us much, Officer," I said, "about baseball."

Just then the radio yelped, "Dahlgren drives a long foul down left-field line—no, it's fair! It's a hit—it's a double! Gordon is coming home from second! The game is tied up, 1-1!"

"Ha, ha," McLarney laughed in my face, and went off toward the bank on the corner, feeling grand. That was the end of his beat and he hurried right back to flap an ear. He didn't like me but he had to listen to my radio or hear no news till he got back to the scoreboard on Broadway.

"No more accidents, Officer!" I told him. "Two out now."

Then the radio spoke up: "Here comes the pitch—Crosetti hits a terrific drive to deep center! Looks like a homer!"

"Ha, ha," says Cop McLarney.

"No, Center-fielder Craft got it!" says the radio. "Three out!"

"Ha, ha, Officer," said I. "How you like them apples?"

"The next accident will be you, young fellow," growled McLarney, going off, "you keep up beefing about your Reds in this town."

THE game went along, and every time McLarney went by he would stop and butt his head in for an earful. It went into the last of the ninth along about a quarter after four. The Yanks were up, and it was still 1-1, and I began to get nervous.

One-one, and one down, in the Yanks' half of the ninth. "Here comes the pitch," says the radio, and Cop McLarney stuck his head in my car. "Keller hits it! Oh, boy—a four-hundred-foot drive bounces off the right center-field barrier! A triple!"

"You and your Reds," cheers McLarney, and him and me wrapped ourselves around the radio. DiMaggio up, and a man on third, in the last of the ninth! "Ball one," says the radio. "Ball two!"

Derringer passed DiMaggio, which was good judgment, in my opinion, to get Dickey. Dickey up. But I don't suppose me and the cop had our heads under the dashboard more than two minutes when, just as the radio says, "Here comes the pitch," and we are keyed up on pins and needles— *Bang! goes a shot on the corner.* Good night.

We looked, and there was the Kosmos Food Stores car outside the bank, and the bank's special officer has come out and is shooting his pistol at the two guys that are lamming around the corner into Columbus Avenue with the Kosmos bag of collections they have just hoisted. McLarney took out his pistol and hopped in my car and said, "Get down there quick," and I stepped on it.

WE WENT around the corner into Columbus Avenue and there were the two guys lamming, and McLarney shot a bullet in one's leg, and that was Ice-wagon Lowrey that can't run so much anyway, and the other was Joe the Brains Galupo, and he drops the moneybag and puts them up. Were they surprised when they seen me driving McLarney, but they said nothing, being a couple of percentage guys; no use beefing and getting me sore if I couldn't help it.

So McLarney gets these two bad actors and a bagful of money, and that is nice business for a cop and he can put in for a sergeant; so McLarney was very much pleased with me indeed. . . . Oh, Dickey hit that pitch for a single and scored Keller and won the game, pardon me. . . . But I was saying about McLarney.

"Listen, Cincinnati," he said, calling me Cincinnati because that is where I am from, "I would be up on charges right now and get broke and thrown out if it wasn't for you riding me in your car. Because I was supposed to be down there on the corner as usual when that Kosmos moneybag was crossing the sidewalk to the side door of the bank! And I wasn't. I would like to do you a favor, Cincinnati!"

"Get me a driving job, Officer," I said. "I am out of work and busted and disgusted, or I wouldn't be—"

"That's easy," he cut in. "You will have your pick of six driving jobs tomorrow morning or I will deal out six summonses for something. But it sure is funny," he said, "about smart men like Joe the Brains Galupo and Ice-wagon Lowrey, that they would try to hoist a moneybag weighing half a ton and not have no car! And have to run for it."

"We all make mistakes now and then, Officer!" I said. Because I did not want to tell him I was the guy was supposed to drive the car and be down there on the corner when that moneybag was crossing the sidewalk and pick up Joe the Brains and Ice-wagon on the fly when they grabbed it.

There were the two guys lamming, and McLarney shot a bullet in one's leg and the other drops the bag and puts them up

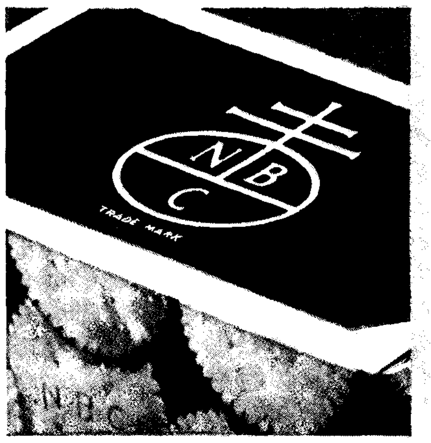
NBC
TRADE MARK
RITZ
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

RITZ SPRING SALAD. *Do* rub your salad bowl with garlic when you prepare this salad, and *do* serve with crunchy Ritz! No other cracker adds the same sparkle to salads — for Ritz has a distinctive nut-like tang all its own. Ritz is always at its best, because a *special* baking process *seals in* freshness and flavor. Insist on Ritz — and you won't be disappointed!

Add to your fame as a hostess by serving RITZ crackers!

LISTEN FOR "AH'S" when your guests see (and *taste!*) these smart Ritz appetizers! Spread Ritz crackers with softened cream cheese, garnish with olive rings, chives, pimiento, anchovy. Ritz appetizers stay crisp longer — Ritz' nut-like tang adds to their flavor!

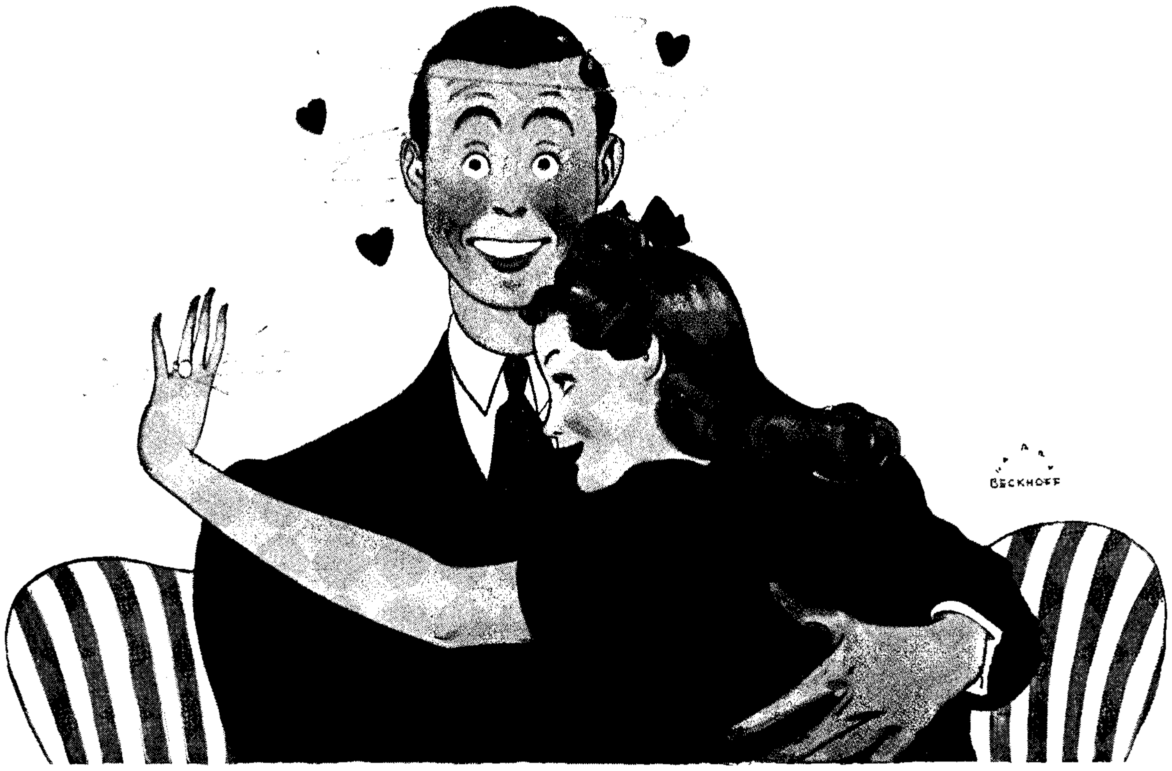
PARTY DRESS. Add a dab of whipped cream to pea soup and serve with Ritz. Very "special looking" — and delicious! Remember, Ritz dresses up family meals as well as party treats. Everybody loves Ritz. Serve it often — with other foods and alone. Order a package today!

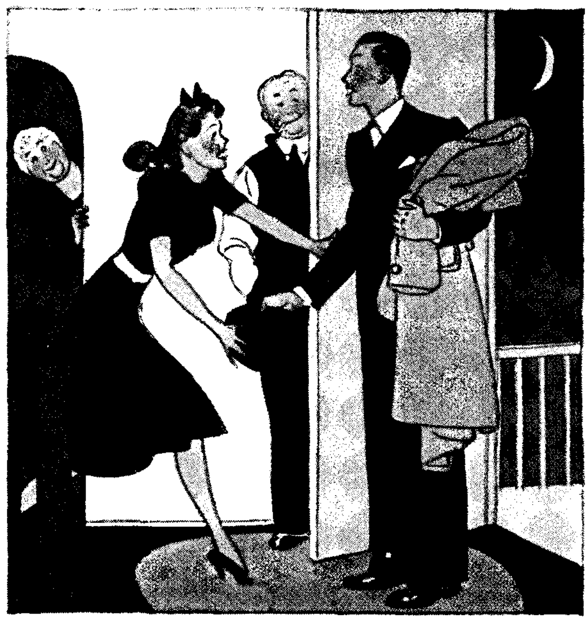


YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE of getting the finest in crackers and cookies if you look for this red NBC Seal on the package when you buy. It identifies products of National Biscuit Company and is your assurance of high quality . . . tempting freshness . . . delicious flavor.

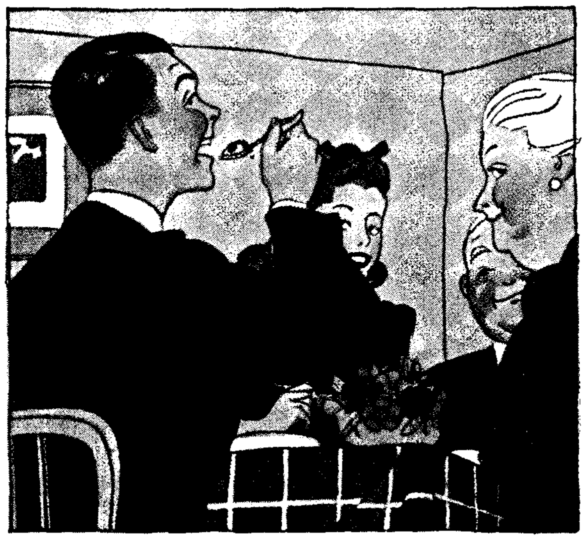
IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER • A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

"I think it was that swell Bean-o-tash that got me!"





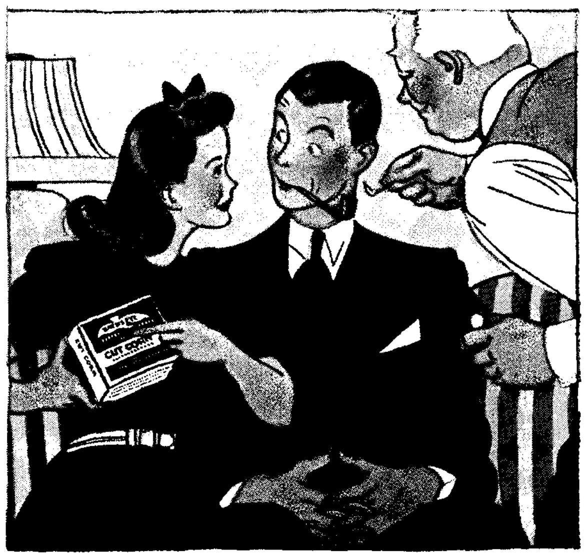
1. Last Saturday my girl Mary invites me to her house for dinner. Now, this is a queer invitation. For Mary knows I've got a yen for *different*-tasting foods. And Saturday is the night we usually mosey around looking for those little, foreign restaurants scattered around town.



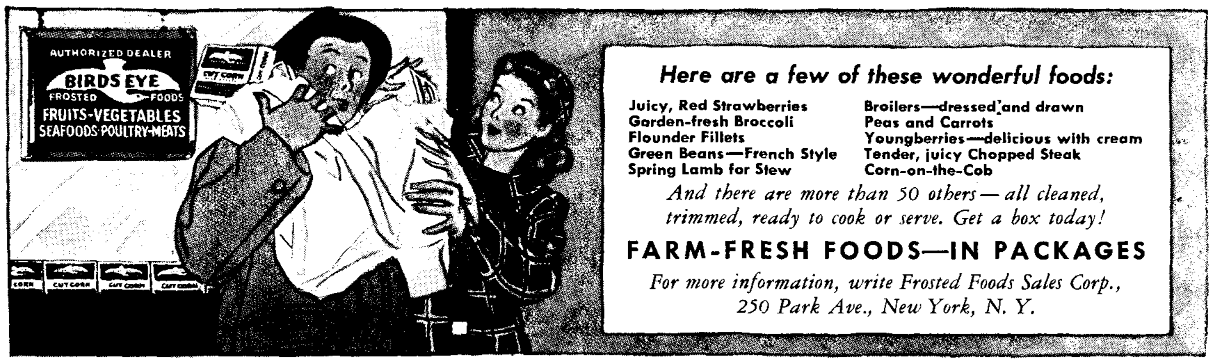
2. Well, that night Mary sits me down to the strangest, most tempting dish I had seen since that swell summer I spent in Paris. She called it "Bean-o-tash"—a new combination of corn and string beans, *and farm-fresh as any dish I've ever eaten . . . anywhere!*

3. Farm-fresh in March! Why, farmers haven't planted their seeds yet! "How come?" I asked. She smiles and says, "*Just Birds Eye magic!*" She told how Birds Eye raises a plumpy corn that just about spurts when you thumb it. She told me how the country freshness was *sealed in* by magical hocus-pocus called Quick-Freezing!

4. Now, I've eaten corn right in the fields of Iowa, and yanked it off a stalk on a truck farm in Jersey. But, believe me, this Birds Eye Corn was the kind poets rave about and men just hope some day to find. And those Birds Eye String Beans! Could they have come from string-bean heaven?



5. I figured such marvelous foods must cost plenty. But listen. Those two boxes of Birds Eye Corn and String Beans (washed, ready to cook) cost LESS than the price of a pretty terrible movie! The only thing to do with a girl as smart as Mary is to marry her. (P.S. I'm gonna!)



Here are a few of these wonderful foods:

Juicy, Red Strawberries
Garden-fresh Broccoli
Flounder Fillets
Green Beans—French Style
Spring Lamb for Stew

Broilers—dressed and drawn
Peas and Carrots
Youngberries—delicious with cream
Tender, juicy Chopped Steak
Corn-on-the-Cob

And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today!

FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

6. Where can you buy these luscious foods? . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these wonderful foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be sure you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

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BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Misty

Continued from page 20

and learn things; read books and stuff. But what kind of books? He'd been in a library once—went there to see if he could get some back numbers of Young Wild West—and he never saw so many books in all his life; looked silly to him.

Maybe he'd better talk it over with Bunch Tanner, the blacksmith. Bunch seemed to know everything and, besides, he was the sort that would keep a secret. Imagine what the bar flies would say around town if they found out he was trying to learn things.

Bunch listened to Pugsy's story while the two were walking down the two-mile switch toward town. At intervals he nodded sagely but made no attempt to interrupt the confession. The sun was hitting him full in the face when finally he spoke:

"I gotta speak to you straight out, Pugsy. More'n one book would put you out of commission; you ain't the type. You gotta get a certain kind of book. A almanac wouldn't be no good because it knows too much about everything; it's gotta be somethin' that Misty knows about. What does she know about most?"

Pugsy gave the matter serious thought.

"Cookin' she's best at but what she talks about all time is how you can make medicine out o' roots an' leaves."

"Then I got just what you need," said Bunch. "Once a fellow give me a book called The Family Guide to Health, an' it's got all them things. You go by my house an' I'll give it to you."

PUGSY'S sudden change of manner and habits began to bother the residents of Hungry Hollow no end. He rarely sang in the wash shack when he came home from work, and when supper was over he disappeared as if by magic.

Of course it was only natural that people should attribute this change to his romantic rivalry with Mordecai. But Pugsy didn't care what they thought. He was learning. Twenty pages of The Family Guide to Health had been consumed with hungry relish and already he was up to the part where the medicinal efficacies of fennel, buckthorn and even the common sunflower were being explained.

His constant absence was a source of worry to Misty. She tried, on several occasions, to talk with him but he just grinned and walked away. And, too, the change in Mordecai; it just wasn't explainable. Mordecai had always talked nice words to her, words that were full of education and things like that, but now he swore even when there wasn't any reason for it. And such awful swearing, too. . . . Misty discussed the matter with Mrs. Lanton over supper dishes:

"You think maybe I'm gettin' the bounce, Mrs. Lanton?"

Mrs. Lanton laughed.

"It's when you love somebody and he leaves you; that's when you get the bounce. You love Pugsy and Mordecai?"

Misty was momentarily silent.

"Mrs. Parney asked me almost the same thing. I been thinkin' over what she said. They wouldn't let you marry both of them at the same time, would they?"

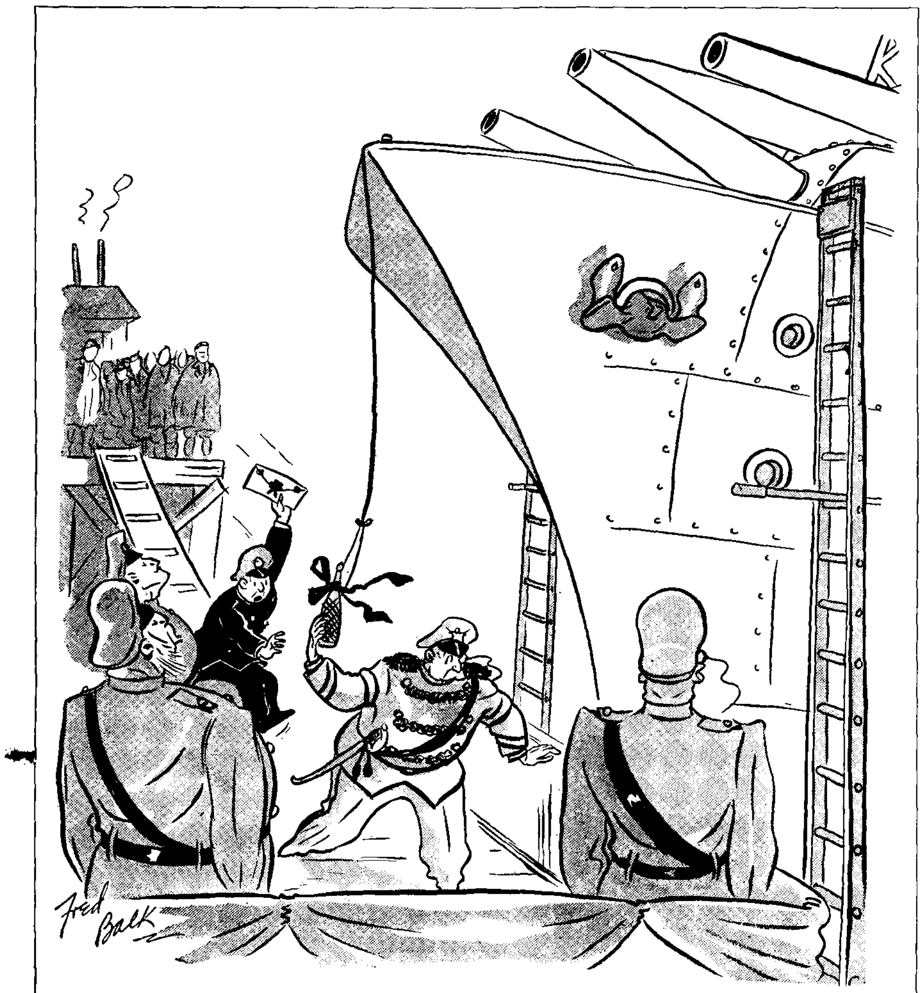
"Misty!" Mrs. Lanton was horrified.

"Well, people get married twice sometimes, don't they? I don't see where there's any diff'rence."

Mrs. Lanton leaned back against the sink, shaking with laughter.

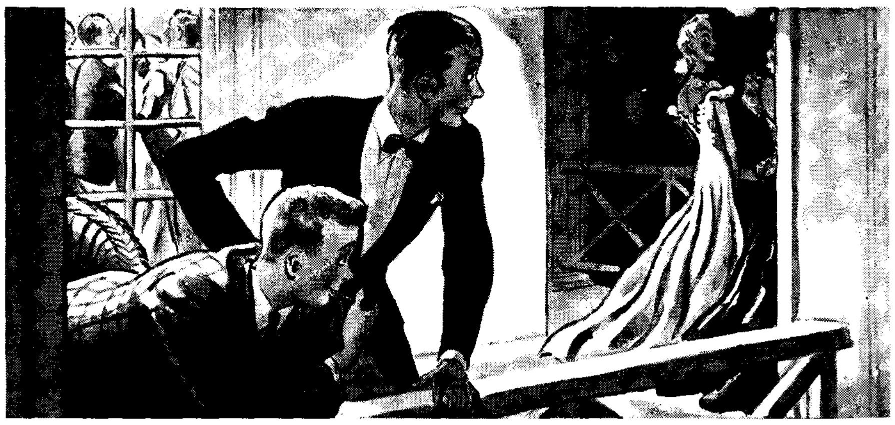
"Misty, you should be spanked," she gasped.

"I guess maybe you're right," said Misty. "Even if I did marry both of them an' I found out later I loved one

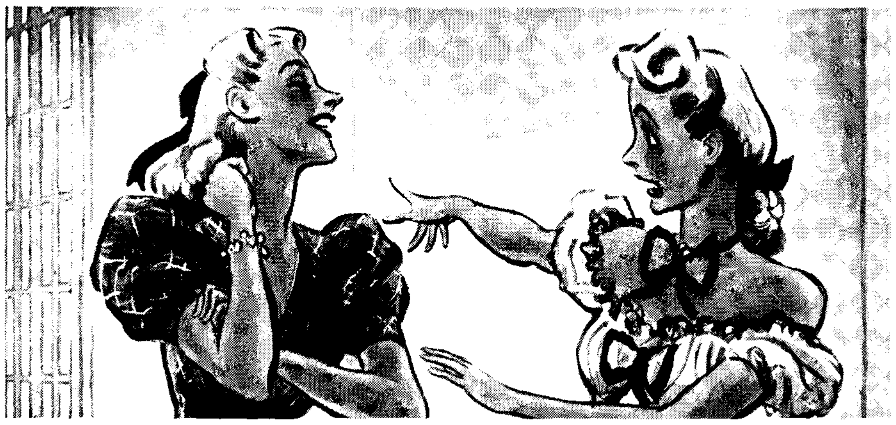


"Stop!—An order just came in to scuttle her!" FRED BALK

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson



Bill: You take the looks—I'll take the Pep Appeal!



Marge: *Holy cats!* Did you hear that? How do you get it, Linda?
Linda: Vitamins, darling! I've been getting all my vitamins. You should have seen me before I learned *that* lesson.

Marge: You mean, eat spinach and stuff?
Linda: Yes, and more than that! For one thing, I know a scrumptious breakfast cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra rich in two of the important vitamins, B_1 and D. We'll try it for breakfast tomorrow.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B1-D) ENRICHED

Marge: Say! While you were doing all that chinning about vitamins, why didn't you tell me what a *grand tasting cereal* PEP is. I could go for it every day in the week!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

"Sure I use **MUM**—
I cannot afford to take any chances!"

"Perspiration odor has no place in any man's life," says Mr. R. U. Whitney, salesman of the Packard Motor Car Co. of New York. "It's bad business!"

"HERE'S how I see it," says Mr. Whitney, "I use Mum for the same reason I shower and shave every morning, just to make sure nothing comes between me and my prospects that's going to let me down. I have no patience with *perspiration odor* in others and I simply won't take chances of offending, myself!

"There's just never an excuse for perspiration odor—not even ignorance! And because a man may offend and never know he's guilty—I play *safe*—with Mum."

* * *

That's just good, common sense, Mr. Whitney, and thousands of men are following it. A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds and you definitely veto perspiration odor all day or all evening long. Keep this in mind—a bath cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come.

Mum can't harm your shirts . . . won't irritate skin. Mum prevents underarm odor *without attempting to stop perspiration.*

The chances are your wife, your sister or mother is using Mum right now as the safe, sure way of guarding against underarm odor. But don't borrow! Get your own Mum at your druggist's today. *Play safe.* Carry into all your contacts—business and social—the confidence that you won't offend with perspiration odor.

MUM

takes the Odor out of Perspiration

[**Customers resent Perspiration Odor—Play safe with Mum!**]

That glorious morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—makes your shower last longer.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Mum carries on where your bath leaves off. Two quick dabs under your arms—30 seconds—and you're safe from odor for the day.

more than the other, I'd be awful sorry for the one I didn't love."

Mrs. Lanton shot her a strange look, then smiled faintly.

"You want to do something for me, Misty?"

"Yes'm," returned Misty eagerly.

"Go out Sunday with both Pugsy and Mordecai. It might do you good."

Misty went. The Sunday sun beamed down on the three as they walked along the bottom land just this side of the turn in the river. Pugsy was doing the talking; he had been talking ever since they left town that morning. Mordecai was tight-lipped, doing nothing but glaring malevolently at every passing tree or bush. Misty's face was troubled.

"—now like if you got poisoned with oxalic acid, say somethin' like that. You know what you do? Well, you use lime. Maybe you ain't got lime. All right. You just take some scrapin's from a plastered wall, or even magnesia, chalk, washin' soda, soap. Dissolve it up an' swaller it. Then you take some eggs an' milk—"

A volley of oaths escaped Mordecai. He glared at Pugsy, his face growing as purple as the deep shadows in the swamp grass. The epithets rained down on Pugsy, and terror clutched at the heart of Misty. Murder was in the offing; she could see it in Mordecai's eyes. If Pugsy would only swear back at him it would mean nothing more than a healthy fight. But Pugsy didn't; he only smiled—a sweet, sickish smile that made him look positively silly. Misty stepped between the two.

"This stops right now or I'll knock both o' your ears down."

"I ain't doin' nothin'," said Pugsy. "This big stiff gets sore just because he's found out that somebody else knows somethin', too."

"Aw, shut up!" replied Misty. "I got the same book you got."

MONDAY night found Pugsy in the Lame Miner saloon drowning his sorrow in Bull Frog beer. Spig Wassen, the bartender, made one or two attempts to offer words of encouragement, but had them snapped off before they could emerge from his mustache.

She had the same book, did she? Okay—then he was a faker, a phony. If he went back to the boardinghouse now she'd laugh him out of a six-year growth. He was through—washed up. And that lousy, stinking Mordecai—well, he'd wait for him to come off the night shift, smack him in the puss and then blow. Maybe he'd go back to Blocton. Maybe he'd—

Out of the night came the quavery, spine-chilling shriek of Old Tippecanoe's wildcat whistle. The face of every man in the saloon automatically turned toward the door—something was wrong at the mine. Almost simultaneously the telephone rang. The faces shifted to Spig Wassen. His hand was shaking when he picked up the receiver.

"Yeh . . . Yeh . . . Yeh . . . Yeh . . . Right away!" He turned to his customers. "Cave-in at the bottom of the shaft. Steel beams got Mordecai pinned in right beside the speakin' tube. They talked to him; he can't move. Night boss says it'll take a week to dig him out, if he lives that long."

Everybody rushed out of the saloon but Pugsy. He grinned after them, then turned to Wassen.

"Gimme a hooker o' hootch—I got somethin' to celebrate about."

"You mean you ain't goin' up there an' help?" came from the incredulous bartender.

"What for?" snarled Pugsy. "I don't like him an' when people don't like somebody bad enough they wish they was dead. Well, that goes for him from me."

"But you know what'll happen to him, Pugsy—he'll go crazy."

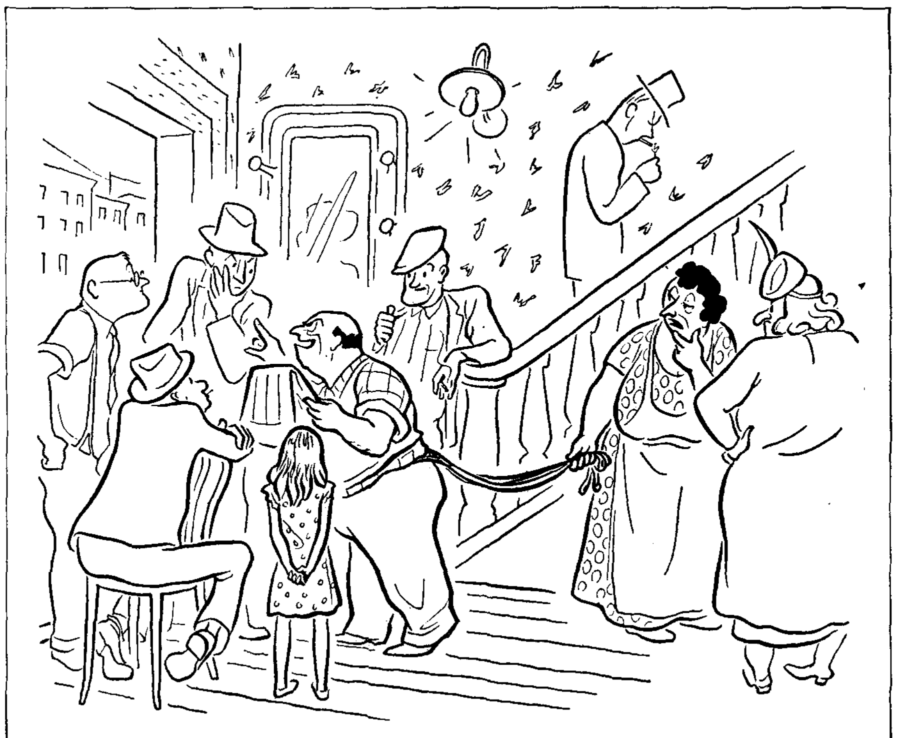
"Sure—sure, I know. Like old Dinker up at Number Six. Even cows go nuts when they're stuck in mud. All right—so what?"

THE two-mile switch looked like a moving sea serpent in the moonlight as men, women and children rushed down the track toward the Old Tippecanoe. And far ahead of them sped Misty Hudell. She found the night boss at the cage landing, surrounded by an excited crowd. He was talking into the speaking tube:

"Nothin' to worry about, Mordecai. You're a pretty lucky guy. It'll take maybe a day or two but we can feed you milk down this pipe. You close to them holes in the pipe?"

Misty shoved her way through the crowd; she wanted to hear Mordecai's voice. It came—a tremble in it that accentuated its already ghostly hollowness:

"I can't stand it, I tell you! I can't move, and I'm afraid—I've always been



"It seems, Mrs. Hogan, that Roosevelt and Dewey agree about something. So there he goes, smelling a rat" A. ALAIN

"No Wonder Joe Went Overboard!"

8A 802
...IP TO SHORE PH...

...He went "Overboard" for De Soto's Fresh new Beauty and new Lower Prices —And when he Discovered it was the One Car in 1940 That Offers *All* of the 39 Important New Features Not Found in your 1936-'37-'38 Car—*that Cinched It!*

It's easy to understand why a man wants a beautiful car. We all enjoy compliments—there's real *self-satisfaction* driving an automobile our friends admire!

But "Looks" only half explain De Soto's success—the real story is *underneath the surface . . .*

De Soto is the one car with all 39 features not found in your 2-3-or 4-year-old car.

You get, in most cases, 5 to 15 more horsepower—7″ to 10″ more wheelbase—seats as much as 8″ wider. Rear doors are full width at the bottom for easy entrance and exit. Windows roll all the way down. There's a new Floating Ride that cradles you *between* the axles. You "float" over bumps—back-axle bounce is gone. You shift with a simple wrist-flick . . . Handy-Shift, mounted on the steering post, is out of knees' way. And at night, Sealed Beam Headlights give you 50% to 65% better road light.

Think of all the pleasure, comfort you're missing. And remember, De Soto prices are $20 to $48 lower than last year! See your De Soto dealer for a good deal on the one car that offers all the 39 features you don't have now. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation.

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, C. B. S., Thurs., 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

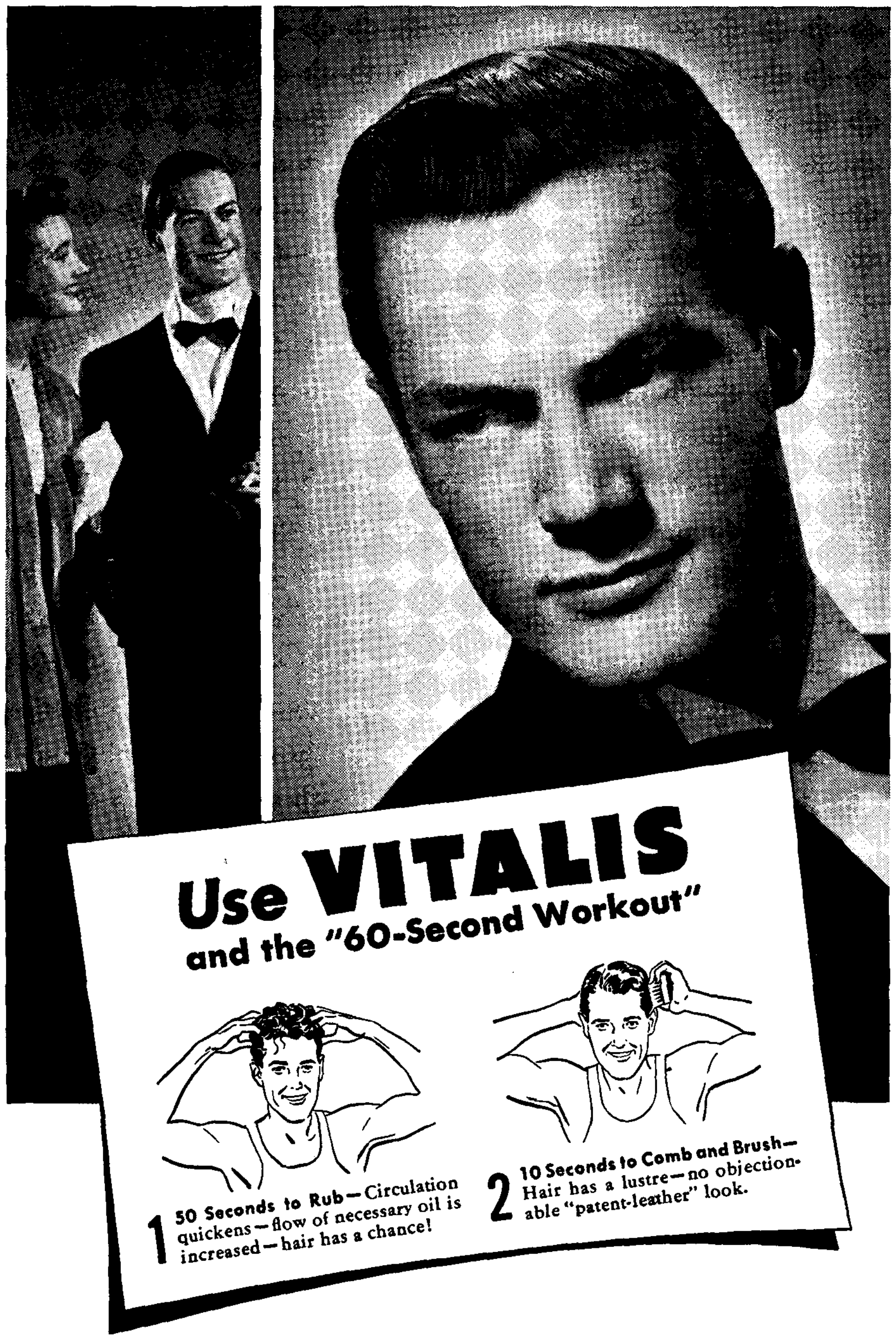
DE SOTO

AMERICA'S FAMILY CAR

De Luxe Coupe	De Luxe Sedan
$845	$905

Delivered at Detroit, Mich. Federal taxes included. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, extra. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

Socially and in Business
Good-looking Hair
helps you to Success!


Use VITALIS
and the "60-Second Workout"
1 50 Seconds to Rub—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!
2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

HANDSOME hair alone won't put you over! Brains and initiative and backbone are still the best assets for a real success. But good-looking hair helps—and you can help yourself to good-looking, well-groomed hair... with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

Just apply Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Notice that pleasant tingle as sluggish circulation speeds up. Your scalp begins to lose its tightness . . . becomes more free and supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oil—overcoming dryness—giving your hair a wonderful, natural lustre. See how Vitalis routs unsightly, loose dandruff, and helps prevent excessive falling hair, too. Now comb your hair. How easily it falls into place—stays put—and there's no trace of that objectionable, "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's today. Start your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis right away, and make them a regular daily habit. Then see for yourself why thousands of men praise Vitalis—the easy way to attractive, good-looking hair!

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Next time you go to the barber's insist on Vitalis Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

afraid! For God's sake, get me out of here—get me out of here!"

The night boss' hand touched Misty's lips warningly as she leaned forward to speak. He drew her aside with a nod.

"He'll be insane within six hours, sure as hell," said the night boss. "You've seen it before, Misty; you know what I'm talkin' about."

"But what are you doin' about it?" demanded the trembling girl. "You can't let him die like this!"

"Fifty men went down the manway five minutes ago. They got to clear the cave-in from the back. Misty, it's a week's job. We can keep on talkin' to him but just talkin' to him ain't goin' to do no good."

Misty's eyes brightened suddenly.

"But if he didn't like whoever he was talkin' to, wouldn't that keep his mind off of where he was, or somethin'?"

She turned even before the boss could answer and disappeared into the night.

Pugsy was gloriously drunk when she found him. Misty shook him desperately.

"They want you—up at the shaft! Pugsy! Pugsy, you can save Mordecai's life—you can save his life, Pugsy, if you hurry!"

"I don' wanna hurry," mumbled Pugsy. "Don' wanna save nobody's life. Wouldn't go up there if you paid me."

Misty's eyes glinted dangerously.

"You're goin' up to that shaft if I have to carry you!"

"Any old time." Pugsy squared off. "Nobody's gonna tell me I got the same book. I'll sock 'em in the beak."

"I'm sorry," said Misty, then she swung for his jaw. A mushy sound like a bar of soap falling on a wash-shack floor. Pugsy swung around dizzily, then fell flat on his face. Misty threw him over her shoulder and ran out of the saloon as if she bore no burden at all.

IT WAS the third day. Groups of miners stood at the top of the manway ready to relieve the rescue party the moment it appeared from below. The night boss, haggard and worn, brought up the cheering news that another eight hours would bring them to the imprisoned man.

"And Pugsy Lakin," he asked. "Is he holdin' up all right?"

"He has to," replied one of the men; "Misty is standin' over him with a club."

The night boss glanced over at the cage landing, and grinned. Pugsy was draped around the speaking tube. Just back of him stood Misty. Intermittently, she raised a sore and swollen foot. Seventy-two hours was a long time to stand in one place. The voice of Pugsy droned in her ears:

"—Listen, louse, you ain't tellin' me nothin'. You're scareder than a rat in a box full o' gopher snakes. . . . An' nuts to you! I got a bet up here that says you crack up before they even get to you. . . . Is that so? . . . Why, you damn', mealymouthed—"

Misty thrilled at the swear words that followed. Sulphuric. Vituperative. Ear-shocking. But Misty knew the importance of those words—a challenge to the waning courage of the imprisoned Mordecai. . . .

A rising sun was exposing the valley when the electrifying news flashed from below that Mordecai had been rescued. Misty began pounding Pugsy on the back with joy. There was no response. Pugsy had fallen asleep.

TWO days later, a slow freight crept out of Hungry Hollow.

Pugsy crawled over to one corner of a car and lay down tiredly. The car trucks sang a dirge to his thoughts. Misty loved Mordecai. If she didn't, she never would have acted like that up at the tipple. One hand touched his chin; caressed it lovingly. Well, anyway, here was something he could always remember.

A match flared up in his face. Behind its blob of yellow glow he saw Mordecai.

"What are you doin' in this boxcar?" growled Pugsy.

"Bounced, my friend," was the reply.

Pugsy sat up suddenly, hopefully. Mordecai sensed his thoughts and laughed.

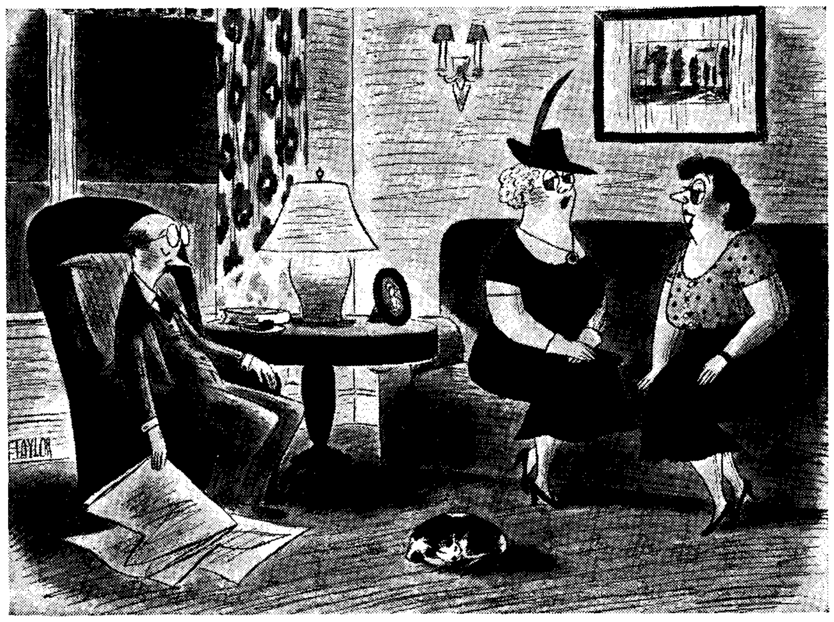
"That goes for you, too." He moved closer. "Listen—I had a long talk with Misty today. To make it short, I asked her to marry me. And you know what she said? Well, I'll tell you what she said. She said she'd been thinking the whole thing over and now she knew how she felt about both of us. She said if we hadn't acted up like we did down by the river she never would have found out. You know what we are to her? We're her children. It was mother love all the time, she said. So I blew."

"I don't blame you," said Pugsy after a moment's thought. "Where you bound?"

"Why not make it 'we'?" smiled Mordecai. "I got an idea. You and I would make swell partners in the medicine-show business."

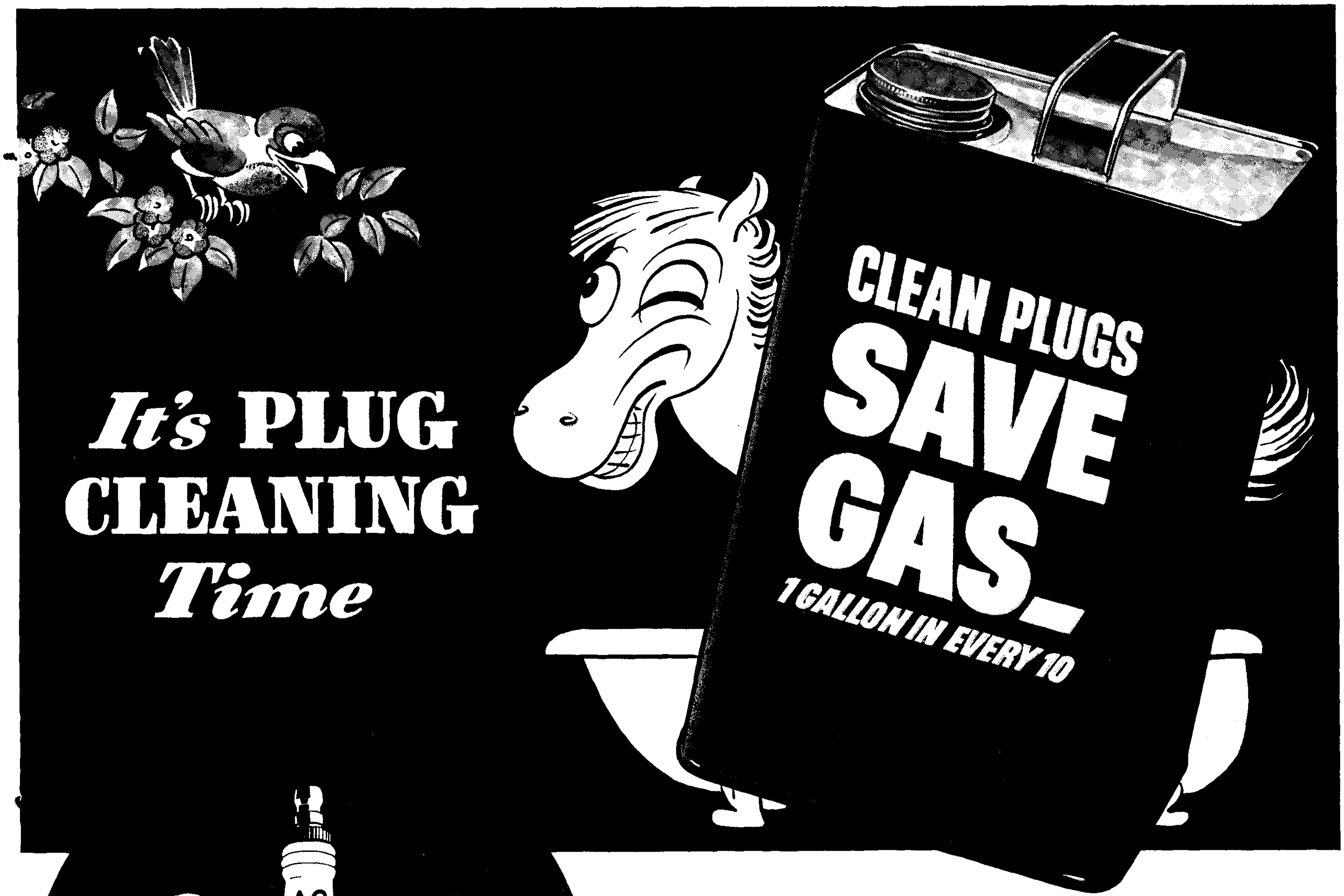
"What could I do?"

"I got that all figured out. I'm going to set you up as the attraction—the best damn' cusser east of the Mississippi."



"I've nicknamed him Rhett—but it's pretty much a case of wishful thinking"

RICHARD TAYLOR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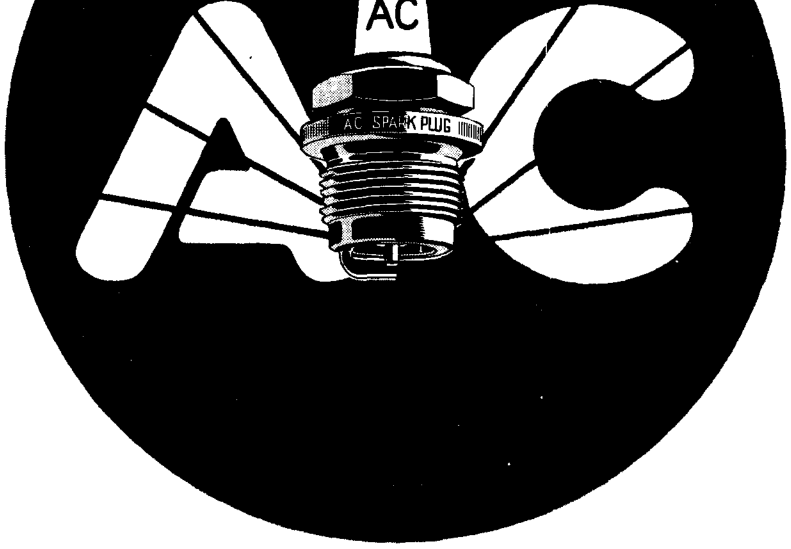
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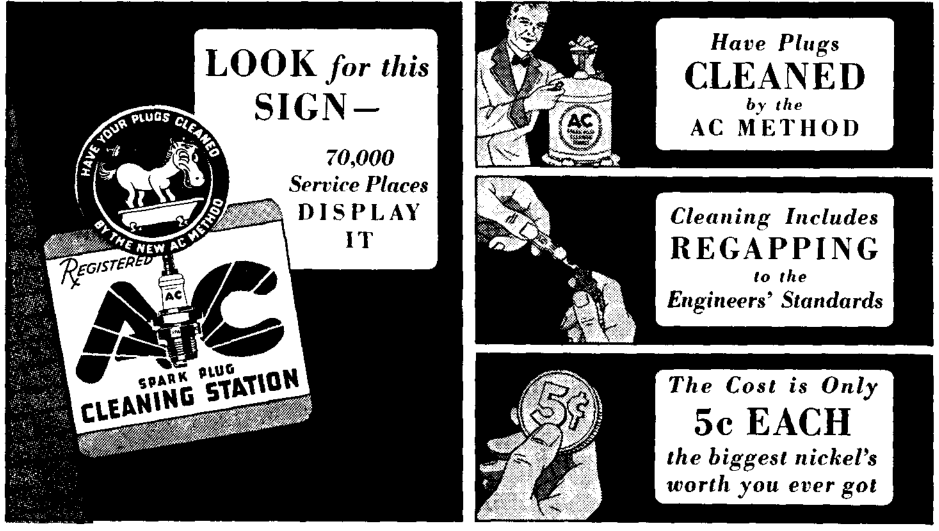
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SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO

Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T GET AHEAD THESE DAYS!
LOOK AT ME! WHY, JUST 6 WEEKS AGO...
WHAT DID THE BOSS THINK OF YOUR BRANCH-OFFICE PLANS, FRED?
OH, I GOT THE OLD RUN-AROUND, AS USUAL, BOB! A GUY'S A SAP TO THINK HE CAN GET AHEAD THESE DAYS!
YOU'VE GOT GOOD IDEAS, FRED, BUT--WELL--YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO GET VERY FAR UNTIL YOU WAKE UP AND SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
!
MY DENTIST TOLD ME...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
BEST OF LUCK IN THE NEW JOB, FRED! I KNEW YOU'D DO IT!
THANKS TO THAT TIP YOU GAVE ME, BOB! I'M GOING PLACES NOW!
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BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
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Appointment in India

Continued from page 16

"Probably killed him," said Alvin Brinker. He laughed.

Virginia made a small convulsive sound in her throat. It sounded far away, as though someone else had sobbed. Her own throat was numb, incapable of feeling, just as her mind was incapable of explaining her own spontaneous behavior.

"Break it in, Subahdar," the district officer was saying.

Rifle butts smashed against rotten wood. The door cracked, shuddered, crashed in.

Revolver drawn, the subahdar stepped into the watchman's lodge. An instant later he reappeared.

"Nobody inside, Excellency," he reported.

THE district officer blinked incredulously. He, too, stepped into the hut. When he emerged he walked directly to Virginia. For an eternal five seconds he stared at her—through her, it seemed. She fancied she could hear the grinding of his teeth as his jaw champed sidewise in barely perceptible movements of suppressed fury.

"You lied to me!" he said at last.

"I didn't, Reg! He was there. I swear it. You heard what the chokidar said."

"The chokidar was evidently repeating what you told him to say. This is all a clumsy trick to give your filthy friend time to get away. Friend! He's probably been your lover. At any rate, you're certainly his accomplice. . . . Come with me, Subahdar."

He strode off in the direction of his bungalow, leaving Virginia with the cold, lonely feeling that whatever slight bond there had been between brother and sister was definitely sundered. She was no longer the district officer's sister. She was a stranger—and Fred Oaks' accomplice!

Accomplice! The full meaning of the word burst upon her like a blinding light. With dismay she remembered what Fred had told her scarcely an hour ago. In the morning a shipment of contraband rifles—labeled wheel chairs—would arrive. They would be addressed to her. Accomplice . . . !

Suddenly she became aware that Bill Gabriel was still standing by her side, watching her intently. She turned to him. Gabriel cleared his throat apologetically.

"Well, I guess I'll be getting on," he said. He took a few steps, then came back. He added: "I've moved down to Seaside House—Room 3—in case there's anything you might want to tell me."

Even in the darkness, she thought there was a look of sympathetic understanding on his chubby face, sensed a friendly tone in his voice. As she watched him go off into the night, she felt less alone.

William Shakespeare Gabriel stopped briefly at his new quarters in Seaside House to change his sweat-soaked shirt, to pour himself a drink, and, because the urge to compose was strong within him at the moment, to continue his unfinished letter to Inspector Dumbarton of the C. I. D. He unfolded the sheets he had gathered up in such a hurry when Lucy Steel appeared unexpectedly at the dak bungalow that evening, and unscrewed the cap of his fountain pen.

"Dear Aubrey," he wrote. "I had to interrupt this lettter on account of my case coming to an abrupt termination. My client has just been shot from under me.

"I guess you know the bare facts already—and I mean bare—because Hatton the D. O. got your wire shoving me in on the official investigation. Your stooge here sure shot you the news fast, whoever he is. I can't figure out yet who he is and how he put the flash on the ticker so quick, but I'll bet a rupee to a pants button that it is not Hatton, because the D. O. isn't having any spasms of joy over me co-operating with him, and I don't expect much vice versa from him personally. Anyhow, since you want my help on the case, I feel you'd want to know how things stack up as of present date. So here goes.

"I found Lucy Steel's body in Fred Oaks' bed in Seaside House. She'd been shot through the left side, probably with a .32. I'll know the caliber for sure when Doc Forsythe, the missionary medico here, digs out the slug before they cremate her. She was as naked as the truth except for one stocking. There was no blood around to speak of, except a few smears on the mosquito netting, which was down, and a faint red squiggle on the top sheet, as if somebody had tried to draw a question mark. Oaks was in the room when I found her, but made a break about twenty minutes later when somebody outside tossed a .32 automatic through the window and smashed the lamp. Oaks hasn't been seen since, so of course the D. O. thinks he killed her. Hatton is specially sure Oaks killed her since I told him that Lucy was Fred's wife—either ex- or bigamous—come to hunt him down.

"As I already told you, I personally wouldn't trust Oaks with a blind man's lead pencils, but I don't think he did this particular job. In the first place he was in the room with the body for ten minutes that I know of, which is plenty of time for him to climb out the window, which he did later, and manufacture himself an alibi. Also that gun somebody tossed at the lamp couldn't have been his or the one he used, or he'd have got rid of it in the Bay of Bengal which is practically in the front yard. Either that or he's dumber than I think.

"WELL, that's the setup, Aubrey. And here are the leads I'm working on:

"1. Lucy's dress, lingerie and one stocking have disappeared. I'm still looking for them.

"2. Lucy's bearer, a little Hindu with a hump like a camel and a beard like a black goat, vamoosed after packing in her bath water from the hotel kitchen. He's still missing. So is a red handbag that I happen to know had a lot of cash money in it.

"3. Gwendolyn Small, the screwy old dame who runs this hotel, tells a cockeyed story. She sent for the doctor as soon as she heard the shot, told him right where to go, and who was hurt—but she claims she didn't see a thing that happened. All the answers came out in her fortune-telling cards, she says. She's lying, of course, and I'm going to find out why, and if she didn't cook up this story with the doctor, maybe.

"4. That gun that came through the window had been fired and there was one shot missing in the magazine. Alvin Brinker, manager of the Shakkarpur Bank, admits the gun belonged to him but says he loaned it to Rhoda Curring two months ago. Seems Mrs. Curring always has a gun in her bungalow for protection when her husband is away on the indigo plantations. She had one of her own, but something went wrong with the extracter two months ago, and she borrowed Brinker's.

"5. Mrs. Curring is a good shot, according to people I've talked to, and shoots at targets while reclining in a chaise longue on her back lawn. Mrs.

Curring is sweet on Oaks and might have resented Lucy.

"6. James Curring, the husband, was supposed to be away at his plantations but was back at the time of the murder. Now he's supposed to be away again. I'm checking.

"7. I'm also checking on the D. O. himself, confidentially. I don't quite like the way he tried to keep the news of the murder from getting out of Shakkarpur. It's farfetched, probably, but I'm going to find out if he didn't possibly know Lucy before she came here.

"So you see, Aubrey, I've got—"

Gabriel paused, listening intently. He heard a faint sound, like a dog scratching at his door. He got up, tiptoed across the room. He stood with his hand on the knob, staring down at a white triangle that grew larger as it wiggled in under the door, then became a rectangle. It was an envelope too bulky to be pushed in easily. Abruptly he pulled the door open.

"Good evening, Miss Small," he said.

GWENDOLYN SMALL straightened up. Her dignity was not at all affected by the fact that her white hair bristled with leather curlers or that her red silk dressing gown gaped immodestly in the haste of her sudden change from stooping to standing.

"There's a letter for you, Gabriel," she said, every inch the grand duchess in Act III.

"Thanks," said Gabriel, "I didn't know there was a midnight delivery by the Shakkarpur post office."

"The letter didn't come by post," said Miss Small.

Gabriel glanced at the envelope. It was addressed to "Wm. S. Gabriel, Esquire, Shakkarpur." It bore no stamps. Down in one corner were the words, "By Hand."

"Who brought this?" Gabriel demanded.

"Some chokra. A ragamuffin from the bazaar."

"Why did he bring it to you instead of to me?"

"I intercepted him. I happened to be on the veranda for a breath of air. I frequently suffer from insomnia. . . . Oh, you needn't act so surprised, Gabriel. You knew it was coming."

"Did I?"

"I told you. My cards told you. A letter in the night. Blood—or a redheaded woman. Trouble. Aren't you going to open it, Gabriel?"

"Seems sort of superfluous," the detective said. "We both know what's in it . . . from the cards. Thanks for bringing it, Miss Small. Good night."

Miss Small did not go. She said quickly:

"You mentioned the cards, Mr. Gabriel . . . you remember Mr. Hatton laughed when I told him the cards could find the murderer for him? He was wrong to laugh, because the cards could tell him."

"I'm sure they could, Miss Small, but—"

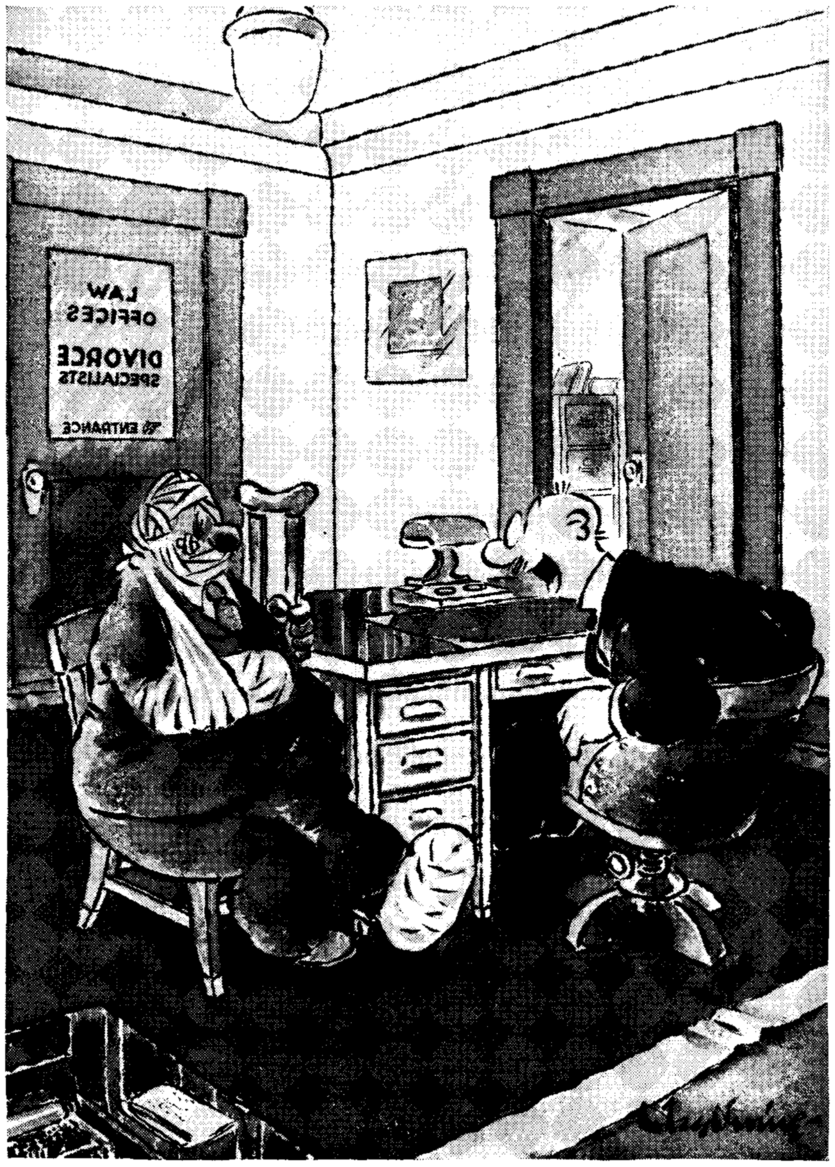
"Won't you let them tell *you?*"

"Not tonight, Gwendolyn."

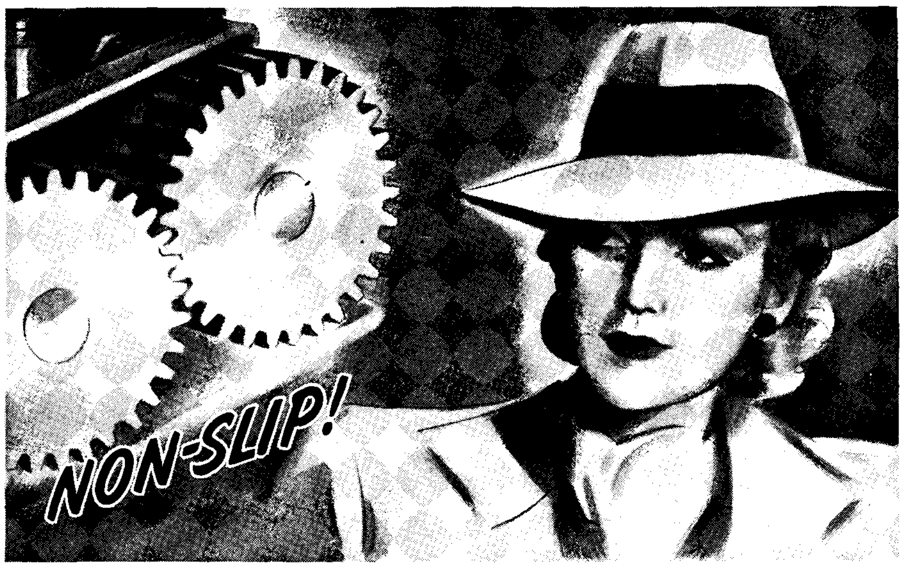
"In the morning, then. . . . "

"That's right. In the morning. Good night, Miss Small."

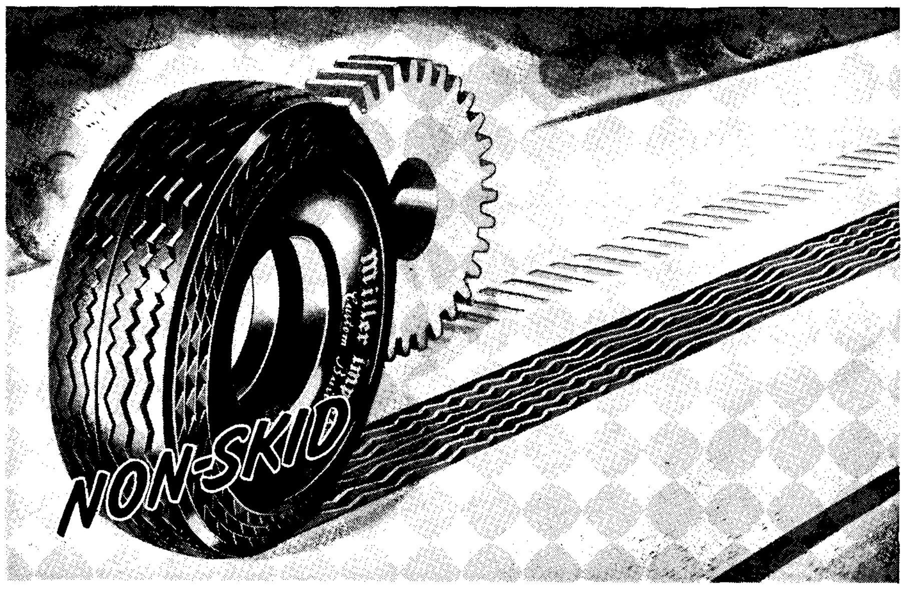
He closed the door in the face of Gwendolyn Small, turned the key. He looked at the envelope closely. He wondered if the flap hadn't been steamed open. Maybe not. Everything you touched in Shakkarpur was warm. He



"Have you got grounds? Boy, have you got grounds!" JAY IRVING



Miss Parsons, popular model, sees how heavy machines, and light ones too, depend on gears to transmit power—for gears cannot slip. That's the reason why . . .



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Geared-to-the-road skid protection, plus greater blowout safety and longer mileage—that's what Millers bring you!

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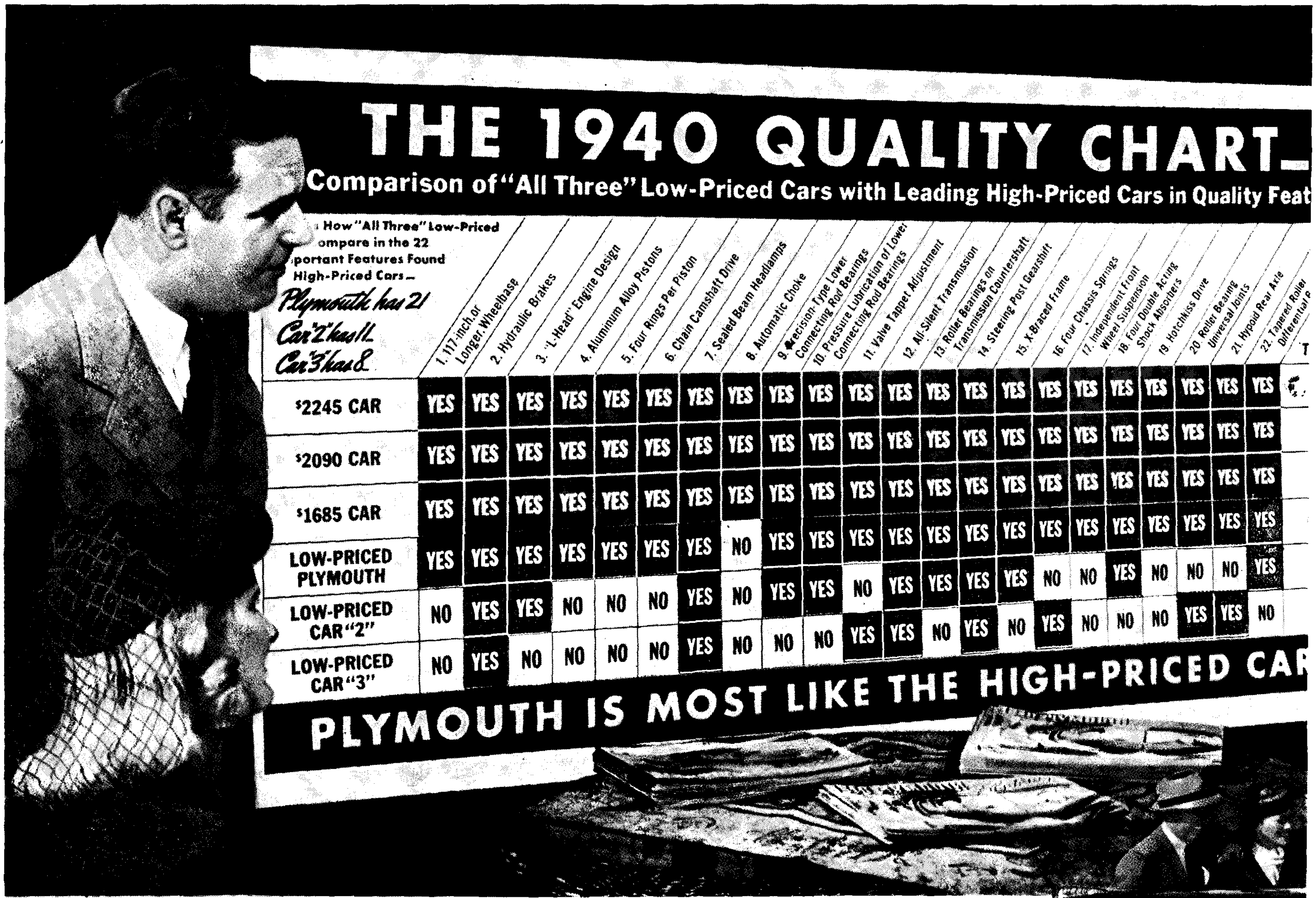
New "Two-Way" Guide for CAR BUYERS!



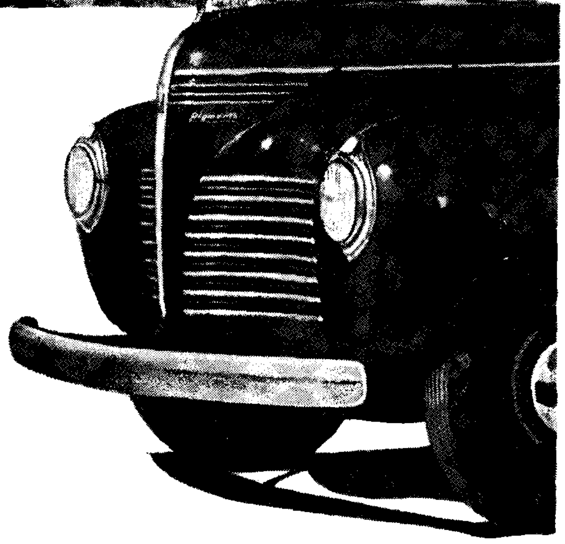
THE 1940 QUALITY CHART

Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Feat

s How "All Three" Low-Priced ompare in the 22 portant Features Found High-Priced Cars—
Plymouth has 21
Car "2" has 11
Car "3" has 8

	1. 117-inch or Longer Wheelbase	2. Hydraulic Brakes	3. "L-Head" Engine Design	4. Aluminum Alloy Pistons	5. Four Rings Per Piston	6. Chain Camshaft Drive	7. Sealed Beam Headlamps	8. Automatic Choke	9. Precision-Type Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	10. Pressure Lubrication of Lower Connecting Rod Bearings	11. Valve Tappet Adjustment	12. All-Silent Transmission	13. Roller Bearings on Transmission Countershaft	14. Steering Post Gearshift	15. X-Braced Frame	16. Four Chassis Springs	17. Independent Front Wheel Suspension	18. Four Double Acting Shock Absorbers	19. Hotchkiss Drive	20. Roller Bearing Universal Joints	21. Hypoid Rear Axle	22. Tapered Roller Differential
$2245 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
$2090 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
$1685 CAR	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
LOW-PRICED CAR "2"	NO	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES
LOW-PRICED CAR "3"	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO	YES	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES	YES	NO

PLYMOUTH IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRICED CAR



OF 22 IMPORTANT QUALITY FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS...

Plymouth has 21...Car "2" has 11...Car "3" has 8

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are taking advantage of this easy "One-Two" way of judging car value. It's a revelation!

This year, "All Three" low-priced cars cost about the same. But there are big differences in value—and thousands of car buyers are switching to Plymouth!

The 1940 Quality Chart shows that Plymouth is the *only one* of "All Three" *low-priced* cars that gives you a majority of the 22 important quality features found in *high-priced* cars.

And Plymouth's wheelbase is 4 inches longer than one...5 inches longer than the other! Plymouth alone gives you the superb riding comfort of independent front coil springs *on all models*...the flashing, yet thrifty, performance of a big, Floating Power "L-head" engine.

See the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then confirm the evidence to your own satisfaction by taking Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride. Plymouth is *easy to buy!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

"How can I get the most for my money?"—Take these two simple, easy steps: ONE: See the 1940 Quality Chart...a glance shows what the 1940 automobiles give you in size, comfort, and luxury, greater safety, economy, and fine-car performance. TWO: As further convincing evidence, take the 1940 Plymouth's thrilling Luxury Ride! You'll be delighted at its marvelous smoothness!

HERE'S THE "ONE-TWO" WAY
TO GET THE BEST BUY
1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART
+
2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE

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Trust Simoniz to save your car's finish and make it last longer! Nothing else gives the finish such lasting protection! Simoniz stops all weather, dirt, and the sun's rays from dulling and destroying the lacquer or enamel.

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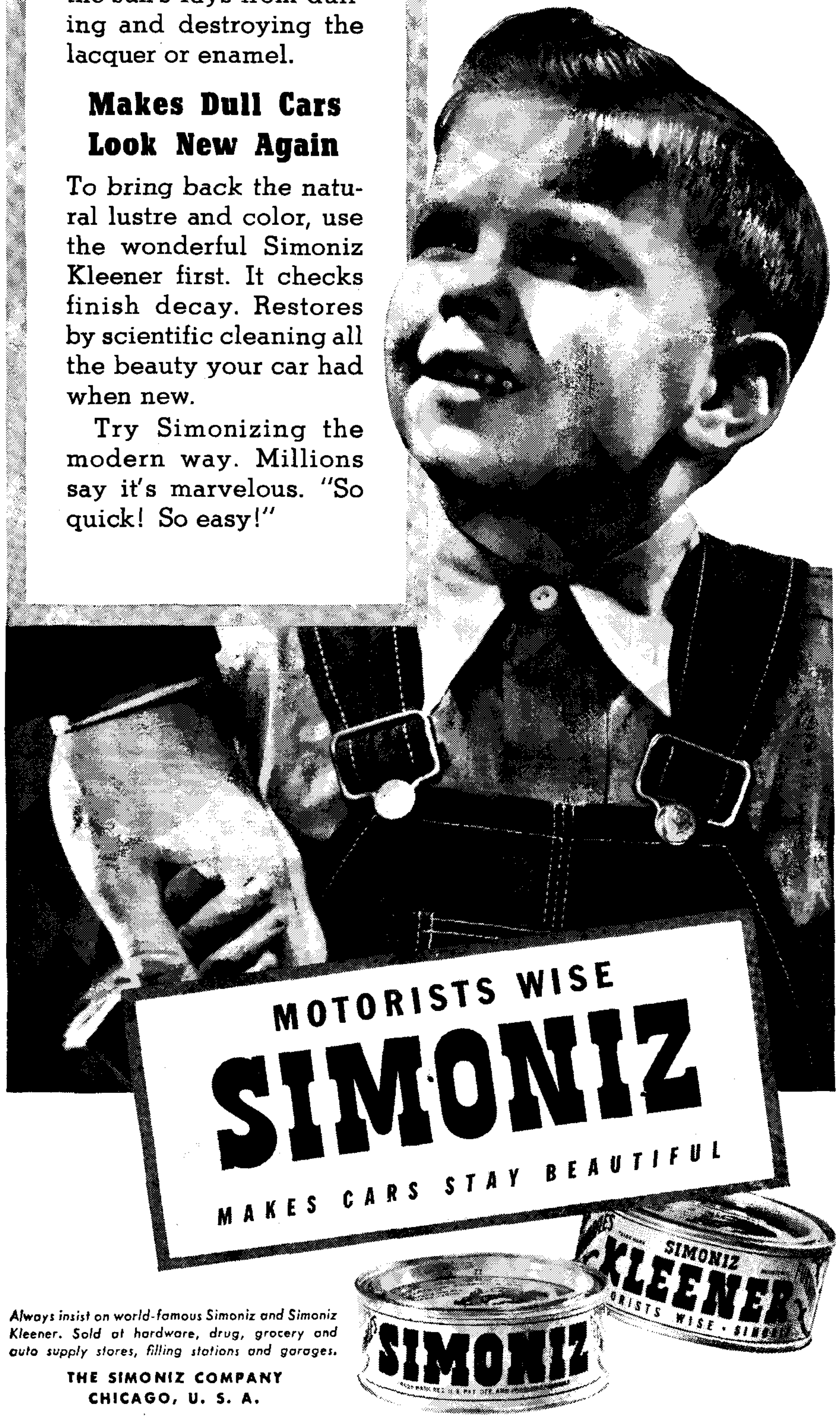
To bring back the natural lustre and color, use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener first. It checks finish decay. Restores by scientific cleaning all the beauty your car had when new.

Try Simonizing the modern way. Millions say it's marvelous. "So quick! So easy!"



Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

tore it open, shook out a sheaf of typewritten pages. A handwritten note fluttered to the floor. He picked it up, read:

Delhi, Saturday

My dear Mr. Gabriel:

Inspector Dumbarton has asked me to send you the enclosed copy of our dossier on Lucy Steel, alias Lucy Oaks, alias Lucile Stepton, alias Luella Stoll. The information is from our own C.I.D. files, supplemented by reports from London, from the Deuxième Bureau of the French Sûreté, and from the Federal Bureau of Investigation at Washington. I trust you will find it useful.

Very truly yours,
D. D. Smith,
Deputy Inspector.

Gabriel sat down, began reading the typewritten sheets:

"Lucy Steel, born August 19, 1898, at Pueblo, Colorado, U.S.A. Height 5 ft. 5 in. weight, circa 8 stone 10. Believed to be natural brunette, although hair is variously blond or red; artificially wavy. Has gray eyes, small pointed nose, full lips.

"Arrested in Bombay, Nov. 22, 1928, on suspicion of extortion; charges dropped; insufficient evidence.

"Arrested in London, July 1, 1929, on charge of extortion and attempted blackmail; released when complaining witness refused to prosecute.

"Investigated by U. S. Department of Justice agents in New Orleans, Louisiana, in October, 1932, following information from Mexican government indicating implication in gun-running plot for abortive revolution at Tampico. No arrest. Evidence incomplete.

"No record 1933-36, but believed involved in smuggling and revolutionary activity in Central and South America.

"Watched by French agents in Spanish Morocco and Tangiers in 1936-37. Believed in communication with General Franco in the early months of the Spanish civil war. Escaped to Algeciras just before apprehension by the French Deuxième Bureau at Algerian border. Sailed for New York from Gibraltar.

"Spent 1938 in California as scandal reporter for West Coast Tattler, scurrilous Hollywood publication which thrives on blackmail of film stars and other prominent persons with more money than discretion. Believed to maintain contacts with Franco agents on Pacific Coast."

Gabriel put down the pages thoughtfully, chewed the end of his fountain pen for a moment, then resumed his letter to Inspector Dumbarton.

"Another interruption, Aubrey," he wrote. "I have just received your dossier on Lucy Steel, delivered by your mysterious but efficient stooge in Shakkarpur—whoever he is. It looks like I might have to change my whole angle. I thought this case was a simple matter of stopping blackmail, but it seems to have political angles, too. That means I will have to check on the native politicians that Oaks has been playing with—Shivaji Lal, the Brahman, and his lawyer son, Ganeshi Lal. Also Hajji Ahmed, the local Mohammedan big shot. I think—"

Again Gabriel paused. There was another sound at his door. Gwendolyn Small was no doubt still outside, eavesdropping.

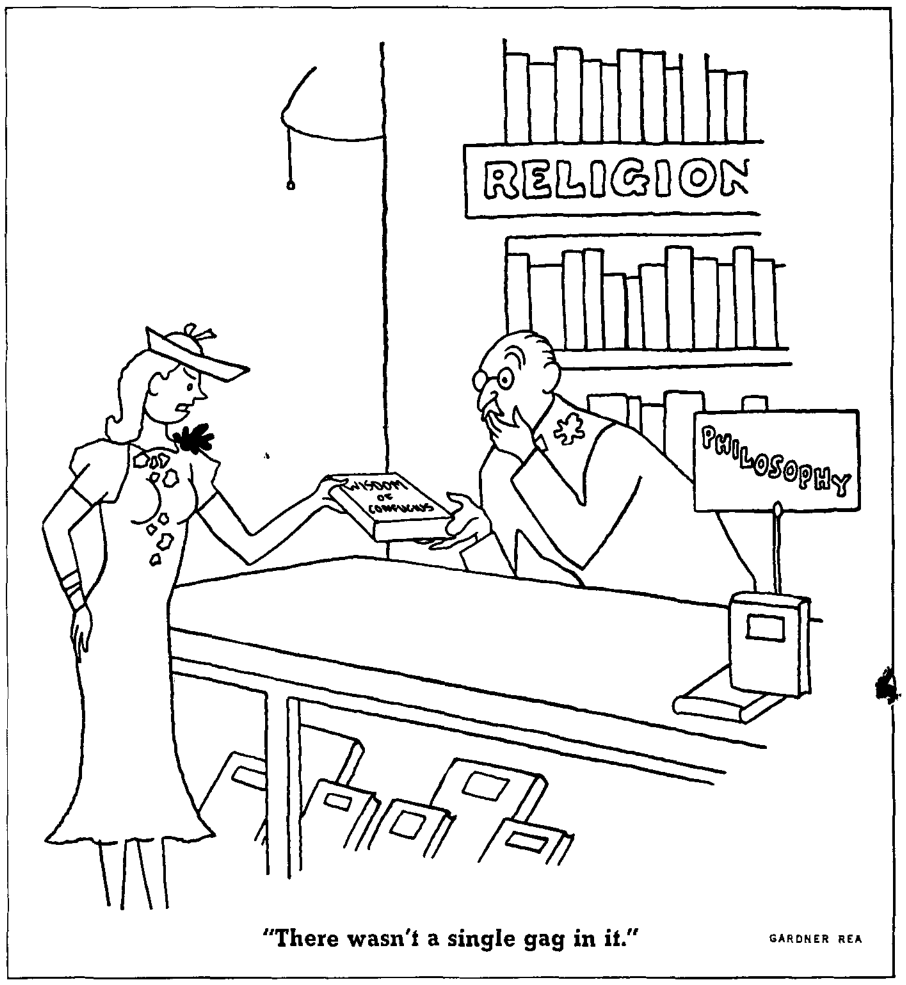
Again he went to the door, listened, opened suddenly. As the door swung in, something heavy fell against the detective. He staggered back, recovered his balance, flung his arms around the tall, inert figure which slid clumsily off the door, toppled into the room.

Gabriel drew the sagging body further into the room, let it slump gently to the floor. He glanced quickly into the corridor, came back, closed the door and locked it.

Then he bent over the unconscious form of Fred Oaks, his plump fingers groping for a pulse, his ear pressed against Fred's chest, listening for a heart beat.

WHEN Virginia Hatton left the watchman's hut, Fred Oaks put out the lantern and groped his way to the string bed to sit down. After a moment his olfactory nerves became dulled to the Oriental odors the chokidar had left behind and he found he could think in terms other than those of smells.

He wondered how long he would have

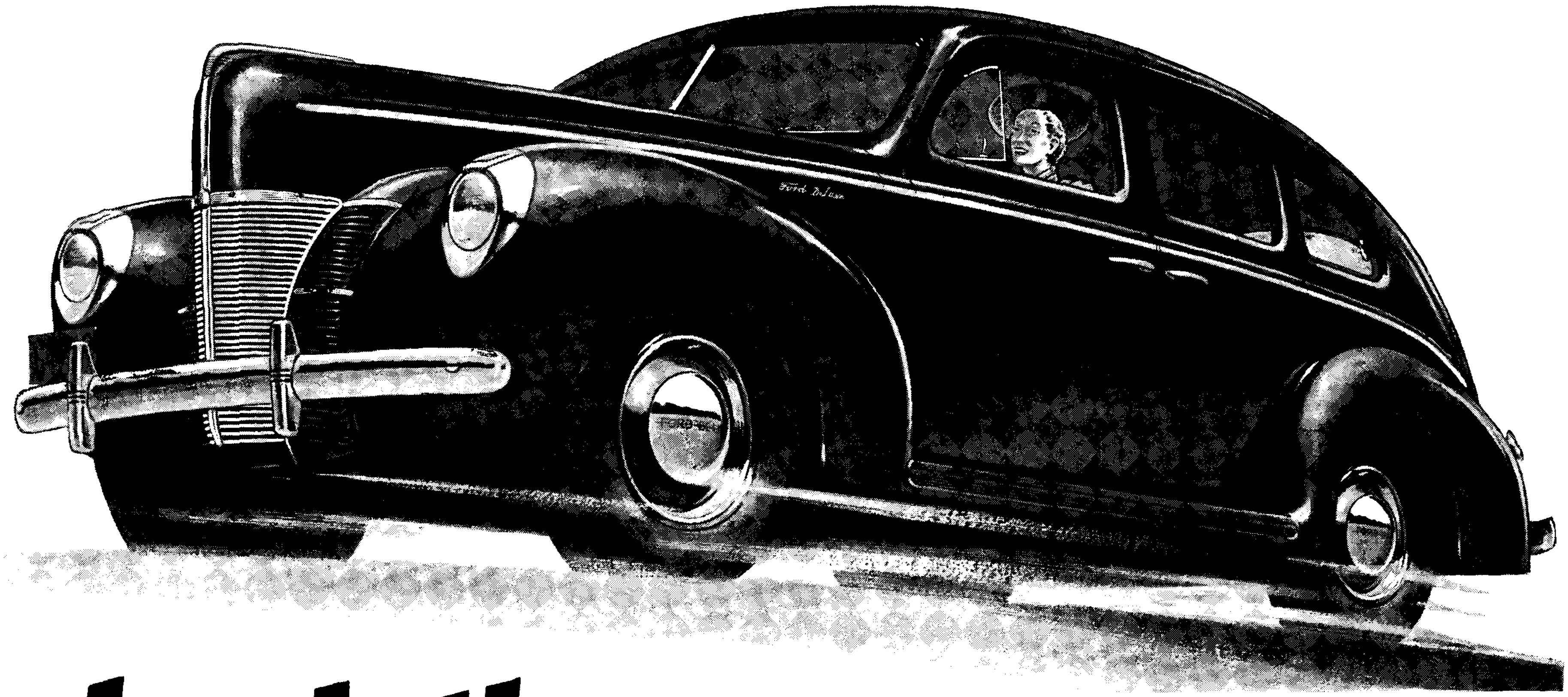


"There wasn't a single gag in it."

GARDNER REA

Count the cylinders,

Just looking at a Ford V-8 is pleasant, but let's lift the long, handsome hood and get down to business. Here's the heart of this car—that famous V-8 engine—*eight cylinders*—count 'em! No other car in the low-price field has a power plant like that!



check the features,

Step on it . . . there's pep a-plenty in that pick-up . . . smooth power that sends you sailing along . . . up the steepest hill just "breathing easy." You'll say, as they all say, "It takes an eight to match an eight!"

Power and speed aren't everything? Then look this whole car over . . . check its superior features—bigger brakes and battery, full torque-tube drive, dual down-draft carburetion—and riding comfort that owners are so enthusiastic about!

And—*don't forget this*—check the gas you use as you GO! Check it accurately—then you'll know why Ford topped all standard-equipped cars in its price class in the 1940 Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Run.

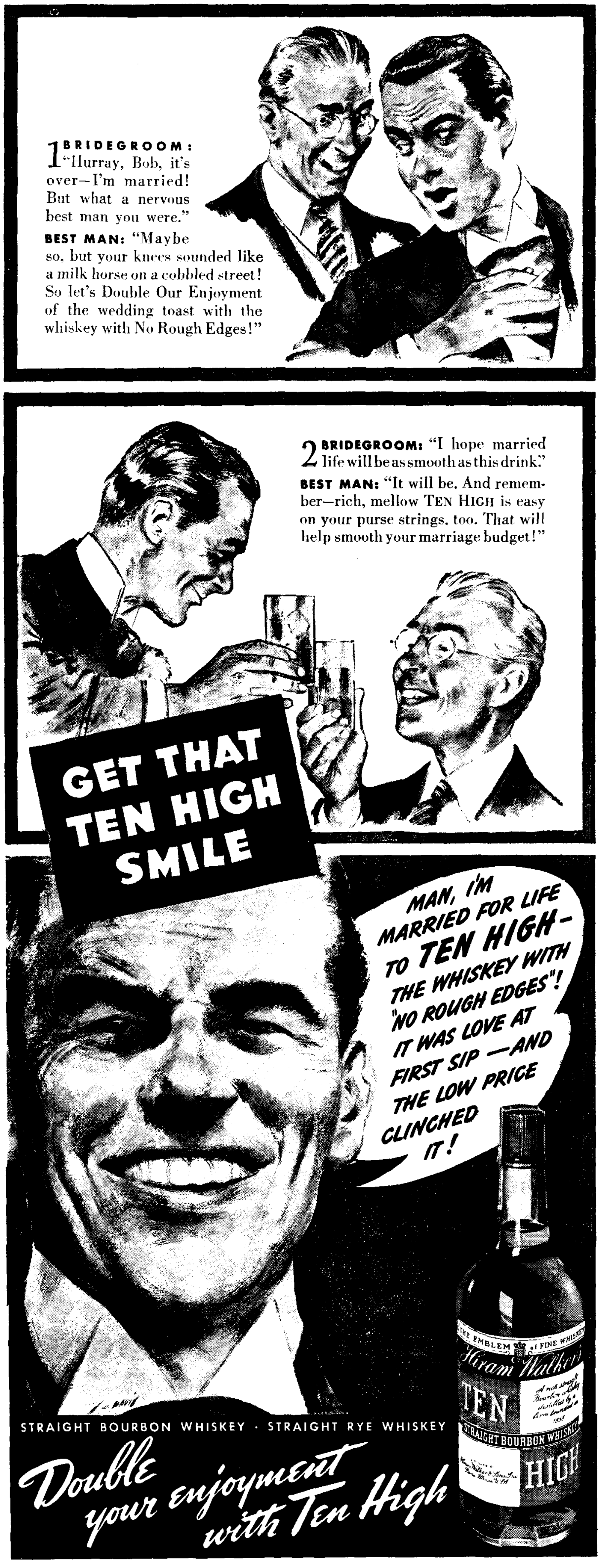
compare the price!

Last, but not least, there's price. With practically every reason for asking more, Ford doesn't. Check the low price of this big "8"—and the extra equipment included.

Get the FACTS—get a FORD—and get MOST for your money!

Ford V-8

STEP UP TO THE V·8 CLASS


1 **BRIDEGROOM:** "Hurray, Bob, it's over—I'm married! But what a nervous best man you were."

BEST MAN: "Maybe so, but your knees sounded like a milk horse on a cobbled street! So let's Double Our Enjoyment of the wedding toast with the whiskey with No Rough Edges!"

2 **BRIDEGROOM:** "I hope married life will be as smooth as this drink."

BEST MAN: "It will be. And remember—rich, mellow TEN HIGH is easy on your purse strings, too. That will help smooth your marriage budget!"

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE

MAN, I'M MARRIED FOR LIFE TO TEN HIGH— THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"! IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIP —AND THE LOW PRICE CLINCHED IT!
THE EMBLEM OF FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

Double your enjoyment with Ten High

to wait before Virginia came back with food. That she would come back, he had no doubt, yet he found himself thinking of her without a sense of triumph. This fact surprised him. He was certainly not developing a conscience at this late date. He had never before hesitated to use women as best suited his convenience because they had never hesitated to take advantage of him in the past and would continue to do so in the future—if he let them. Even Virginia, with all her innocent altruism, would use him for her own ends if she got a chance. She had already started. She would try to make an honest man of him, an instrument of social welfare and decency—*her* instrument, to bolster her own ego. No, it could not be Virginia who was responsible for this unprecedented feeling of emptiness. . . .

HE WAS not ashamed of his job, either. He was just helping out Providence. It was Providence, not Fred Oaks, which had made Hindus and Moslems hate each other. That abetting this enmity to the point of violence might give comfort to European or Asiatic enemies of Great Britain was merely incidental and no concern of his. That people would probably be killed by the firearms and explosives that he was bringing to Shakkarpur was of no importance either. They'd be killed anyway, very likely, and bullets were more merciful than being beaten to death with lathees, or battered by stones.

Moreover, death meant nothing in India. It meant nothing to a country that already had so many mouths to feed that nine tenths of its population could find only one meal a day. It meant nothing to a Moslem, except direct ascent to a paradise peopled with beautiful women and flowing with wine that did not intoxicate. And it meant nothing to a Hindu except the breaking of one more link in the chain of karma that bound his soul to the unpleasant series of terrestrial incarnations separating him from blissful union with the Infinite. Virginia, of course, would disagree with his attitude, would call it cold-blooded, but then Virginia was a sentimentalist. He had no business thinking of Virginia now, anyhow. Damn it, she—

Someone was at the door. Fred stood up, listened. He heard the chokidar announcing himself in Urdu, holding forth at length on the impossibility of enjoying a holiday without one's favorite hookah. After a while the chokidar gave up trying to get in and debated with himself for a moment as to the best way of getting his hookah. He was bound to get that hookah, even if he had to get the district officer to unlock the lodge for him. He was so insistent that Fred decided he was full of palm toddy. Either that, or—

Fred swore under his breath. He swore in Spanish, for no particular reason except that he had learned a lot of virulent Spanish cuss words during the Asturian campaign and he was in a virulent mood. Then, suddenly, he was no longer in a virulent mood. There was cold perspiration beading his forehead and he had a heavy lump at the pit of his stomach. He had made a bad mistake, probably two bad mistakes. He had not taken precautions enough so that the watchman would not come back, and he had been counting too much on Virginia. The watchman had apparently gone away, but he might have just gone to some toddy shop for another drink. Or he might have gone to the district officer. Quite possibly it was not the watchman at all, but someone Virginia had paid to stand outside the door and recite a monologue calculated to scare Fred out, to get him out of the compound. That was quite possible—Virginia paying him back in his own coin. Whatever it was, one thing was certain. He could not stay here.

He opened the door a crack, peered out. Slowly, cautiously, he stepped outside, locked the door and threw the key away. Then he started walking to the rear of the compound, toward the mildewed wall that separated the D. O.'s domain from that of the Alvin Brinkers. He had gone about fifty yards when he realized that there was a man walking along beside him. The man was a Hindu and his bare feet made no sound as he fell into step with Fred.

"Salaam, Sahib," he said.

Fred did not reply. He looked at his uninvited companion. In the dark he could tell nothing about him except that he was as tall as Fred himself, that he wore a white turban and dhoti, that his torso was bare, that he had a large mustache, and that he smelled strongly of coconut oil. He seemed to have an enormous scar on one cheek. On this basis Fred could not decide whether to sock him and run or merely to ignore him.

"I come from Ganeshi Lal," murmured the Hindu. "Will you come with me to meet him?"

"No," said Fred.

"Ganeshi Lal wishes to see you. Will you go alone, if you do not trust me? He is waiting at Chunder Bose's godown."

Fred continued to walk. He said nothing. The godown of Chunder Bose was the place in which the rifles were to be sent ultimately, and its mention seemed to establish the Hindu as an authentic messenger of Ganeshi Lal. But Fred had told the lawyer he would get in touch with him if necessary; there was no reason for Lal to send word to Oaks.

"Shall I tell Ganeshi Lal you will come?" the Hindu persisted.

"No."

FRED felt a sudden grip on his left wrist. His arm was twisted brutally behind him. He squirmed, trying to work around to an angle from which he could swing on the Hindu, but his man was standing behind him and clung to him tenaciously. There was a sharp jab of pain in Fred's forearm. He swung wildly, kicked backward, at last landed a glancing blow on his adversary's shoulder. The Hindu ran.

Fred ran after him. He felt a strange constriction about his chest, as though his lungs would burst with each short, difficult breath. His legs, too, were giving him trouble; they began to grow numb after the first few steps. A great, warm drowsiness took possession of him. He made a conscious effort to force his legs to work, to make them work faster. That was it—faster, faster. He had overcome that numb drowsiness. He was running, racing along so rapidly that the wind roared in his ears. He was fairly flying through the night, flying, and the night was suffused with a queer, rose-colored glow. The night . . .

Fred had fallen face downward in a clump of bamboo. After a moment the tall Hindu with the walrus mustache came back, prodded him with his bare toes, picked him up, carried him to the wall, boosted him over. On the other side the Hindu retrieved a large chuddar from under a hedge of stunted pomegranate, unfolded it, wrapped it loosely around the inert form of Fred Oaks. He hoisted Fred to his shoulder like a roll of carpet, started with him through the back streets of the bazaar.

When he came within sight of Seaside House, the Hindu parked his burden under a tree, went off to reconnoiter. Gwendolyn Small was pacing the veranda in her red dressing gown, making peculiar sweeping gestures with her arms with each slow, stately step. The Hindu came back to the tree, pulled the chuddar from Fred Oaks' face, examined him closely, felt his pulse. Then he squatted beside him to wait.

From under the tree he watched until he saw Gwendolyn Small go into the hotel. He waited another ten minutes, then picked up his burden, shouldered it and went in himself. In front of William Gabriel's room, he unwound the chuddar from around Oaks and propped him against the door, wedging him into the shallow angle made by the frame. Then he took a folded bit of paper from the voluminous folds of his dhoti, slipped it into the pocket of the senseless man, rapped lightly at the door and ran silently away.

FOR what seemed a long time, Bill Gabriel remained bent over the torso of Fred Oaks, listening for a heartbeat, hearing nothing but the excited rush of blood in his own ears.

At last he caught the rhythm of a faint throb, very slow, very faint, but steady. Oaks was still alive. In fact, at that moment he snored.

The plump little detective picked up the unconscious man and staggered with him to the bed. He loosened Fred's clothes, began examining his head for the wound that had knocked him out. Snoring, he remembered, was a symptom of brain concussion. His fingers explored the scalp, seeking a bruise or the telltale feel of a skull fracture. There was none.

He carrried his examination further, noticed dried blood on the right hand. There was a smear of blood on the right forearm, too, and a small, jagged wound above the swollen veins of the wrist. In the midst of the clotted blood of the wound, there was a tiny metallic gleam. With his finger tips, Gabriel pulled out the broken end of a hypodermic needle. He sniffed.

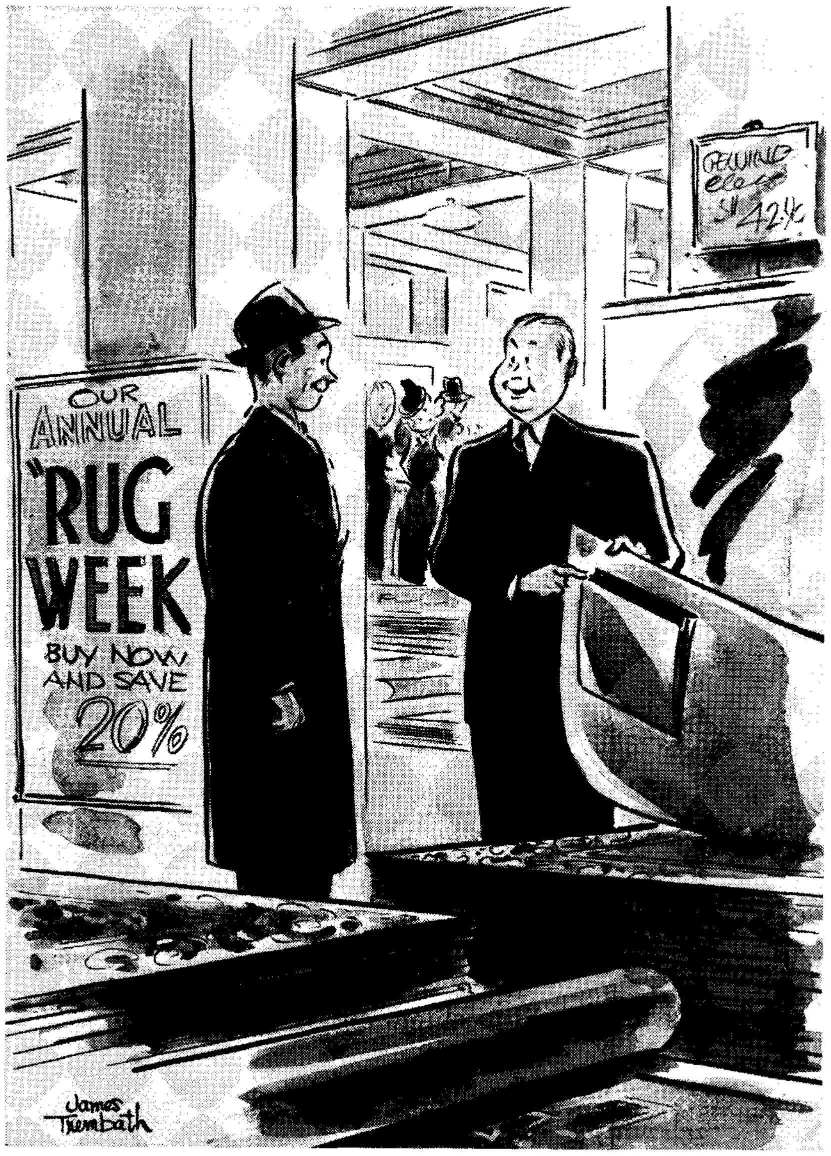
Putting the piece of fine hollow steel carefully away in his wallet, the detective started to go through the pockets of the senseless Oaks. The contents were not particularly revealing—until the side coat pocket produced a grimy piece of paper on which was printed in crude, pencil-drawn block letters:

This man will sleep until eight o'clock tomorrow morning. He needs no attention unless his face begins to discolor within an hour. If bluish tinge appears in face, he should be treated for shock of respiratory centers immediately. Picro-toxin is an antidote. Dr. Forsythe has some.

The note, of course, bore no signature. Gabriel filed it in his wallet. He glanced at Fred Oaks' face. The color seemed normal. He continued to look at Fred as though he expected his parted, motionless lips to utter some clue to this new snarl in a growing tangle.

Who had given Fred Oaks a shot of drug? And, particularly, why? Whoever had done it did not mean Fred permanent harm, or the syringe would have contained poison. And there would have been no instructions regarding the antidote. Someone, apparently, strongly desired to see Fred Oaks out of commission for one night only, and had delivered him to Gabriel for safekeeping. For his own good—to keep him out of danger? To keep him from meddling in some event scheduled to take place before dawn and which he might have stopped? To establish an alibi for him—for some crime that would be committed while he was unconscious?

Well, whatever it was, here was something to write to Inspector Dumbarton



"This is our bachelor design. Just sweep the dirt into the corner pocket"

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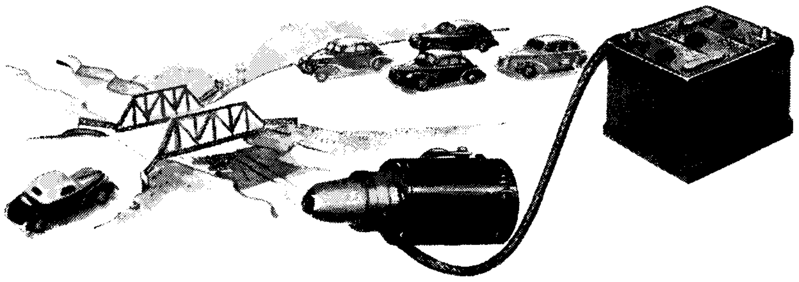
DRIVE IN where you see this sign

You can't get good performance out of your car if the electrical system is "out of kilter." Yet it takes only a few minutes to have your electrical system *accurately checked* at a Packard Certified Re-Wiring station. This check-up will disclose any electrical "bottle-necks" in the wiring circuits or in the electrical units themselves . . . "bottle-necks" that rob you of power, pick-up, economy and safe lighting. The work is done by mechanics who are specially trained in spotting trouble in your electrical system and correcting it. Drive in today, and find out how much better your car will perform when the electrical system is put in A-1 condition.

"BOTTLE-NECK WIRING" Causes Traffic Jams in Electrical System



One of the most important factors in the operation of your electrical system is the wiring. Undersize, corroded or poorly constructed cables and loose or dirty connections "choke off" the flow of current and destroy the efficiency of the starting motor, generator, coil, distributor, lights, horn and accessories—may even seriously damage these costly electrical units.

Make sure the wiring and electrical units in your car are in condition to give you real performance this summer. A Packard Certified Re-Wiring check-up is a "must" for spring tune-ups. Packard Electric Division, General Motors Corporation, Warren, Ohio.

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AUTOMOTIVE CABLE

THE STANDARD WIRING EQUIPMENT OF THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

GINGIVITIS
Attacking Thousands Thruout Nation!

SORE GUMS
TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 May have this gum inflammation—often a forerunner of horrible Pyorrhea!

You say *you* haven't Gingivitis? Well, don't be too sure! Gingivitis is so common today more than 4 out of 5 men, women and *even young folks* may have it. Some signs are tender, bleeding gums. In itself, Gingivitis may not be serious, but IF NEGLECTED it often results in ravaging Pyorrhea with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth.

ONLY your dentist can help Pyorrhea but you can help guard against Gingivitis this easy way—

95% of Gingivitis patients in a recent clinical investigation showed wonderful improvement in just 30 days, simply by cleaning their teeth and massaging gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—an effective formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning teeth and massaging gums.

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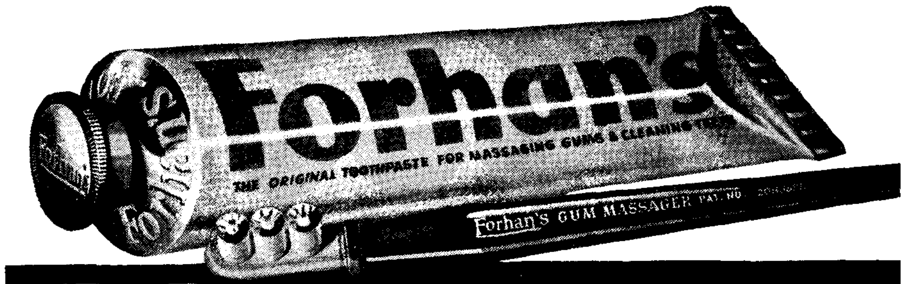
Daily brushing of the teeth with Forhan's not only cleans dull teeth to their "natural" brilliance but it HELPS REMOVE ACID FILM THAT SO OFTEN STARTS TOOTH DECAY. Start using Forhan's today and *note the difference!* 39¢, 19¢, at drug and department stores. Week-end size, at 10¢ stores.

SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Don't wait until teeth ache. Visit your dentist every 3 months so he can study occlusal surfaces, detect and fill small cavities, keep a close watch for gum disorders and thus save you pain and dental bills.


Forhan's
THE ORIGINAL TOOTHPASTE FOR MASSAGING GUMS & CLEANING TEETH
Forhan's GUM MASSAGER PAT. NO.

FREE 50¢ GUM MASSAGER: Send empty carton from 39¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-6, New Brunswick, New Jersey, and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

about—but not tonight. Tonight there was work to do, plenty of work before Fred woke up.

Gabriel rearranged the sleeping man in what seemed to be a comfortable position, turned his head to one side on his pillow so that he would not swallow his tongue—and, incidentally, so that his face could not be seen from the entrance to the room. To obscure the man's identity further, Gabriel let down the mosquito netting and tucked it in. He took another look at the color of Fred's face. Then he turned out the lamp, and left, locking the door after him.

AS GABRIEL passed the hedge of thorny babul that surrounded the Curring bungalow, a blinding light burst silently in his face. He sidestepped nimbly out of the glare. His arm shot out. His fingers seized the flashlight. His wrist swiveled. Rhoda Curring now stood blinking in the cone of brightness.

"What are you doing out here, Mrs. Curring?"

"Waiting for you," Rhoda said.

"Out here?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you wait in the house?"

"I'm afraid."

"Afraid to wait in your own house?"

"Yes."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know. I'm just—terribly frightened."

Gabriel made an incredulous clucking sound with the back of his tongue and his palate. The aroma of alcohol was strong on Rhoda's breath, but she wasn't drunk. At least she didn't sway as she stood in the searching glare of the flashlight, a slight but shapely figure in lounging pajamas of green transparent velvet. She did have a wild, drunken look in her green eyes, but fear could do that as well as whisky.

"Let's go in," Gabriel said. He prodded her gently with the flashlight.

Rhoda stood her ground. "You go first," she said.

The detective hesitated. He tapped her well-molded hips, felt her armpits—although he knew she had no gun. Those thin, snug-fitting pajamas wouldn't hide a gun; they didn't hide anything. He turned her around. Between her shoulders the velvet was dark with perspiration.

"All right," he said. "Come on."

He led the way into the bungalow, walked through the darkened rooms, spraying the walls with light. Rhoda followed him so closely that he could feel the flutter of her wide sleeves against him.

"There's nobody here," he said. "Are you still afraid?"

Rhoda made no reply. She took the light from Gabriel, opened a door, beckoned him with her head. The detective followed into the bedroom. Rhoda locked the door.

"Hey, listen," Gabriel said. "I just came here on business."

Rhoda snapped out the light. "I want to be sure we won't be overheard," she said. "This is the safest place in the house. Sit down."

Gabriel didn't. He said, "Where's your husband?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"I don't know. He left two or three hours ago."

"Where was he going?"

"I don't know. He didn't say."

"Just stalked out—in high dudgeon?"

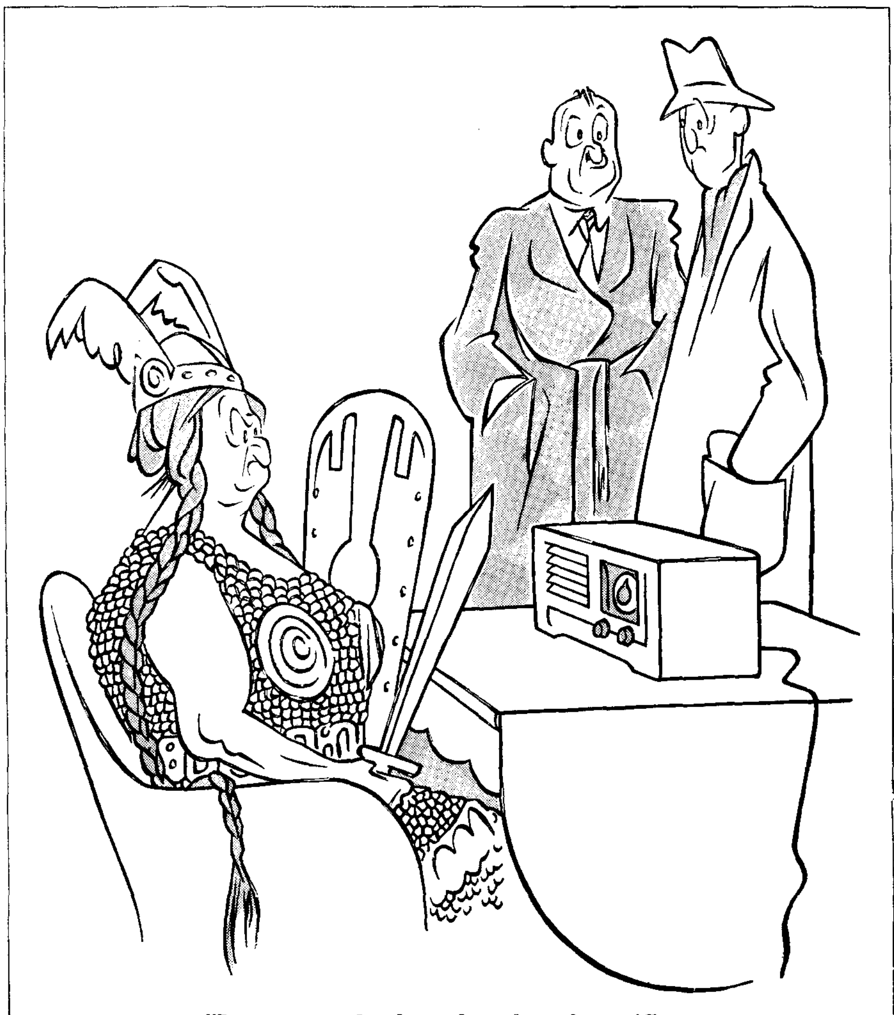
Rhoda didn't reply.

Gabriel struck a match, walked across the room, lit the lamp on a wicker table. The glass chimney creaked as he lowered it into place.

"Don't!" Rhoda said. "Please! I'd rather talk in the dark."

Gabriel thought: I can't watch your face in the dark. He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette, raised the still-burning match, drew deeply, blew out the flame with a cloud of smoke.

"I can't talk in the dark," he said. "I



"Drop around when they broadcast 'Carmen' and you'll really see something"

GEORGE PRICE

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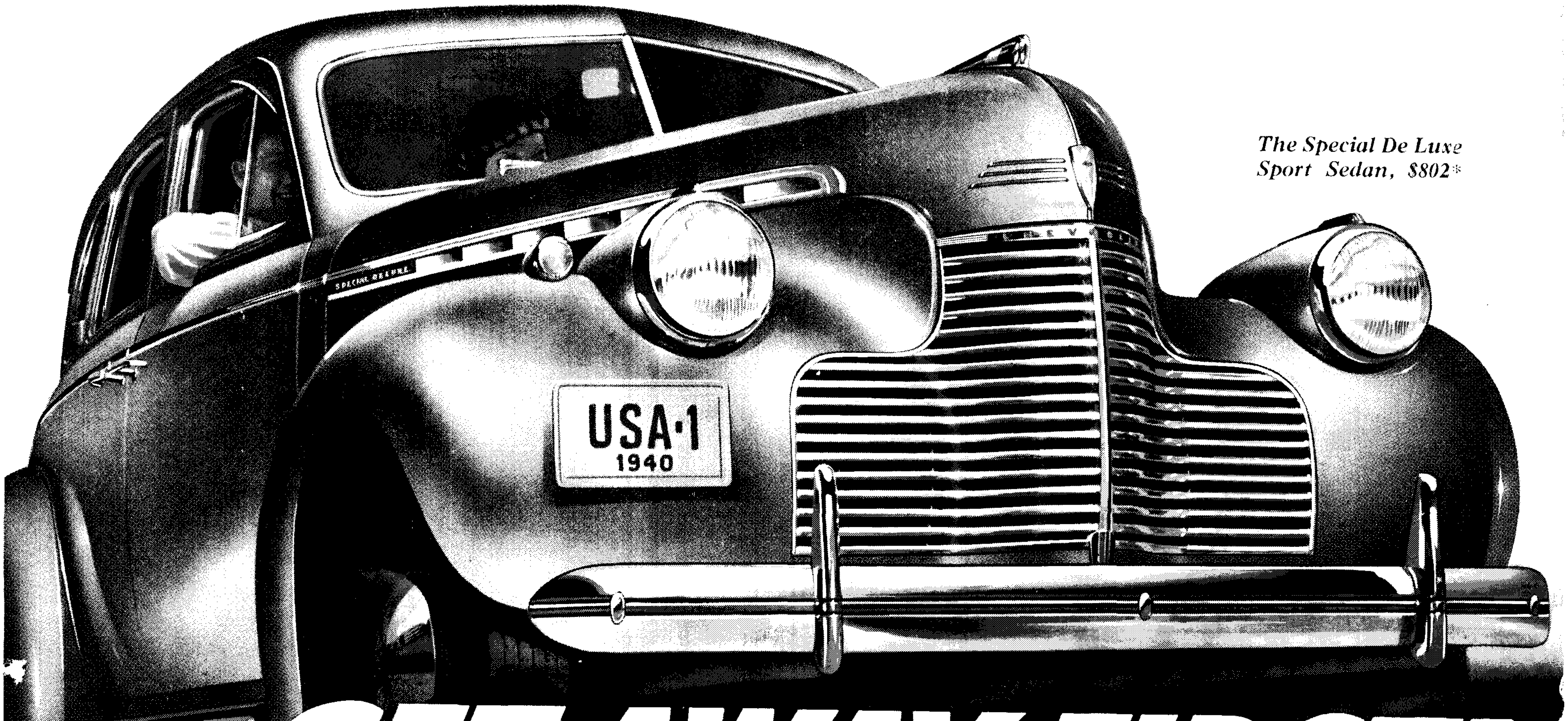

*The Special De Luxe Sport Sedan, $802**

and GET AWAY FIRST!

It leads all other lowest-priced cars in swift, lightning-flash acceleration . . . in surging power on the hills . . . in smooth, steady riding . . . in all-round performance with all-round economy!

The best things in motoring for 1940 belong to the buyers of new Chevrolets!

It's *your* year once you enter your order for one of these sparkling and spirited "Royal Clipper" models. . . . For, with the purchase of a new Chevrolet, you get the *luxuries* of ultra-modern motoring—and you get them at the *lowest* cost in purchase price, gas, oil and upkeep!

Chevrolet for '40 is first in *acceleration*—first in *hill-climbing*—first in *economy*—among all cars in its price range. It's the most *beautiful* car a low price ever bought! And it's the *only* car, regardless of price, with the Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift, the "Ride Royal"—including Perfected Knee-Action*—and the famous Tiptoe-Matic Clutch, which bring you the highest degree of driving ease and riding smoothness!

Again this year, people are buying *more* Chevrolets than any other make of car. . . . *Eye it, try it, buy it,* is the order of the day. . . . Place *your* order now and you, too, will soon be saying, "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

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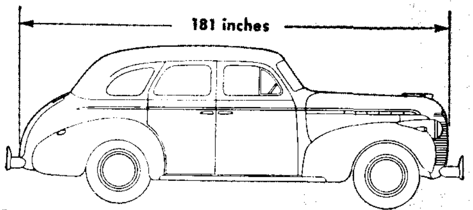
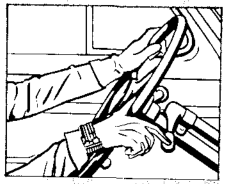


From front of grille to rear of body—*for length where length counts*—Chevrolet for 1940 is the longest of all lowest-priced cars! Big outside, big inside, big in value!

NEW EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-POWER SHIFT

The only steering column gearshift that does 80% of the work for you and requires only 20% driver effort!



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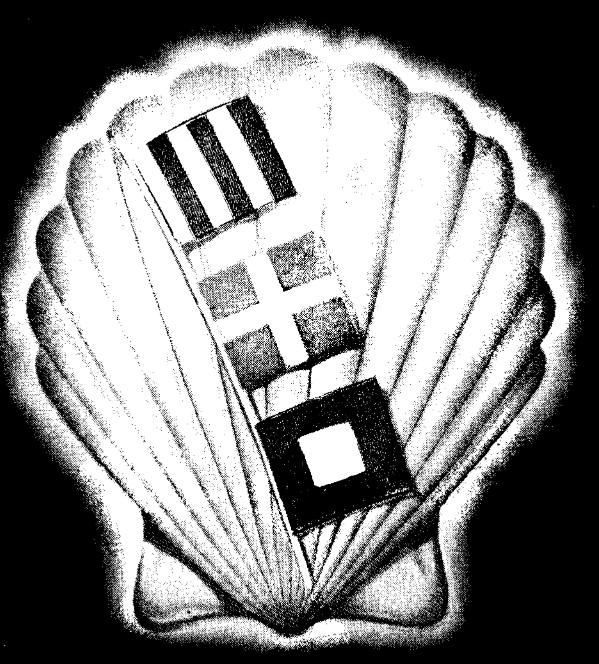


Free at your Shell Dealer's

This new, finer Share-the-Road Club emblem glistens in the sun, glows under oncoming headlights, makes night parking safer. It's yours for agreeing to share the road! The little marine signal flags mean, "I am giving way"... I'm sharing the road. Your Shell dealer will attach it to your license bracket—see him today!

Symbol of 1940 Crusade against "SCREWDRIVERS" and "SCREWJAYS"–who *cause 35% of all Stop-and-Go*

"My congratulations to the Shell Share-the-Road Club on its enormous growth and on its new program of educating pedestrians as well as drivers. Heedless pedestrians not only retard the flow of traffic, but are a major cause of accidents."

W H Cameron

Managing Director,
National Safety Council

WHEN 5,000,000 motorists get together to DO something—expect real results.

That's the present membership of the Shell Share-the-Road Club—5,000,000! And now these and NEW members have a new goal . . .

Time-wasting, fuel-wasting Stop-and-Go driving can be cut 35%—by teaching heedless drivers and pedestrians to share the road! Shell research is authority for this statement.

You are invited to join the Share-the-Road Crusade. Your Shell dealer will attach the new, glowing Share-the-Road emblem to your car FREE.

Take this stand to make driving safer—less costly—yes, *more fun!*

And for the Stop-and-Go you can't avoid, Shell research has carried motor-fuel development to a new high. The *new* Super-Shell and the *new* Shell Premium save more than ever on Stop-and-Go!

They're *balanced* gasolines—they are made for peak performance *in all gears, at all speeds*. This means they bring greater savings on the most wasteful driving you do.

Attack the waste of Stop-and-Go driving two ways. Drive in and get your day-and-night Share-the-Road emblem—it reminds "Screwdrivers" and "Screwjays" to mend their traffic manners.

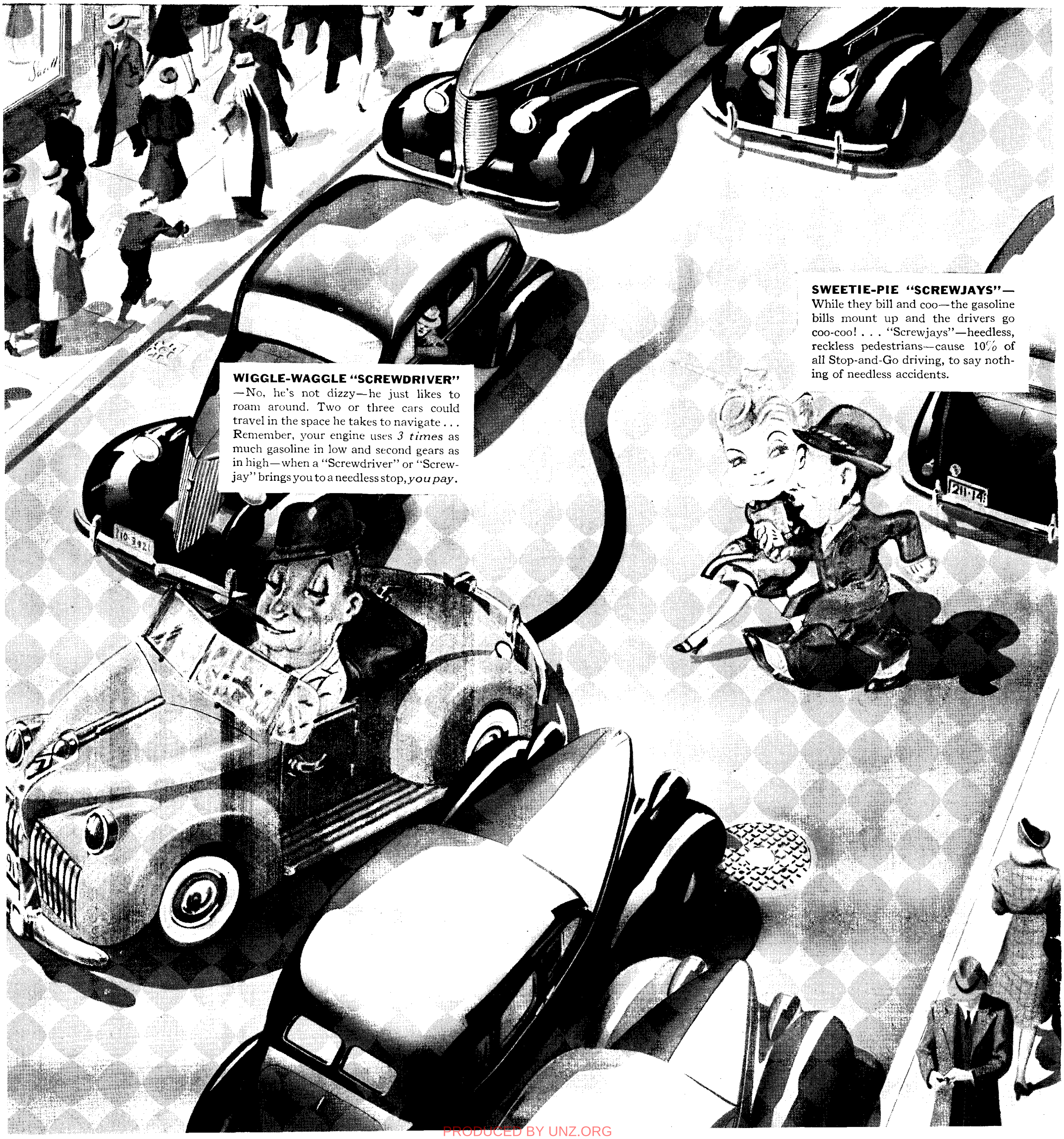
And try the new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium to cut the cost of the Stop-and-Go you can't avoid!

SHELL
SHELL
CASH VALUE
THIS SALE
GALLONS

"I've got those two new gasolines–more than ever they cut the cost of Stop-and-Go

"We're proud to help you reduce the amount of Stop-and-Go 35% through 'Share the Road.' And I've got something more! *New* Super-Shell and *new* Shell Premium were made to put another crimp in the *waste* of Stop-and-Go—and they make good! With a Share-the-Road emblem and a tankful of new Super-Shell or new Shell Premium, you're *doing something* about Stop-and-Go!"

[illegible] Problem Works and NIGHT



WIGGLE-WAGGLE "SCREWDRIVER"—No, he's not dizzy—he just likes to roam around. Two or three cars could travel in the space he takes to navigate . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" or "Screwjay" brings you to a needless stop, *you pay*.

SWEETIE-PIE "SCREWJAYS"—While they bill and coo—the gasoline bills mount up and the drivers go coo-coo! . . . "Screwjays"—heedless, reckless pedestrians—cause 10% of all Stop-and-Go driving, to say nothing of needless accidents.

PURITY
BODY
PURITY
PURITY
BODY
FLAVOR
LIGHT..NOT HEAVY
BUT WITH ALE'S EXTRA FLAVOR
BALLANTINE'S XXX ALE

What does Ballantine's Ale taste like? It's light . . . not heavy . . . as light a drink as you could want. But there's "extra" enjoyment in Ballantine's Ale. A true ale—brewed with ale yeasts—it has a superb *ale* flavor. You'll find it full of character . . . exceptionally satisfying . . . a brew to drink with keener zest.

Millions of Americans get more enjoyment from Ballantine's Ale than from any other brew. In bottles (12 oz. and full quart) . . . in copper-colored cans (12 oz. and full quart).

Copr., 1940, P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

BALLANTINE'S
America's Largest Selling **ALE**

make gestures. All right, tell papa. What's the trouble?"

"I want you to take me to Fred Oaks," Rhoda said.

"Last woman who asked me to take her to Fred Oaks got murdered."

"I don't care about that. I've got to see Fred. You know where he is?"

"Vaguely, yes."

"He's—alive?"

Gabriel nodded.

"Then take me to him."

"Why?"

"Because . . . I'm paying you. I've engaged your services, haven't I?"

"Is that what you hired me for—to find Oaks?"

"That's part of it."

"What's the other part?" Gabriel came over and sat down close to Rhoda. She turned to him, raising her small, pointed chin until she was looking at him along her sharp, straight nose. She was trying to be very deliberate.

"Well, I know Fred's got himself into a dangerous pickle," she said. "I want you to get him out—to get him out of Shakkarpur—safely. I want him to know that I'm doing this for him, so he'll be grateful to me, when I go to him afterward. Of course you'll help me go to him . . ."

SHE paused. For several seconds she appeared to be watching a chameleon that ran along the top of the picture molding in pursuit of a mosquito. Gabriel waited. The chameleon stopped, uttered several small chirping sounds.

"Tell me more," Gabriel said at last.

"There's no more to tell."

"Oh, yes there is. You wouldn't hire a guy who's been only a week in the country and doesn't know the ropes or the language—you wouldn't hire a greenhorn for a ticklish job like sneaking a fugitive away from the cops. Not that I couldn't do it. People may talk and look and smell different here than they do where I come from, but inside they're just about the same. A smart dick shouldn't have any trouble anywhere in the world as long as he keeps his eyes and ears open, and his mouth shut. Trouble is, you don't know that. Now. What's the real low-down?"

"My husband . . ."

"Now we're getting somewhere. Did Curring ask you to send for me?"

"No. But I think Jim is mixed up in this, too. I think . . . Well, he may even have killed this Lucy Steel."

"Why?"

"That's what I want you to find out . . . so you can tell him if he ought to plead self-defense, or insanity, or something . . . or just try to get away."

"You want me to help your husband beat the rap?"

"Yes."

Gabriel took out his wallet, counted off the thousand-rupee notes Rhoda had given him earlier, dropped the money in her lap. He stood up.

"Goodby, Mrs. Curring," he said.

"Mr. Gabriel, where—?"

"I'm quitting before I start. I'm not going to walk into another case blind. I've got to know what it's all about."

"But I've told you."

"You haven't told me the truth. In one breath you say you want me to work on Oaks, so you can ditch your husband and run away with Freddie. In the next breath you want me to work on your husband because the poor fellow's in a jam. It just doesn't add up. Either you're screwy or I am."

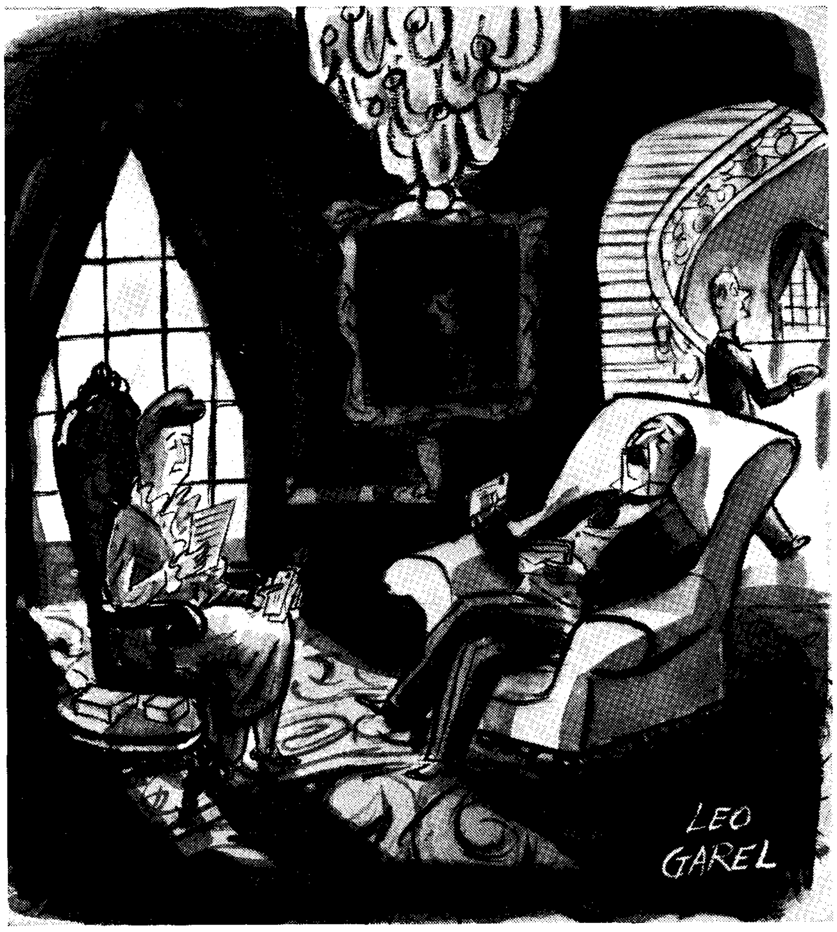
"I'm sorry, Mr. Gabriel. I have been confusing. My head's been going around and around. Please sit down. I'll try to think straight for you. Would you care for a drink?"

"No, thanks. Liquor doesn't stay in me long enough to do any good in this climate. Comes right out through the pores."

Rhoda went to a decanter next to the lamp, poured three inches of whisky, splashed a spoonful of soda into it. She drank it, crossed to a chest of drawers, came back with a single beige silk stocking.

"Does this mean anything?" she asked.

(To be continued next week)



"This is the second week we haven't received any mail from Junior. You don't suppose he's home, do you?" LEO GAREL

"I Like to be Comfortable when I Travel!"

Says
GRACIE ALLEN

"I'M JUST A DREAMER"

"I love to dream," says Miss Allen, "especially when I'm asleep. When I dream, I dream about traveling. I like to go places without being uncomfortable and there are only two ways to do it—either by dreaming or by Pullman. So, when I wake up after a wonderful night of sleep, and find myself in New York or Chicago or any place else, I know I've either been in a pleasant dream or in a Pullman—and they're both wonderful!"

The Coziness and Privacy of a Pullman Room appeal to all who—like Miss Allen—appreciate the importance of being comfortable. On your next trip ask about the wide range of accommodations—including the popular Single Occupancy Section at slightly in excess of lower berth rate.

SINCE IT COSTS so little to "go Pullman"—why travel a way that's less comfortable and less safe?

First, Pullman gives you plenty of *space*—both for yourself and for your luggage.

Second—you sleep in a real bed, in air-conditioned comfort—with complete privacy.

Third, you of course have ample toilet and dressing-room facilities.

Fourth . . . you have the services of a thoroughly trained personnel.

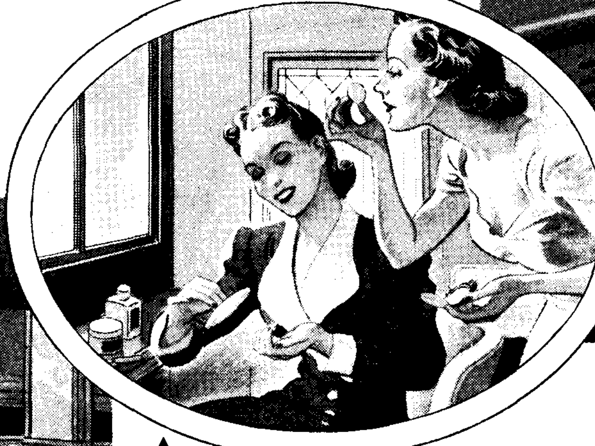
Fifth, you'll enjoy the comfortable lounge or club car on Pullman trains.

Sixth . . . you're *safe* in any kind of weather!

And the cost of a Pullman lower on an average overnight trip is only $2.65 (plus your first class rail fare of course) . . . a cost you'll admit is extremely moderate considering Pullman's advantages. No other form of travel offers you Pullman's comfort, spaciousness, service, safety, dependability.

So . . . next time, go Pullman. You can go practically anywhere this more pleasant, more comfortable way. You get a good night's sleep and feel fresh when you reach your destination.

You get a great deal more for your "travel dollar" when you go the comfortable Pullman way.



↑ **Plenty of Hot Water,** towels, mirrors, lights. Women appreciate the comfort of Pullman's dressing rooms! And if you occupy a Pullman room (*such as a Roomette, Bedroom, Compartment or Drawing Room*) you have your own individual toilet facilities.

↑ **Turn Out Your Light** when you choose and stretch out in a real bed (with a comfortable mattress, clean sheets, warm blankets). Enjoy a night of refreshing sleep, and get up in the morning whenever you wish! *You'll agree with travelers everywhere who say that Pullman is the restful way to travel.*

SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY TO GET THERE QUICKLY . . .

Go Pullman

Copr. 1940, by The Pullman Company, Chicago

Her Own Best Bet

Continued from page 11

she concluded, had the best chance. So she borrowed a riding habit and strolled into the Moses office, remarking that she had just come from a charming canter in the park. The scheme worked. She was told to return the next day and see Mr. Moses. This time, just to vary it, she wore a blouse and shorts.

"I've just had a spot of tennis," she lied.

"Not bad," appraised Mr. Moses, in substance. "Come back tomorrow in a bathing suit."

That day they made her jump from one desk in the office to another to demonstrate that she was almost a female Tarzan. The upshot was assignment as understudy to Miss Hepburn, already hired, and a few lines in the show. The show ran for fourteen weeks. Nancy paid some back bills and gave her landlord several months' advance rent. She also ate regularly.

Fun, but no Swank

Now in her early thirties, Nancy Hamilton is a curious mixture of self-confidence and nervousness. A degree on the tall side, slender, with brown hair and brown eyes, she doesn't at all resemble the traditional actress. Few actresses do. As the leading woman of One for the Money she was suave and sophisticated, but at a luncheon last winter, attended by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Nancy chose to pick something from the floor at the exact instant she was being presented. The view disconcerted even the normally imperturbable First Lady.

Being in funds at the present, Nancy lives in a comfortable apartment that faces the East River in midtown New York. It was in disorder for months, though, because of a Negro maid who was patently incompetent but so enormously funny that Nancy could not fire her.

Her social life isn't limited to the theater. Miss Hamilton moves in a group about like that known by any college girl of good family. Her parties aren't glittering at all, but they are fun. She is one of those girls blessed with a quick, alert mind. She reads the newspapers thoroughly and retains what she reads.

When she was obscure, Miss Hamilton had a lamentable weakness for celebrities and vastly enjoyed being seen in their company. Now that she has emerged from obscurity, though, celebrities are less important to her. In consequence, she is seen less frequently at the gaudier night spots. When she does appear, there is little swank about her. Like many actresses, she likes to relax when she isn't working.

Nancy's father ran a piano and music store in Pittsburgh, but as Nancy grew up the phonograph and then the radio were making the piano business slow. Business was so bad that Mr. Hamilton finally decided it would be less costly to retire. He has been more than contented ever since, reading old books and alternately approving and disapproving of his daughter. When she was six years old, she entered Miss Dickinson's School in Sewickley, and, being bright as well as wicked, was through the high-school grades at sixteen. It was a unique commencement. Miss Dickinson had normally prepared girls for high school only. Sewickley is a prosperous town, studded with steel millionaires, and the Hamiltons were among its few inhabitants who could not afford to send their daughter away to boarding school.

Obligingly, Miss Dickinson added a new class every year, although Nancy was the only member. When commencement day arrived, therefore, she was the solitary, sweet girl graduate. The town concluded that something must be done about such an unusual situation so the Episcopal parish house was engaged and elaborate exercises planned. It may be that Nancy's histrionic leanings date from that June day, for she was certainly the center of the show. The entire school and most of the townspeople were in the audience. A large portrait with the legend "Six to Sixteen, Our Nancy" was behind her on the platform.

The ordeal was a little too much for Miss Dickinson's establishment, though. Next year it was merged with another school and Miss Hamilton's title as the only graduate to have received a full high-school course is thereby assured.

In the fall of 1926, she entered Smith College where, for a time, she was high-hatted by the members of the Dramatic Association. At the beginning of her junior year, she had evolved the plan which was to play so large a part in her career. This was that the way to act a desired role was to put on a production of the play. Nancy wanted to be Nanky-poo in the Mikado, so she staged it at Smith and made $700 for some college activity. Thereupon, she was elected president of the Dramatic Association. In her junior year she shattered precedent by obtaining faculty permission to stage a revue in which men would also take part. The permission was limited, however, by the provision that but two of the dangerous creatures were allowed.

"May I have men in the orchestra?" Nancy asked the authorities.

They said "Yes" to that, after due reflection. So Nancy got some friends at neighboring Amherst to work up a band and then, from time to time, quietly assigned its members to acting parts. The faculty was a degree indignant but President Neilson of Smith, who liked rebel women, thought it was a good joke.

How to Get on the Stage

The Hamiltons of Sewickley, meanwhile, were making ferocious parental noises whenever Nancy mentioned a desire to go on the stage. Mr. Hamilton said, flatly, that it wasn't a decent profession. Nancy solved this in the manner of all modern girls by paying no attention whatever. She came to New York and supported herself in two ways; minor and major. The minor method was through a job selling dresses in the college shop of a New York department store. The major was through having "paying beaux." A paying beau, in the college girl's terminology, is a college youth with money enough in his pocket and love enough in his heart to buy meals.

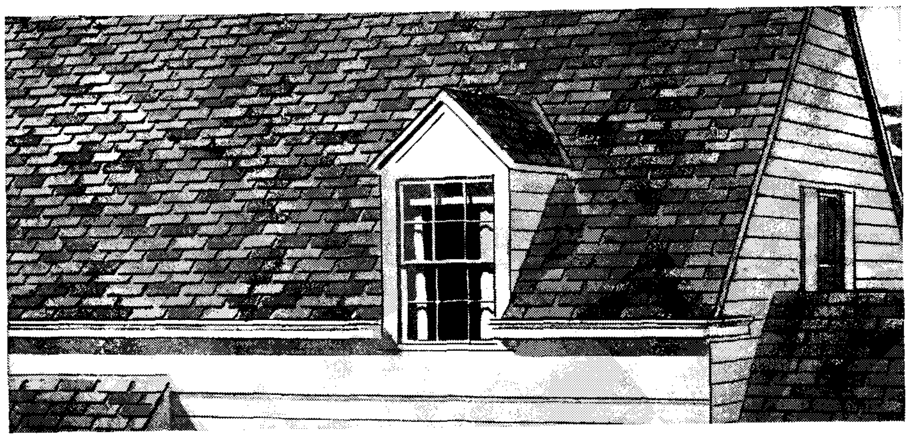
She was, however, bored with her job. It had nothing to do with that shining cause, The Stage. Coaching amateur dramatics was a little, but not much, closer to it. Nancy dusted off a few numbers of her Smith College revue and was hired by the Women's Club of Pittsburgh and then by the Junior League of Montclair, New Jersey, as director. Practical experience as a producer-director was the principal profit.

Her real start in the theater came from her talent for meeting people. While in college she had been a passionate admirer of Beatrice Lillie and had given expression to it by doing imitations of that titled British lady. In New York she watched Lady Peel perform as often as she could. She would sit, adoration all over her face, at night clubs or

Even Sir Walter Raleigh said: "It is most excellent goode"

Suppose, for a moment, that the year is 1595, and you have stepped ashore with Sir Walter Raleigh on an island in the heart of the Spanish Main which no white man has ever seen before. Imagine your astonishment when you discover on this island one of the great natural wonders of the world—*a natural lake of asphalt.* Sir Walter uses it to calk his ships; remarks "It is most excellent goode."

Scientists differ as to whether Trinidad Native Lake Asphalt is three million or five million years old. But they agree that it has properties which no man-made asphalt has ever duplicated commercially. Scorched and drenched for countless generations, it still retains its changeless uniformity and durability. This asphalt —*The Vital Element*—is used only in Barber Genasco Roofings.



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roofs where she appeared. After some months of that she managed to get an introduction to the great lady. During the summer of 1932 she read in the paper that Miss Lillie was in a hospital recuperating from some operation. It was hot and the town was deserted. Nancy shrewdly figured that her heroine would have few callers. So she bought some flowers and presented herself at the hospital. She did this daily for a couple of weeks until the comedienne, at first bored by this youthful pash, finally was touched.

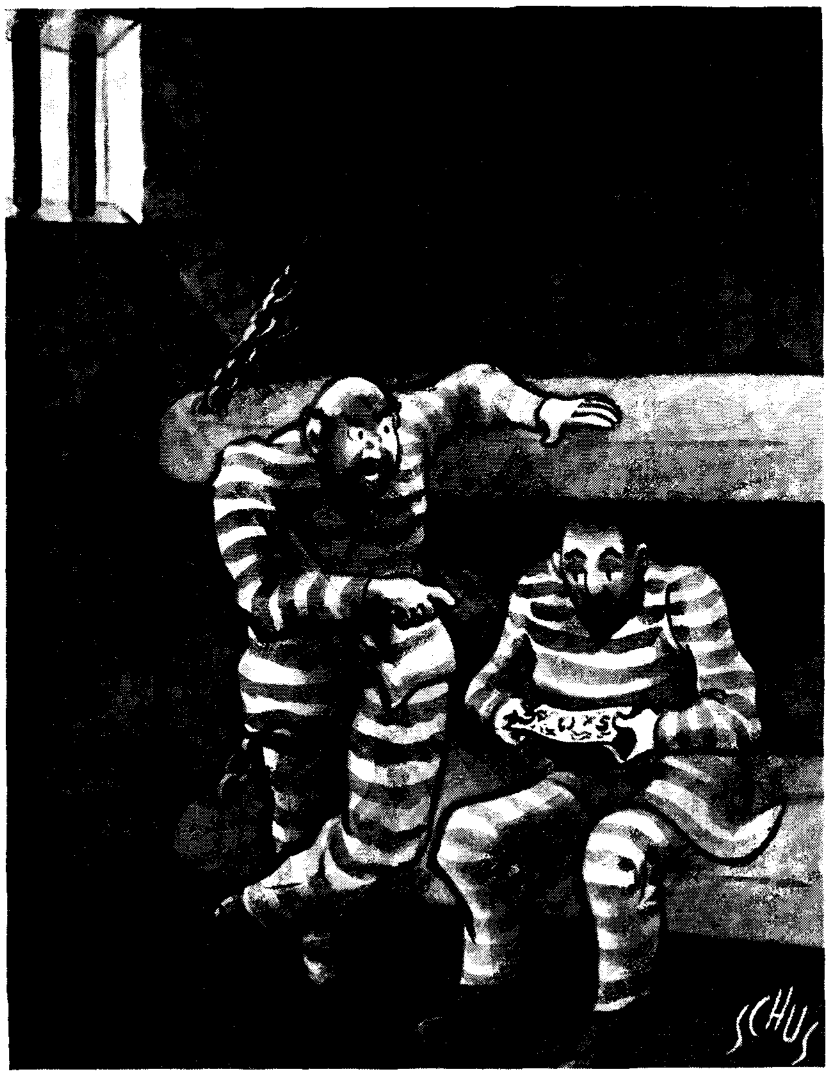
Suspicious Ménage

Lady Peel took her on more or less as a protégée and Nancy met a number of people important in the theater. She ultimately paid back the obligation by writing scripts for a Lillie radio hour. Life remained more or less precarious during the first three or four years after college, however. Always over Nancy Hamilton hung the threat of being forced to go home. One winter, to forestall that dread possibility, she rented a larger apartment and subleased rooms to other indigent stage aspirants. After a few weeks, twelve boys and girls were quartered there. It was all extremely moral; Nancy's younger brother was on hand to preserve order. But the ménage was viewed with some suspicion when in the fall Miss Hamilton got interested in a political campaign and ordered all her roomers to register so that they could vote. The New York City Board of Elections was scandalized when it examined the records and found a dozen young men and women living in a single apartment. Scenting fraud or worse, it made an exhaustive investigation. Everything was all right, though.

The job as understudy to Katharine Hepburn in The Warrior's Husband, potentially exciting, came to little because of the abominably excellent health of Miss Hepburn. Nancy never got a chance to play the part. So she rattled around New York for the next two years and concluded again, as she had at Smith, that the best way to become an actress was to write parts for herself. Late in 1933 she heard that Leonard Sillman was planning a revue. She again exhumed some of her Smith College numbers and was soon a principal collaborator. They had a terrible time, however, getting backing for the show. One prospective angel ordered a run-through on Christmas Eve and then flew silently to Palm Beach without giving a dime. At last, however, New Faces greeted Broadway, and Broadway liked it very well indeed. Miss Hamilton had, of course, been thoughtful enough to provide some excellent spots for herself and she, too, gained renown.

Nancy Hamilton's quality as a stage personality is not too easy to define. She isn't a great comedienne in the Lillie sense. Yet she does comic numbers well. Her portrayal of Mrs. Roosevelt in One for the Money was first-rate stuff. She has a mediocre voice, never adequately trained. But another excellent number in Nancy's latest show is a burlesque of a blues song. Her appearances in the legitimate drama have been few. She played in summer stock, but was given no major parts. About her only important role was in Pride and Prejudice a few seasons ago.

She will freely admit that she is not a great actress. After a highball she will even concede that she isn't a very good actress. But she is a good writer of revues and lyrics, she insists without benefit of any stimulant at all. And as an actress-author, obviously, she is in a class by herself. Maybe she *is* a feminine Noel Coward, just as she suspects.

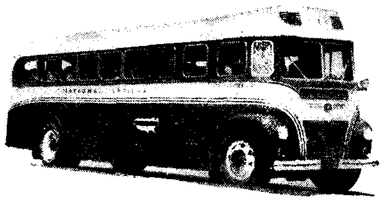


". . . But no! Butch wouldn't put no silk threads in 'em—he was boycottin' Japan!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

This summer GO PLACES...
SEE THINGS and SAVE MONEY!

Go Trailways



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Trailways service will be even more luxurious during 1940! More than $1,000,000 for new buses is being invested to add to the pleasure of passengers traveling in smooth-riding Cream and Crimson Trailways Buses. Air-cushioned chairs are roomy, adjustable. Windows are extra wide. Many buses are **air-conditioned.** Last year more than 17,000,000 men, women and children found Trailways the perfect way to travel. So will you.

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There's nothing wrong with Jim and Helen that 15¢ won't cure!

JIM'S MAD because Helen caught him swiping a bulb out of her desk lamp. Helen's upset because Jim blamed her for snatching the bulb out of his reading lamp in the first place. *You* can stop "bulbsnatching" in your home by getting some new brighter G-E bulbs today . . . enough so every reading lamp can have at least 100 watts, well shaded. Look for the initials G-E before you buy.

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Now brighter than ever.
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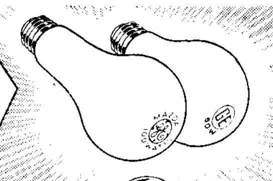

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WINGFOOT
GOODYEAR
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11

THAT Goodyear Wingfoot Heel you see pictured here probably looks pretty familiar. That's only natural—for, *it's America's largest-selling heel*—more popular than any other.

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Springier! Cushions every step in still *greater* comfort.

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The new Goodyear Wingfoot Heel is better looking and longer wearing—sells for only 50¢ per pair at any good shoe repair shop.

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ALWAYS ASK FOR GOODYEAR HEELS BY NAME

THE NEW GOODYEAR Wingfoot

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING RUBBER HEEL

The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 10

never thought of it as my turn!" the girl said. "And I have been out, you know," she reminded him. "In the city, I mean. I taught the last three terms at the kindergarten. We have—the Sisters have a free kindergarten in the poorest part of the city, and if you take the kindergartening course you practice there. And then we go every summer to the summer place. We have a boat there, and woodcraft and wienie roasts. People sort of pity us because the buildings are so old, and we haven't much garden since they built the novitiate," she went on, animatedly, "but we're all so busy that we don't mind a little soot!"

HER own face was streaked with soot as she spoke, her eyebrows had melted and her cheeks were pale. But she was giving no thought, he perceived, to her appearance; she was absorbed in the stunning news of the approaching change in her life.

"Would it be to go to San Francisco?" she asked eagerly, like a child.

"I don't suppose you would rather make it somewhere else?" he asked in return. "What I had to suggest was a secretarial position in San Francisco."

"A secretarial position?" she asked, flustered. "I don't think I could take a position. That is except in a kindergarten! I can typewrite, and I'm getting better at stenography, and I speak a little French and some Spanish. We have two sisters here from Belgium and two from Madrid. But—would that be enough?"

"Plenty, at first. Later, if you wanted to study anything specifically," the judge said, "anything like—well, library work or nursing or going on with kindergarten work, we could find out what the requirements are, and I don't think there'd be any trouble."

"But—" Her pale, tear-streaked and paint-streaked face reddened suddenly. "But have I any money?" she asked hesitatingly. And then, with a little trembling return to emotion, "You see, I don't know much about myself. I know my mother's dead, and I suppose my father. And some of the girls here have told me about themselves, and I've thought—I've suspected, that that was true of me, too—I mean that perhaps I haven't any right to my father's name. Perhaps you could tell me that?"

Her voice faltered, but she held it as firm as she could, and looked straight into his eyes.

"I can't tell you very much, Cherry," said the judge, with a straightforwardness as simple as her own, and with a great ache at his heart. "I know that we had in our family for many years a fine housekeeper named Emma. She was a trained nurse, took care of my brother and me, when we were boys, and afterward of my father. She was a silent creature, but very capable and reliable. Some years ago—well, perhaps almost twenty—she gave up her job to live with a Mrs. Rawlings who was ill."

"Emma!" said Cherry, with a brightening face. "I remember her! She took care of my mother and me."

"Yes; that same Emma. After your mother's death quite a sum of money was left for you. Emma came to me about it. You were to be sent here, she said. Well, you *were* sent here! Your own mother chose the place."

"She would know about my mother—Emma," the girl said, "she could tell me."

"She mightn't tell you. She has another position now, housekeeper to a very lovely old lady. I don't see Emma often. But during these thirteen years, when you've been ill—you were ill once, weren't you?" the judge broke off to say, speaking comfortably, as if the subject presented no difficulties, and smiling with the question.

"I had scarlet fever, and then I broke my leg falling out of a tree," Cherry supplied.

"Well, about things like that she would consult me. Your mother made me your joint guardian with Emma."

"Guardian for what?" the girl asked quickly.

"A sum of money for all your expenses, for your education."

"But Emma," the girl said quickly and proudly, "wasn't paying that. She was—she was only my mother's nurse!"

"No; it had been left with her for you, and she put it into my hands. Through Emma that account has taken care of you all these years. And even now I know there is enough left to help you into any profession you choose."

CHERRY considered this, bright-eyed and thoughtful.

"Emma got in touch with me ten days ago," the man said, "to remind me that you would be twenty this week. She was the one to get you this position."

"You didn't know my mother?" the girl asked with a steady look.

"I never saw her."

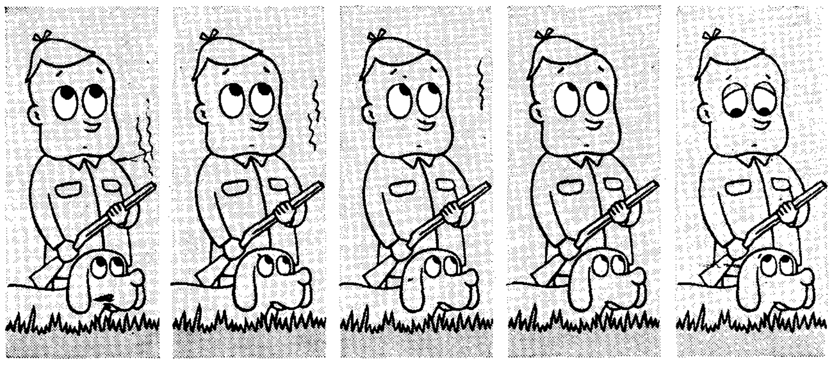
"Emma never said anything of my father?"

"I know that he is dead."

"I think," Cherry said, "I've always thought that I was an unwanted baby, and that I caused my mother great trouble, and that Emma was a friend who came to stand by her at the end."

"Why mightn't you think that your mother had been widowed, and was as happy in having you as any other mother?"

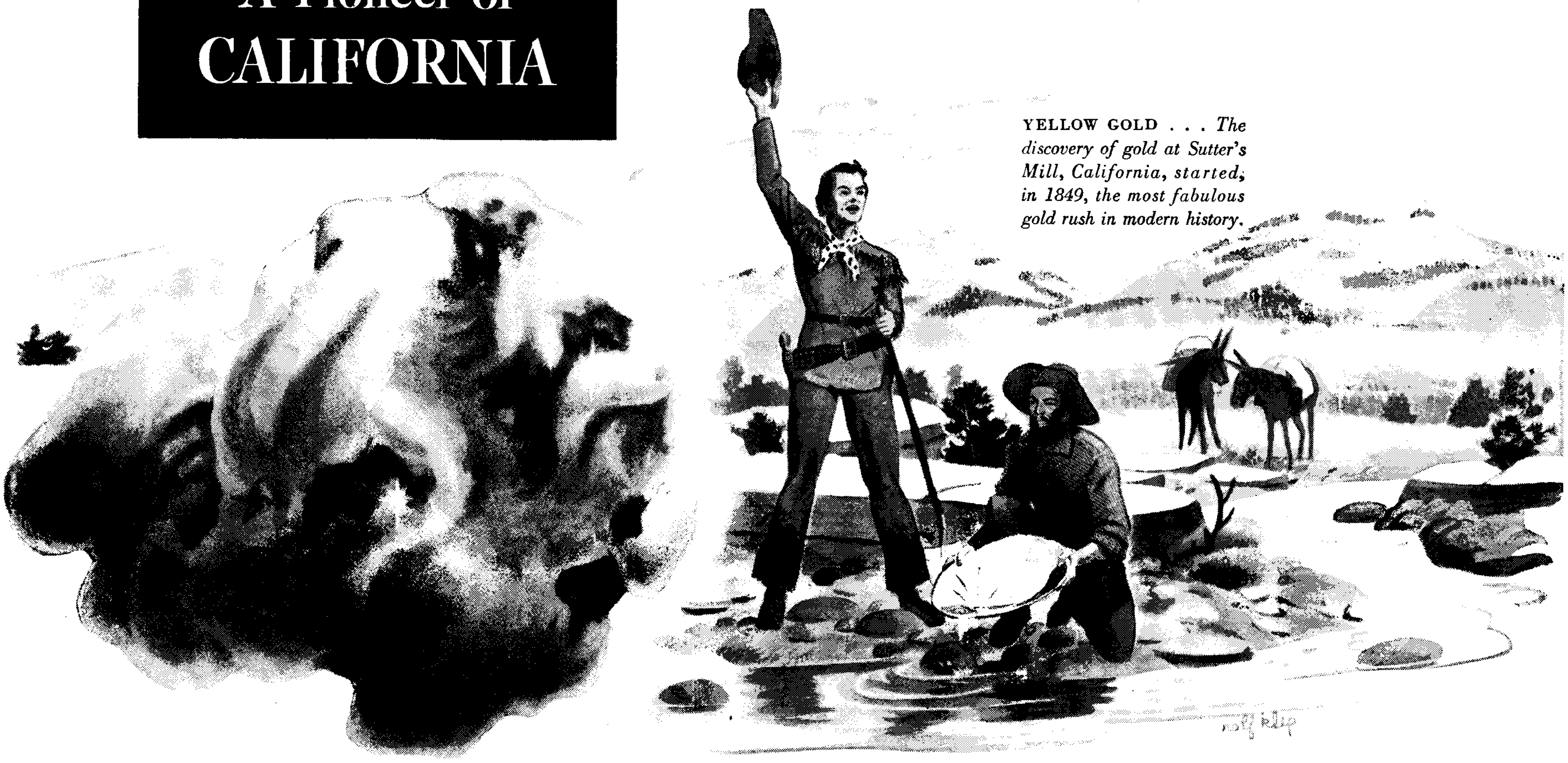
"Because," the girl offered slowly and doubtfully, "it wasn't that way. I was only seven, but I knew that something was wrong. Nothing was left for me, no pictures of anyone, no letters or



Miss

CROCKETT JOHNSON

A Pioneer of
CALIFORNIA



YELLOW GOLD . . . *The discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, California, started, in 1849, the most fabulous gold rush in modern history.*

A Pioneer of
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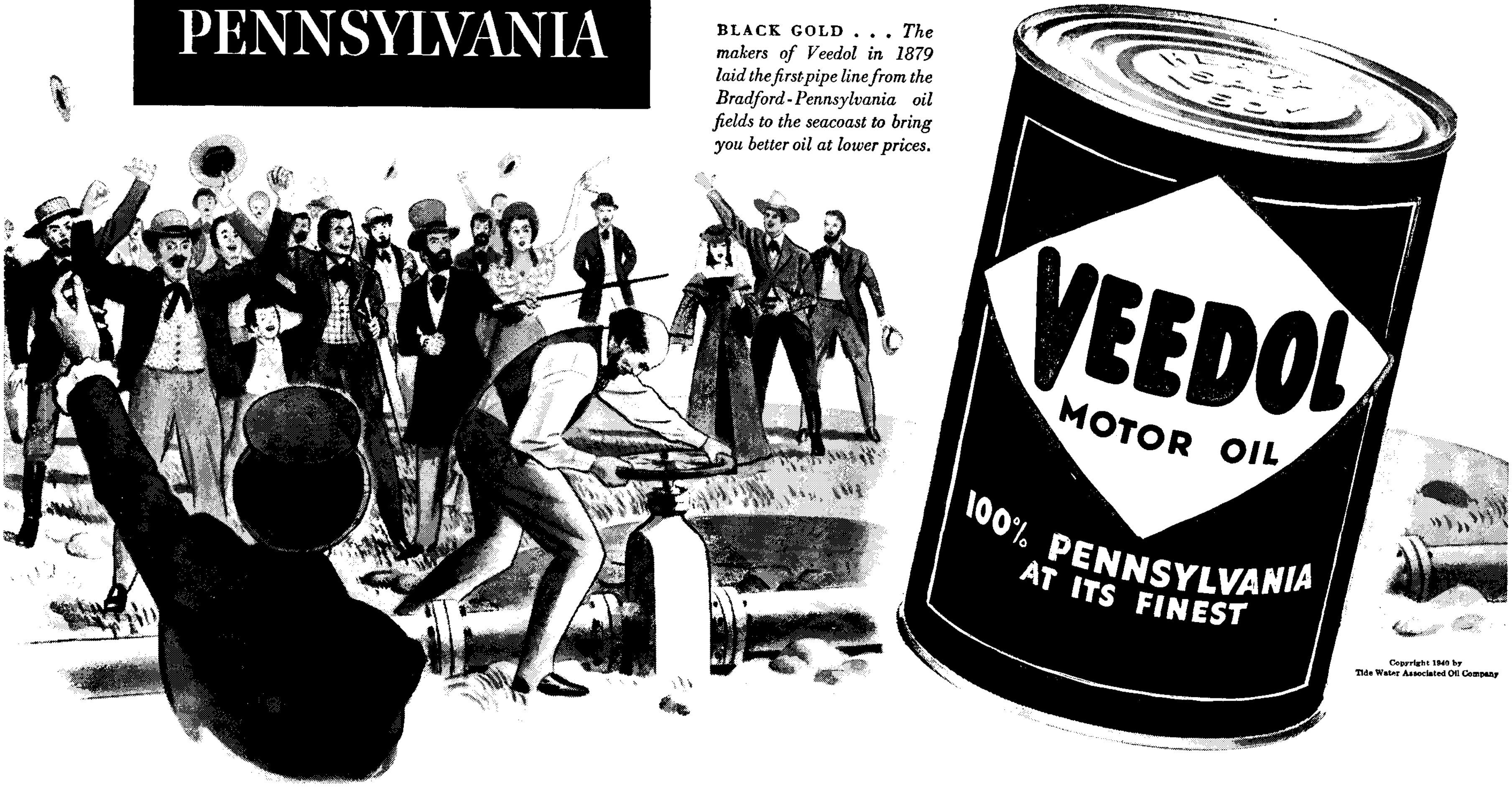
BLACK GOLD . . . *The makers of Veedol in 1879 laid the first pipe line from the Bradford-Pennsylvania oil fields to the seacoast to bring you better oil at lower prices.*



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Tide Water Associated Oil Company

Nature gave them both that
EXTRA SOMETHING

NO SPOT on earth has seen a rush to equal that of '49 for the yellow gold of California. And no spot on earth produces such black gold as the oil fields of Pennsylvania. As a pioneer of petroleum production in Pennsylvania, the makers of Veedol can offer you the pick of Bradford-Pennsylvania . . . the choicest of all motor oils. So ask for Veedol today . . . get extra protection . . . extra mileage from this oil that "nature gave a head start".

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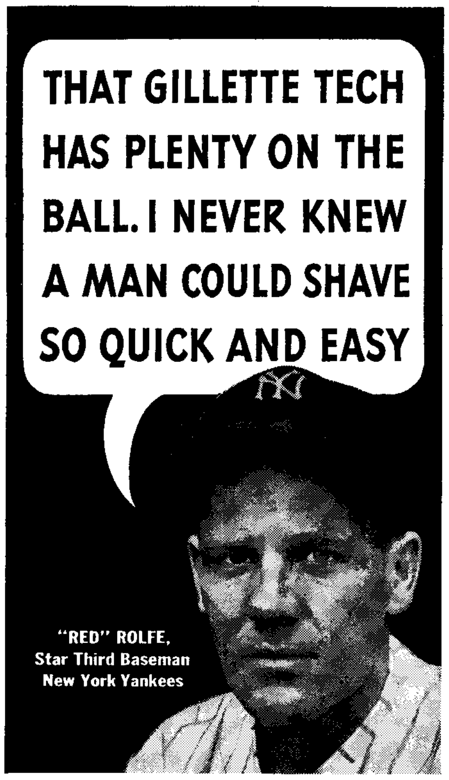

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"RED" ROLFE,
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New York Yankees

Four Radical Improvements Including Solid Bar Guard Assure Utmost Shaving Ease

STRAIGHT across America men are outspoken in their praise of the quick, easy, good-looking shaves the new Gillette Tech Razor gives them. And with *plenty of reason.* It's the greatest shaving instrument ever produced, regardless of price, in the opinion of "Red" Rolfe and other tough-bearded men you know by name and sight!

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One big advantage of the Tech is its solid bar guard. This draws your skin smooth . . . sets up your beard . . . as a barber does. Equally important, the Tech Razor and Gillette Blue Blade are *precision made for each other*. . . fit exactly. You get refreshing shaves free from all of the smart and burn caused by misfit blades and protect your skin from nicks and cuts.

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Today's improved Gillette Blue Blade is made of steel hard enough to cut glass. Its edges, finished by an entirely new process, are sharper, more uniform, longer lasting! Prove this without risking a cent! Ask your dealer for the new Tech Razor and five Gillette Blue Blades at only 49c . . . on a money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

THE GILLETTE BLUE BLADE AND TECH RAZOR ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR ANY MAN'S BEARD!

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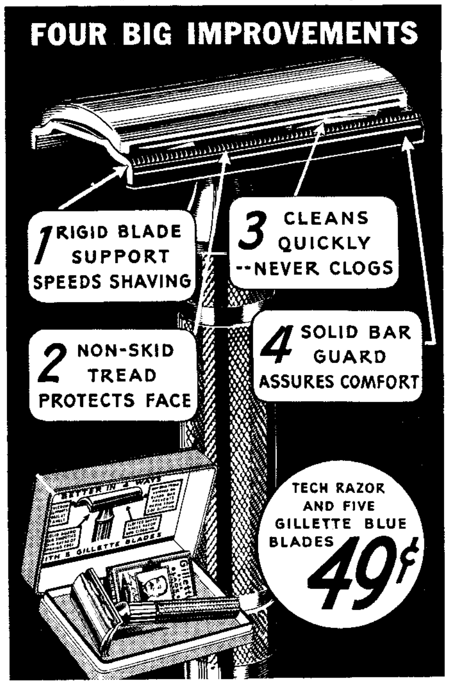

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3 CLEANS QUICKLY --NEVER CLOGS

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TECH RAZOR AND FIVE GILLETTE BLUE BLADES 49¢

names. This school, you know, isn't like an ordinary school. We know we aren't like other girls. Everyone here has some strange history—no letters, no going home for holidays, no presents and surprises. They tell us we must make our own happiness when we go out into life, must try to be as busy and content and useful as we can. I've never been to any other school," she finished, "but I know they're not like this. We girls—of course we talk to one another, we try to work it out. And I wish I knew—I wish I knew something about myself!"

"No; this isn't a regular school," he conceded. "But according to Emma it was the best thing to do. And you seem to have flourished," he added with a smile. "You've gone along here more as if it were a home—"

"With a capital letter!" she put in as he paused.

He looked at her in his kindly way and smiled.

"A place where girls are protected and safe, and well fed—" He raised questioning eyes. "Well fed?" he asked.

"Not so—oh, yes, all right," she conceded, not interested. An impatient jerk of her head took him back to the point where he had interrupted himself.

"And are taught good professions," he finished.

"Dressmaking, beauty-parlor work, stenography, bookkeeping," she supplied. "But," she added, "those aren't what they teach girls in other schools. But that's all right, that's all right!" Cherry said, in a tone that apologized for her unreason. "I didn't mean—really I didn't—to complain about it. It's only that it gives you—it gives you such a strange feeling not to know anything about yourself. But that won't keep me from trying terribly hard to make good. You said something about a position? What am I to do?"

"You are not to do anything until you find just what you *want* to do," he said, his graying hair and his fifty years making it possible for him to use a father's kindly tone. "But for the time being it is a secretarial position with the same old lady—a very rich old woman named Mrs. Porter—Mrs. Porteous Porter, for whom Emma works. Answering the telephone, and correspondence, and reading—that sort of thing."

"Oh, that?" the girl said with a brightening face. "That I think I could do!"

"I'm sure you could. And you would be paid seventy-five dollars a month."

"Seventy-five dollars a month! Oh, she is kind!"

HE WAS delighted in her delight, and that she had left dangerous topics behind her.

He thought, and was comforted by the thought, that she was very young, and that whatever mood of discouragement or depression was awaiting her it would not be a lasting mood. He saw her eyes quicken as she added: "When—when would I go?"

"This is—let's see, the third," he said. "Suppose you come down on Monday? Monday's a good day to start. You take a train at half past five in the afternoon, and at seven the next night someone will meet you at the Oakland Mole."

"Sunday wouldn't do?" she asked.

"Why not?"

"I was thinking, when you said Oakland, that two Sisters are going down to the Oakland house on Sunday; we're having a jubilee for them Sunday afternoon; they would take me."

"That would be an excellent arrangement. You come first to my house, you understand, and we can go over and see Emma when you've some clothes and have had time to look about a little. I must see Mother Superior before I go and make the arrangements for you."

And then they were walking back toward the convent's main building, through wide, orderly, dimly lighted corridors.

"I must tell you about my family, Cherry," the man said. "My mother lives with us—Mrs. Clay Judson Marshbanks; she sounds a little formidable and she *is* a little formidable! Then there's my pretty wife—I lost my first wife," he interrupted himself to explain, "and Fran is almost young enough to be my daughter. I've a son Greg—he's twenty-four, off at college in the East, and also with us is my brother's daughter, Amy. Amy's mother died when she was a little girl; her father was killed in an accident a few years after that, and my mother has had her since—making her bow in society now and quite grown up.

"Of course," the judge went on comfortably, "you'll not be long with us, but Mrs. Porter's isn't far away, and I hope, if anything goes wrong, you'll feel that you have a right to run around the corner and tell me about it. And some night when my mother has an extra seat at the opera—we have a beautiful Memorial Opera House, you know—"

"Oh, not the opera!" Cherry gasped.

"We'll hope so. We'll hope that you'll be very happy. And if it's rather rough going at first—Emma isn't the sunniest companion for a girl—"

"Oh. But she'll take care of me, and I won't feel so strange," Cherry assured him eagerly.

"I think you're going to solve your own problems very well," he approved.

SHE was going away from the only world she knew; the air was full of farewells and heartaches, and strange excited happiness of anticipation. Cherry indeed had vague babyhood memories of a plaster cottage and a patio; she had indeed gone to the lake with a group of nuns and girls every summer; she had even penetrated the city's downtown streets to try her inexperienced hand at kindergarten teaching. But these had been merely prologue and variations upon the main fact of her life: that she was one of the charges of Saint Dorothea's, that her story and the stories of her companions were not like those of other girls, that there were not homes ready to receive them, families ready to welcome them, that there was a certain stigma in the unknown world outside the convent walls ready to attach itself to anyone who was identified as a Saint Dorothea girl. And now she was going away!

But being young, and never having known more fortunate girls with whom to compare her lot, Cherry had followed the example of the rest, had worried not at all about the future, and had satisfied herself with the carefully planned regime of the convent.

It had once been a sufficiently stark and comfortless regime. But times were changed now. Mother Superior was noted for the modernity of her views. Her girls, she said, must presently face the world as it was—with all its hurry of planes and cars, its noise and progress. Old-fashioned hemming and the practice of scales must give way to arts more immediately useful; Saint Dorothea's girls with languages and music must study secretarial work, domestic science—yes, and beauty-parlor methods too, and voice training for radio. And if they wanted to try their hands at movie scenarios or compete for national advertising prizes, let them go ahead!

"Old girls" were twenty, found employment under "responsible custody" in the unknown world, and disappeared; new girls came in, small and frightened and homesick even from the most unfit and wretched of homes, or rebellious and angry and full of muttered threats of escape.

And gradually the convent routine, the business and reasonableness of convent days cheered the desolate and

I love to see a man wear a white shirt

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-white is right

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tamed the insubordinate, and they were only girls together—girls who were allowed to curl their hair and even to use a little powder, but strictly forbidden lipstick and rouge, forbidden cigarettes, entirely ignorant of cocktails; girls who never had danced or flirted even upon the most innocent terms, who knew nothing of house parties, night clubs, the crowded bleachers at the big ball games, the packed grandstands at the races, the thrill of speeding cars; girls whose reading was watched carefully, who never saw a newspaper, whose attendance upon the radio was carefully checked.

And yet they did know something of all these forbidden and outlawed things, these orderly young creatures in their black pleated uniforms, embellished by the prim organdy collars and cuffs that they laundered themselves in the inconvenient, outdated old laundry. When they could, they murmured of Broadway's newest songs and Harlem's newest dance steps, of Hollywood's love affairs and the marriages of heiresses, of Reno and the Riviera and Palm Beach. While they studied French verbs and wrote essays entitled "My Ambition," they knew well that mankind, and especially man, was their real study, and that marriage was their real and only ambition. Every girl at Saint Dorothea's of the age of fourteen or older knew just where she intended to spend her honeymoon, and several of them were quite definite on the subject of tallness, broadness, profession, temperament in a prospective husband.

So that Cherry, formally discharged from the books as "Charlotte Rawlings," with due details of her admission and her thirteen years' residence at the convent entered upon a formidable-looking graph, was not as entirely unprepared for entrance into the world as her custodians might have fancied her to be.

AT LEAVING, she wore the convent uniform of black serge and white collar, and a round hat like a small black basket turned upside down. The hat dated back some ten years, but it was a hat, and that was all that girls from Saint Dorothea's expected of headgear. Her coat was a stout black-dyed garment that had come to the convent with a truckful of other clothes when Mrs. Peter Walsh had been suddenly widowed.

Black cotton gloves, black lisle stockings, black laced shoes, a black purse with her handkerchief and ten dollars in it, and a creased black patent-leather suitcase stuffed to bursting, and worn gray at the cracks and the corners, completed her entire outfit. But Cherry's youth and eagerness did something even for this dingy equipment, and her waved silky hair, which had so bewildering a variety of shades of gold and tan and brown in it, framed a radiant face.

Mother Superior had given her the ten dollars with a parting word of instruction. This money was for any emergency; her tickets and meals on the train would be paid for by the Sisters in whose care she was traveling.

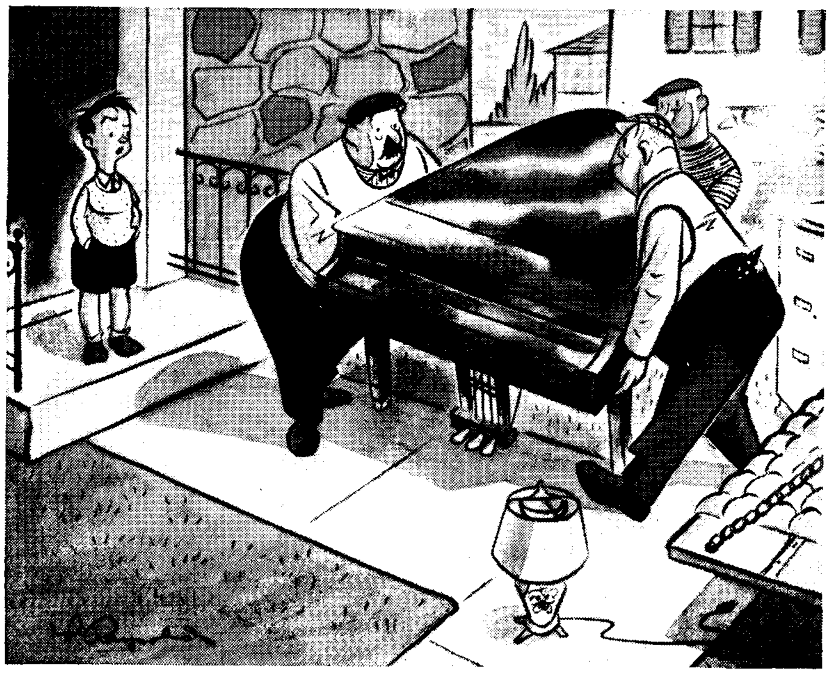
"Meals on the train!" Cherry had thought, unable to hear the gentle little farewell homily for several minutes because of the sheer excitement the mere thought gave her. "Meals on the train!"

"Sister Fabian is always sick when she travels, and Sister Gervase is going down for medical treatment," Mother Superior had said; "but our good friend Doctor O'Connor will be on the train, and he will take care of you in the dining car. Now, Cherry—"

MUCH had followed about character, and resort to prayer. Cherry must face any humiliations or disappointments in her new life bravely; life was a long test of the human soul. We did not know why; we saw now as through a glass darkly; it must be enough for us to take whatever was sent resignedly—

To all this Cherry, in outward aspect all respectful interest, had paid but a vague attention. But presently her wandering thoughts had been suddenly attracted to a more personal note in Mother Superior's remarks.

"This wouldn't have been my choice of a school for you, Cherry," the nun had said. "I've been considering in my own mind whether I ought to say this much to you," she had added, "and I've asked for guidance in the matter. But there seems to be no harm in telling you that I felt—and dear Mother Bertrand felt, thirteen years ago—that you should have been one of the Victor Street girls. Our school here is for cases that are underprivileged—for girls who are definitely unfortunate, perhaps through no fault of their own. However, the servant—your mother's servant, who brought you here, was very definite that it had been her wish to put you with us. Mrs. Haskell—Emma—you remember her? —you will see her now—had known a fine woman who became one of Saint Dorothea's Sisters, and through her she



"There's a buck in it for you guys if something terrible should happen to that piano" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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knew exactly the character of our work."

"I remember Emma," Cherry had stammered, almost faint with this final excitement. There had not been any especial stigma attached to her name then; she might have been one of the Victor Street girls! She had fixed widened eyes, in a paling face, upon Mother Superior. But disappointingly, there had seemed to be nothing more to add to this. The nun had merely made her a parting gift of special medals that had been blessed in Rome, and had taken her downstairs for final farewells.

Sister Fabian and Sister Gervase were both indisposed on the train, being deafened by the uproar in the railway station, and the confusion of tracks and cars. They did not want any supper; they had the three berths made up immediately, and Cherry left them to the little room, found a window seat in the empty length of the car and sat, fascinated, watching the landscape flying by, and carrying on in her own soul a double conversation of admiration and amazement.

It was all only too fascinating. Even when it was dark it was wonderful to lean her head against the mirror of the pane and let the flashing lights of the little villages and the somber young moonlight on the woods and trees go rushing by, and mingle themselves with her busy and happy thoughts.

She jumped when old Doctor O'Connor touched her arm, realized that she was hungry, went with him through the swaying train to the dining car and was so rapt over its light and warmth and the bewildering obligation of ordering something from a menu for the first time in her life that tea and biscuits and honey were all she could murmur when her companion poised his pencil over the order blank.

Both little nuns were tucked up in bed when she cautiously entered the drawing room. Cherry had the lounge, and slept the sleep of youth and fatigue within its narrow boundaries. Breakfast was another adventure—such smoking coffee, such buttery toast!— and the long day that dragged for almost everyone else on board was too short for her.

BUT at a quarter past seven o'clock—for the train was late—when they descended somewhat grimy and jaded at the Oakland Mole, sheer nervous excitement and expectation had exhausted her. She was pale, too much absorbed in her own emotions to notice the effect of her hat and her luggage upon the Marshbankses' handsome young French chauffeur. He was quickly identified by the wearied Sisters, and Cherry in her turn identified the nice middle-aged maid who had accompanied him. The nuns went their way, and Cherry, looking from the windows of the magnificent car, saw for the first time the diamond arch of the great bridge, the further tiara of the Golden Gate span rising above the dark, troubled waters of the bay, and San Francisco's towered hills silhouetted against a somber and angry west.

May, the housemaid, who had been sent to meet her, was really, Cherry discovered, a Mrs. Mott who had two almost grown boys. But she was "May" to the whole household, she said goodhumoredly, and Miss Cherry had better call her so.

"I'm not going to live at the Marshbankses'," Cherry told her. "I'm going to take a position."

"The judge said you'd be with us only a few days."

"Isn't that beautiful over there, the hills and the bridge!"

"That's the Golden Gate. And off there where you see it slope up, that's Tamalpais. The judge," May volunteered, "is going to play bridge somewhere tonight, and he's having his dinner at seven. Mrs. Marshbanks and Miss Amy are going out to dinner before a party, and he's to bring them home dear knows when. It's a coming-out party for Miss Patsy Randall."

"I know. A debut. Then Miss Marshbanks is a debutante." Cherry brightened, eyes shining in a grimy pale face. "I'll bet she has a beautiful dress—I suppose she has," she said, hastily substituting the latter phrase for one of which Sister Seraphine certainly would not have approved.

"She's got two," the maid said, a little grimly; "she'd not made up her mind when I left which one she'd wear!"

Cherry was not only imaginative by nature, but she had a quick intuitive sense of what others might be feeling.

"Oh, and you had to come away to meet me!" she apologized quickly. Her companion gave her an odd look.

"I didn't mind that, my dear," she said. "Here we are," May added, as the car stopped at the foot of an imposing flight of stone steps. "I'm going to slip upstairs, and I'll not see you again unless you need me. Molly'll show you your room. I'm usually with the old lady after dinner, but she's away and I'm going to a movie tonight. You ask Molly for anything you want."

Cherry and her patent-leather bag were abandoned for just a few moments in the big entrance hall. She had time only for a breath-taking impression of such spaciousness and beauty and color as she had never seen before, of soft rugs beneath her feet and dimly lighted arches leading to great dimly lighted rooms on all sides, of potted palms and bursts of winter flowers, before Judge Marshbanks came forward to take possession of her, and confide her to the care of Molly, a pretty maid with very black eyes and a very white skin, a white lace apron and cap, and a neat little gray moiré uniform.

By this time the girl was too much dazed to believe her senses. She followed Molly upstairs to an incredibly luxurious big room with an unbelievably complete bathroom next to it, brushed her hair and washed her face in a condition of complete bewilderment, and descended again, still under Molly's escort, to the dining room where it appeared that she and her host were to be the only persons at dinner.

He was halfway through his meal; hers was served to her fresh and hot. But she was unable to eat. The quality of the Italian lace that was spread on the polished wood, the beauty of china and crystal, the soft light of candles were such as Cherry had never seen in her life before, nor ever dreamed could exist, and the numbing sense of being only in a dream made it impossible for her to taste or swallow anything. Even the food was beyond what had been her most fantastic imaginings; a spoonful of whipped cream spreading itself upon her cupful of pale green soup, her butter pat sweet and hard and twisted like a tiny calla lily, her hot roll made into a lover's knot and powdered with poppy seeds, her game garnished with crisp curls of cress with a buttery crisp brown sauce and a clover leaf of tart jelly.

"Don't like that?" the judge asked, looking over his paper.

"It's wonderful." She made a valiant attack upon it.

"Know what it is?"

"No, sir. Chicken, I guess."

"That's partridge. If you don't like it Martin will get you an omelette."

"Oh, no, please! It's delicious." To her own disgust and surprise, her voice thickened. But he did not seem to notice it, and when he returned to his paper she made herself finish her dinner, and felt her nerves more steady.

A SUDDEN sense that she did not belong in this scene, that it had nothing to do with her, that she never should have entered it, had almost wrecked her self-control for a moment. With the blinding force of a revelation she knew that her rumpled childish dress was absurd, that the dowdy hat she had left upstairs, the bulging shabby patent-leather bag, the ugly school shoes and cotton gloves and stockings had no place in this house, and were like nothing that had ever been here before. She knew, inexperienced as she was—she had read it in her host's first look—that her shabbiness and homeliness had shocked him. He had seen her only once before, flushed with triumph after the school play, made up into her handsomest self as a brown-skinned Indian girl gay in feathers and fringes.

The knowledge that came to her in this flash of shame and pain made the big dining-room chair in which she sat a seat of torture to her, dried her throat so that she could not swallow, caused her fingers to feel clumsy and helpless, to drop knives and spill water and crumble her bread untidily.

But she did her best to conquer the feeling, and was quite calm when a young man came in, unannounced, and drew a chair to Judge Marshbanks' side.

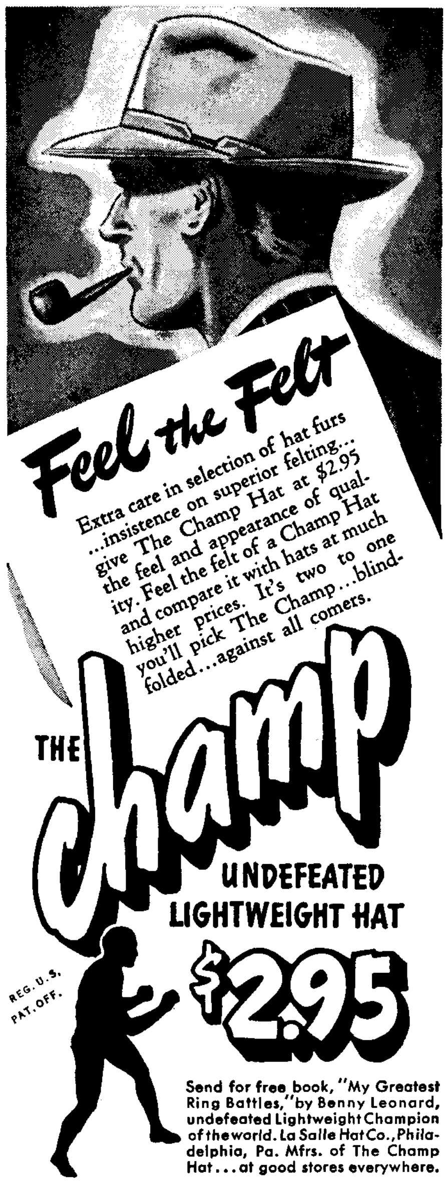
The judge, after a casual friendly greeting, glanced over at her and said, "Mr. Coates, Cherry," and then, "This is Miss Rawlings, Kelly."

The other man, twisting a little to look at her, acknowledged the introduction only with a nod and with a level, curious half-smile, and went on talking in a low tone:

"You're not going to this jamboree tonight, Jud?"

"Good heavens, no! But I may pick the girls up there if we play late enough. I'm going to the club. I ought to look in at the Randall party, I suppose. You dressing later?"

"Oh, I don't think I'll go at all! I think



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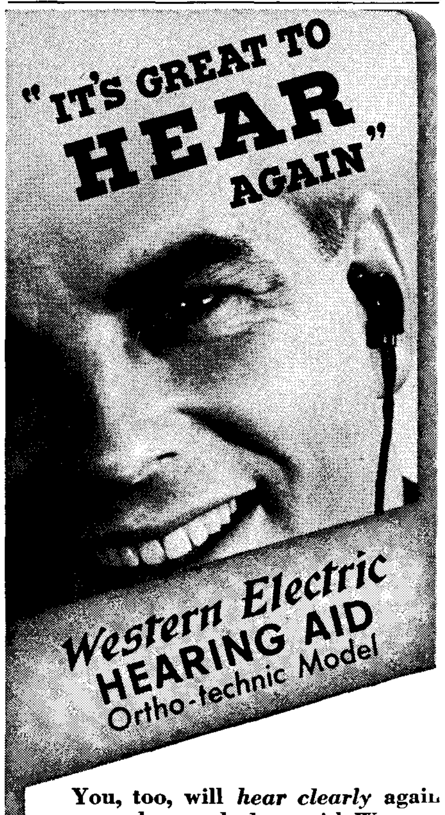

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Q: What is a Modified Life 5 Policy?

A: It is a Prudential policy issued in amounts of $5,000 or more, and having a "Modified" premium arrangement.

Q: What does "Modified" mean?

A: It means a change in premium rate. In this case the premium for the first 5 years is one half the premium in later years. Thus a man who must meet extra expenses during the next few years, or a man who expects an increased income in the future, can get the permanent protection he needs without waiting until he can afford to pay the usual level premium rate.

Q: How long are premiums payable on a Modified 5 Policy?

A: Throughout the entire lifetime of the insured. The Prudential pays the insurance money to the beneficiary whenever death occurs.

Q: How is the insurance money paid to the beneficiary?

A: The person insured may select any of the following methods of settlement, or may leave the choice to his beneficiary: 1) Cash payment in one lump sum, 2) A definite monthly income for the rest of the beneficiary's life, 3) Income payments for a definite number of years, 4) The insurance money may be left with The Prudential at guaranteed interest which is paid to the beneficiary, with provision for withdrawal of all or part of the principal sum as desired.

Q: Does this policy participate in dividends?

A: Yes. The first annual dividend usually is paid when the policy is two years old. Dividends may be taken in cash, used to reduce premiums, used to buy paid-up additional insurance, or left with the company to accumulate at interest.

Q: Has this policy cash and loan values?

A: Yes, and reduced paid-up and extended insurance values are also provided.

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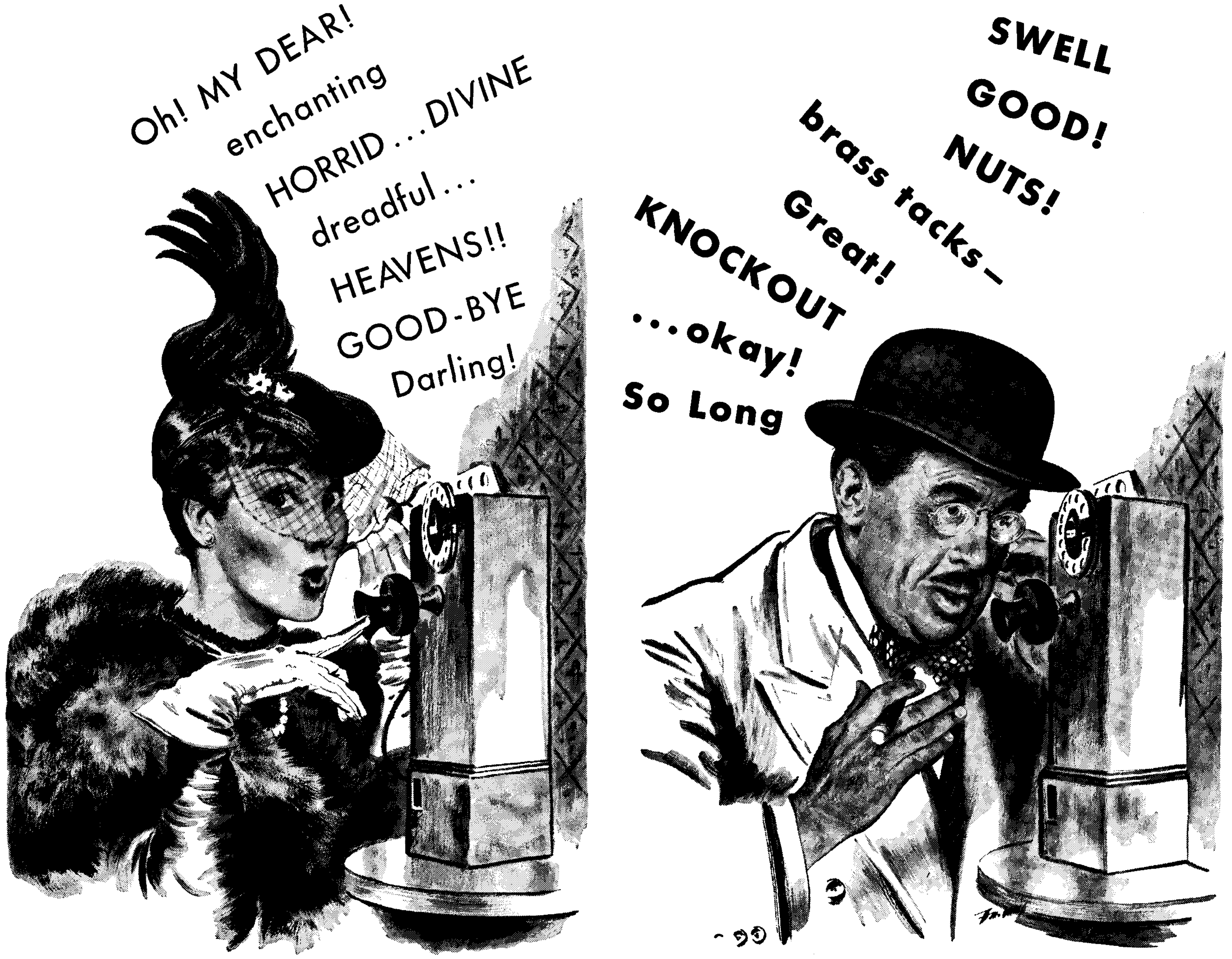
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HORRID . . . DIVINE
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HEAVENS!!
GOOD-BYE
Darling!
SWELL
GOOD!
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brass tacks—
Great!
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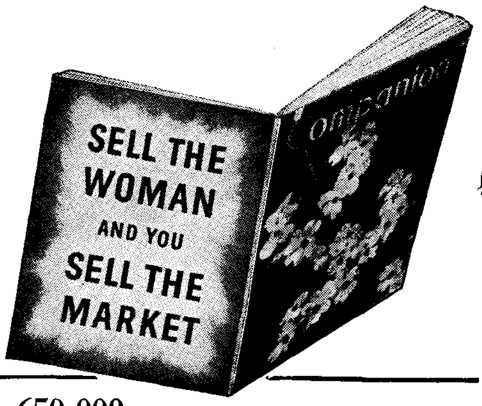
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THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY

I'll go home," the visitor observed. "But, of course, I had to see what our deb looked like tonight. Isn't this the first big affair for her?"

"She was down here a few minutes ago, sure that she was going to look awful and that something was growing on the tip of her nose," the older man said in tolerant amusement. "She's dining at the Rogerses' in Burlingame, going down with Fran, and will come back to the party."

"Dining?" said Kelly Coates, flinging up his wrist to see the time. "What time do these budlets dine? It's eight now."

"The dinner is supposed to be at eight—seventeen miles away," Judge Marshbanks said. "But they have to kill time until midnight, so they're not worrying! Fran's dining down there too, and she'll play bridge until it's time to go to the party."

They talked on of places and personalities unknown to Cherry, and Cherry had a chance, over a foamy soufflé of chocolate and creamy stripes, to study the newcomer. The judge was tall and lean; Kelly Coates was rather more squarely built, with big, hard, nervous hands, fair hair combed back from his square, fine face, keen eyes and a mouth that Cherry found a certain fascination in watching.

It was not that it was handsome, as the judge's fine clipped mouth and restrained rare smile were. Kelly's was a wide, hard mouth packed with big, hard, shining teeth, and he used his mouth forcefully, now pressing it firmly closed in denial, now splitting his browned, square face with a great flashing smile, now widening his thinned lips together into an expression of scorn that matched his quickly folded arms and tossed head.

HE WAS evidently a person of violent moods and definite opinions. More than once Cherry heard the judge laugh amiably at him, and murmur, "Have a heart!" or "Easy, easy, boy!"

To her he seemed old, but not as old, certainly, as the judge. Thirty, perhaps. She learned from what she could not help overhearing that he was an artist, that he lived in some place across the bay called Sausalito. The two men were discussing local politics with a complete unanimity of opinion that Kelly's manner somehow managed to make sound controversial, when two women came downstairs and displayed themselves in the dining-room door with that air of unconscious loveliness that is a part of society's stock in trade.

One was a girl of Cherry's age, as fresh as a spray of acacia bloom in a fluffy frock of palest yellow, with spidery yellow orchids pinned at her shoulder. An innocent-eyed girl, with a lovely heart-shaped little face framed in soft curls, a delicately poised little body and discontented blue eyes.

THE other woman was dark too, but of an entirely different type. Cherry's first impression was that she was ugly. She was tall and thin, with a long face, deep-set dark eyes, and silky straight black hair that was cut in a deep bang. Her skin was clear and pale, her lips startling in contrast, for her mouth—wide, soft and full—was colored the flame red of a poppy. A tight, black velvet gown outlined her body, the low-cut waist fitted by many seams. Long diamond earrings dangled almost to her shoulders, and at her breast a circle clip of diamonds blazed in the dining room's half light.

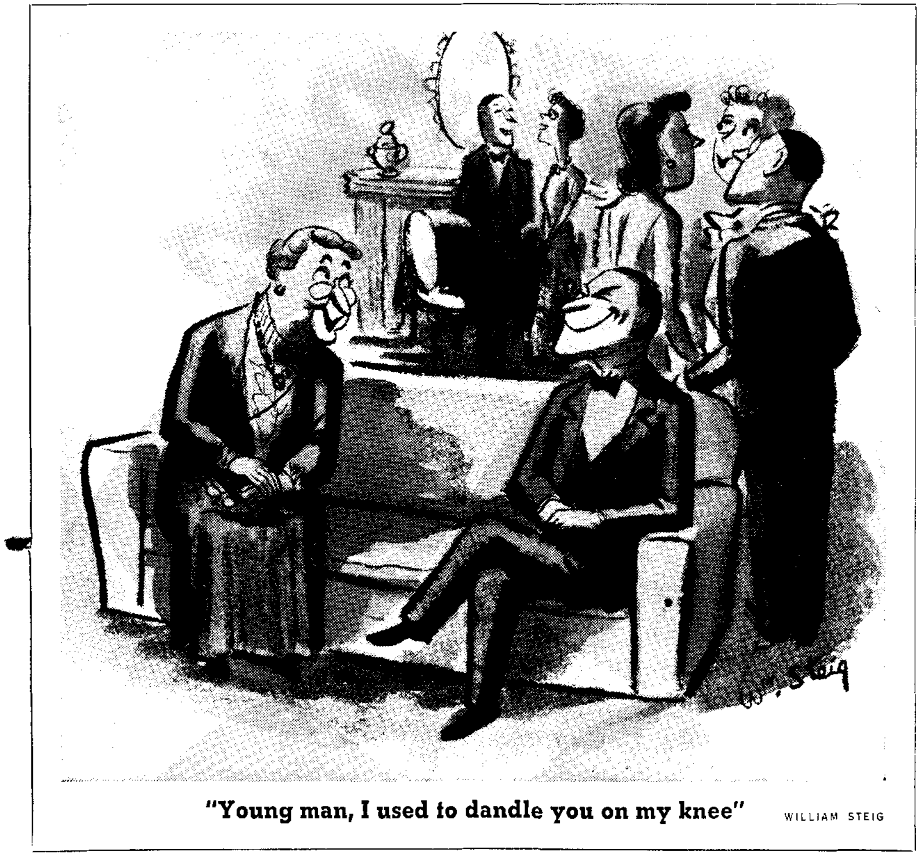
"Skunks," she said simply. Her voice, hoarse and deep, thrilled suddenly in the silence. Both men were on their feet as she came languidly to the table. "Of course you both know you're polecats!" she said.

The girl, after having said, "Sam's here, he won't come in," had vanished back in the direction of the hall again. Judson Marshbanks introduced Cherry to his wife, who acknowledged the little ceremony only with an absent glance in Cherry's direction.

"You let me do all the dirty work," said Fran Marshbanks, in a lazily annoyed tone. And again her voice shocked Cherry with its very beauty; it was a rich, low voice that seemed always about to be broken with laughter or tears or both, a shattering, trembling voice that yet clearly indicated its owner's boredom and indifference and pride.

That was it, pride. She was proud, Cherry knew, and the lovely girl who had come into the room with her was proud; they were devoured with pride. They had always had everything that made life worth living and they always would have it; they despised—she knew already how comfortably they despised!—anyone who had less, anyone who, like herself, had nothing.

(To be continued next week)



"Young man, I used to dandle you on my knee" WILLIAM STEIG

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The Lord in His Corner

Continued from page 12

gonna like dat. Even if he went to th'ow in dem crooked dice, the Man ain't gonna like dat."

Refugee Smith stood perfectly still, looking down at the man on the floor, then he leaned down and put the gun on the floor and straightened up and let out his breath in a long sigh. "I never went to clear kill him," he said. He looked around him wildly for a moment. "I don't aim to go wid de chain gang."

A hoarse bellow that shook the boards of the floor sounded from above. "The Man blowed for a landin'," the voice from the outer darkness said.

Refugee Smith took two shotgun shells from the breast pocket of his ragged overalls and put the two dirty bills in the telescoped shells with his matches. Then he turned and started for the steps that led to the deck of the steamboat.

"Can you swim?" a voice queried.

The steamboat whistle sounded again, twice. "Some," Refugee Smith said, and disappeared up the steps.

WILLIE WURTZEL laid the oars down in the bottom of the boat and just drifted. His hands were raw, and as far as he could see he was as far from shore or succor as he had been an hour before.

It was the rowing machine, Willie reflected. That was the trouble. If it hadn't been for the rowing machine he'd have gone for the hills.

The rowing machine had been a purchase made some years before when Willie was managing Harper Wilde and Harper had the title. Somebody had said something derogatory about Willie's paunch and it was fashionable in that day to have a rowing machine. He'd worked on the rowing machine one morning for about ten minutes but it hadn't seemed to make him any slimmer so he'd pushed it under the bed. However, the ten minutes had fallaciously demonstrated one thing: rowing was a cinch. The only trouble was, a 49th Street hotel-room floor didn't seem to have much in common with the Mississippi River. There hadn't been any oars on the machine. Just nice little handles. These real oars would just as soon jump out of their locks and slug you in the kisser as not.

Willie was on his way home. Home to 49th Street and the Garden, where a man might make a strike, even in tough times, to carry him through. Willie had gone to New Orleans to look at a fighter. It turned out that it wasn't a fighter Willie had gone to look at. Willie didn't have a fighter and it was only in desperation that he'd left 49th Street. Willie had to have a fighter to live. Sometimes he had had fighters where it was vice versa so to speak, but usually Willie and a reasonably good fighter were a money-making combine. Willie was two days out of New Orleans and a vague guess at the geographical contours of the Southern states, coupled with a rough estimate of the flow of the river, told Willie that in about two days he would be back at New Orleans or rather drifting past New Orleans going south. Willie had had enough of going south to last him several lifetimes.

WHEN Refugee Smith had said that he could swim "some," it was an overstatement. True, he could and had dog-paddled around in the pond back of the cabin where he was born and he hadn't drowned, but to dog-paddle to shore from some place near the center of the Mississippi River was another matter.

Refugee was strong. Strong and enduring and game but the old river was trying to suck him down and he had turned from being afraid of the chain gang to being afraid of drowning and now he wasn't even afraid much of that.

"Lord," he said aloud, throwing the blame squarely onto shoulders he felt more competent than his own, "hit looks like You was fixin' to drowned me." He struggled a few more weary strokes.

"Lord," he said, "You seen for Yo'self, them crooked dice he th'owed in on me, and I didn't go to kill him, I just was of a mind to punish him some." The river lapped at Refugee's chin inexorably and he tried to kick his feet a little harder.

"Lord," Refugee Smith said for the third time, "if Yo' is fixin' to gather me to Yo' bosom, gimme a sign so I can let up on this paddlin', 'cause I'm weary, Lord." His legs were like lead.

"Lord," he said finally, and his voice was cracked now with real fear, "if You succor me out'n this ole river, I'll sin no mo'. I'll lead a good life." Refugee Smith raised his voice in one final appeal: "Get me outta dis ole river and I'll carry de Word to de multitudes. I'll go up an' down de lan'."

The Lord's answer floated back in the voice of one of the chosen who was born near Brooklyn Bridge. "Over here," the voice said, and Willie Wurtzel took up the oars once more and struggled toward the voice he had heard.

"Lord be praised, it's a deal," Refugee Smith said, and divine energy flowed into his body as he struggled through the warm muddy water toward the sound of clinking oarlocks.

WILLIE WURTZEL sat in the back and looked at the black man sitting facing him in the boat. The moon had finally fought its way through the clouds and it was light out on the water now.

"Can you row?" Willie asked.

"Yes, suh, I can row. Wait'll I get my wind an' I'll row us to shore," Refugee Smith said, covertly studying this rather odd agent of the Lord.

"What were you doin' out here?" Willie asked.

Refugee made his face blank, searching his mind for an adequate story. But suddenly he remembered his contract. "I won't bear no false witness, Mr. . . ."

"Wurtzel," Willie said. "Willie Wurtzel."

"I can't tell no lie, Mr. Willie. I was roustaboutin' on the Mary Jane an' we was shootin' craps below deck when a big coffee-colored son, a big colored fellah th'owed in a pair of crooked dice, so I taken his gun away from him an' hit him wid hit an' they do say I kilt him. So I went over the side 'cause the Man wouldn't like that."

"Maybe you didn't kill him," Willie said.

"I hit him a right smart lick," Refugee said truthfully.

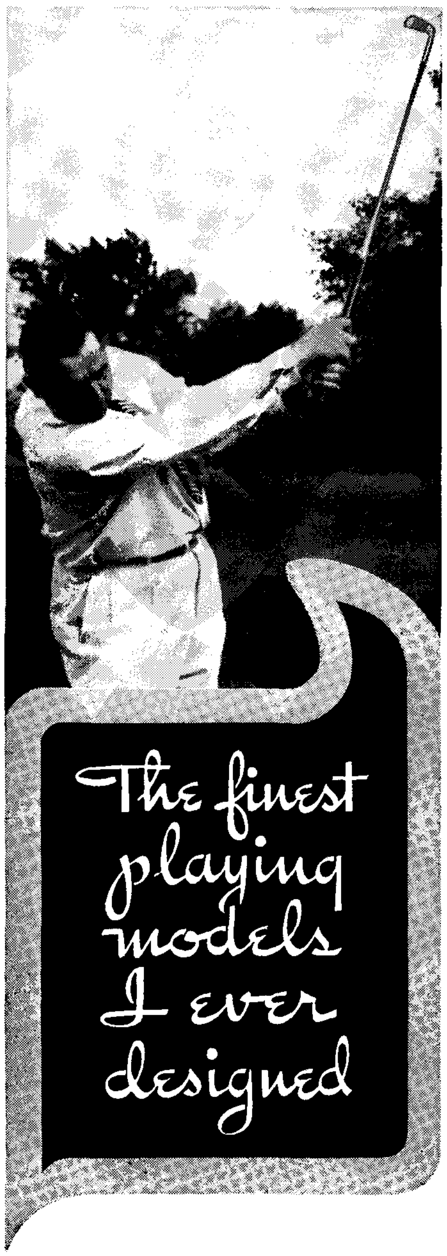
Willie Wurtzel only grunted, studying the black boy facing him. The big hands, the long heavy arms. The sloping shoulders.

"Which way do you want me to row?" Refugee asked.

Willie pointed to the shore away from whence he'd come. "That way," he said.

Refugee Smith picked up the oars and the boat leaped like a live thing for the distant shore of the river.

After a moment Willie spoke. "It's funny," he said. "I was hitch-hikin' north and I get in this little town and I'm settin' in a restaurant scoffin' a cup of coffee when somebody says there is a game in the back room and I go back to watch." He paused a minute watching the play of muscles under Refugee's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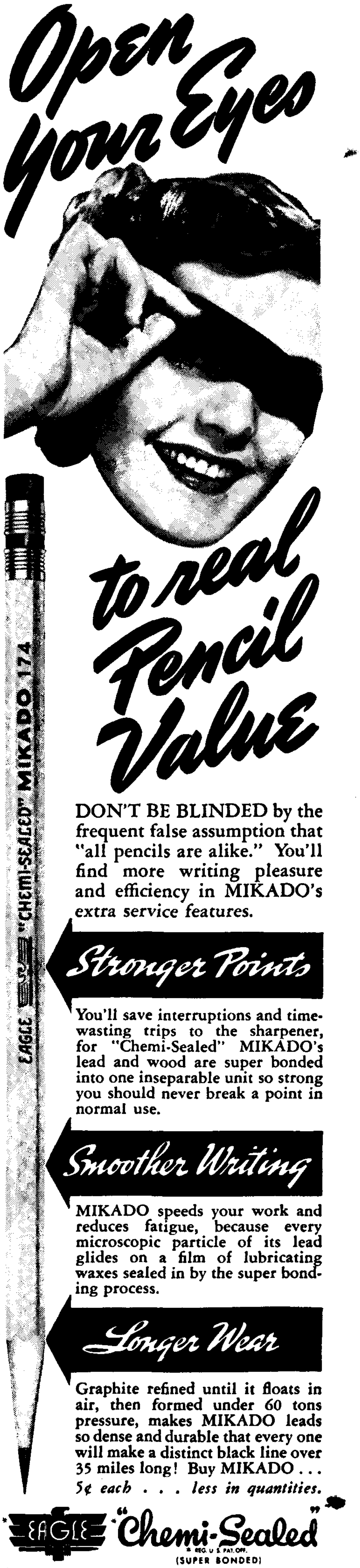
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skin as the boat skimmed over the water.

"Hmmm," Willie went on. "I went back to watch and finally I faded somebody and they threw in these tops."

"Whatcha do then?" Refugee asked, straightening up.

"I got tough," Willie said, "and they kind of resented that. They figured to beat me up for objectin' to gettin' cheated."

Refugee rowed on silently.

"I lammed down to the drink," Willie said, "and I saw this boat and jumped into it and took off. I thought I could row," he concluded.

"It's kinda funny, Mr. Willie," Refugee said finally, convinced beyond any contradiction that the Lord had ordained it thus, "about them dice. I mean yo' dice and my dice. Both bein' tops."

"Yeah," Willie Wurtzel said. "It must be an old Southern custom."

Refugee angled the boat in expertly, climbed out in the shallow water and beached it. Willie watched him all the time, watching the way he moved.

"How'd you like to come up north with me?" Willie asked finally, casually. "We might pick up some change."

Refugee Smith ran a black hand over his face. "I gotta carry de Lord's Word to de multitudes," he said, "up an' down de lan'."

Willie Wurtzel's face remained blank. "Where I'm goin'," he said, "there's sinners thick as fleas. Miserable sinners."

"I'll go where yo' tell me to go," Refugee said, " 'cause yo' was sent to save me on a special deal, 'twixt me an' de Lord, an' yo' must be a good an' holy man."

Willie Wurtzel's eyebrows went up. "God almighty!" he said finally.

Refugee tied the boat carefully to a shrub. "I knowed hit!" he said contentedly.

THE next morning found Willie Wurtzel and Refugee Smith on the highway. During the night Willie had outlined his plan. He, Willie, would undertake to make a fighter out of Refugee and during the process he would guarantee to keep Refugee in constant contact with a great many people who were absolutely a yard wide and all wool when it came to being bona fide sinners. In fact, Willie said, this part would practically take no doing at all. The other, the learning to be a fighter, that was another matter.

"You walk backward, you run a little backward every once in a while," Willie directed as they trudged up the road. "That teaches you to go away from a man easy, without worryin'. The best of 'em have to go away sometimes."

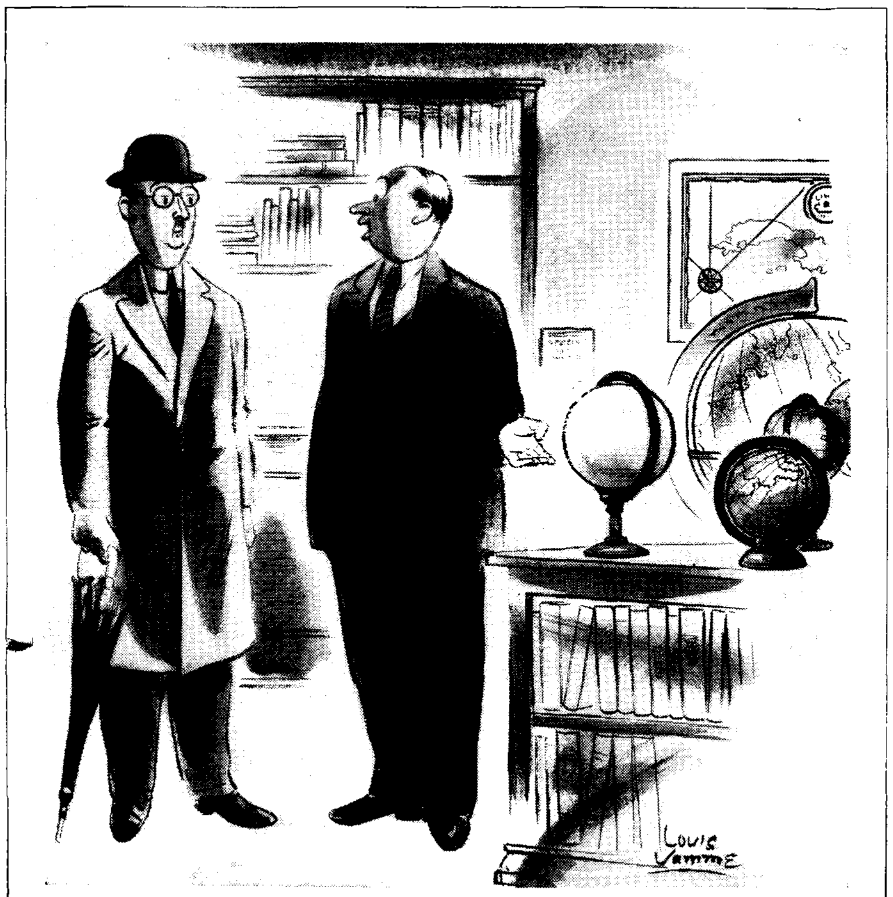
Refugee Smith turned dutifully around on the highway. They continued thus to the amazement of sundry bypassers for perhaps forty-five minutes. Then Willie started showing Refugee how to lead, how to stand, how to use his right hand and still not leave himself unprotected. Slowly he accustomed Refugee to moving correctly, keeping his elbows in and his right shoulder high to protect his chin. They were shadowboxing up the road when they came to a little restaurant, divided as they are in that part of the country for both colored and white trade. Willie took a few worn bills out of his pocket. He peeled off one of them. "You order three three-minute eggs," he said, "four slices of whole-wheat bread, toasted, two slices of bacon, a big glass of orange or tomato juice and coffee if you want it. I'll be outside when you get through."

Refugee repeated his menu. "Okay, Mr. Willie," he said. "But I don't need yo' money. I got two dollahs of my own."

Willie told him to keep his two dollars and went into the other side of the restaurant. There he called the town where the steamboat had landed and talked to the sheriff. He came out of the phone booth grinning. Then he took a dime from his pocket and bought a cup of coffee and an apple. The apple he put in his side pocket for lunch. He drank the coffee and went out to wait for Refugee. Soon they were on the road again.

That noon it took some doing in the place they found themselves but Refugee Smith lunched on spinach and a lamb chop, dry toast and tea. Willie Wurtzel ate his apple and bought a cigar. That afternoon he found two rocks and Refugee shadowboxed with them in his hands.

"There ain't no substitute," Willie Wurtzel explained, "for a sparrin' partner or two and the heavy bag and the



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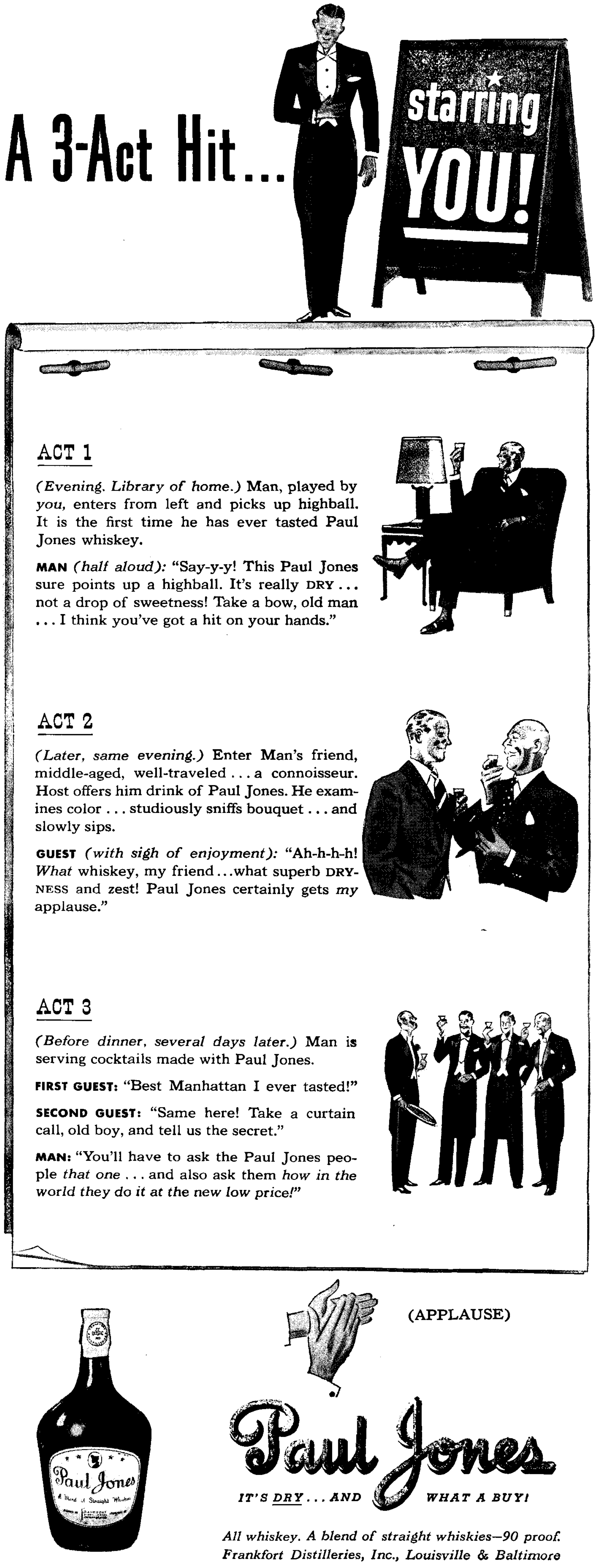

A 3-Act Hit... starring YOU!

ACT 1

(Evening. Library of home.) Man, played by *you,* enters from left and picks up highball. It is the first time he has ever tasted Paul Jones whiskey.

MAN *(half aloud):* "Say-y-y! This Paul Jones sure points up a highball. It's really DRY . . . not a drop of sweetness! Take a bow, old man . . . I think you've got a hit on your hands."

ACT 2

(Later, same evening.) Enter Man's friend, middle-aged, well-traveled . . . a connoisseur. Host offers him drink of Paul Jones. He examines color . . . studiously sniffs bouquet . . . and slowly sips.

GUEST *(with sigh of enjoyment):* "Ah-h-h-h! *What* whiskey, my friend . . . what superb DRYNESS and zest! Paul Jones certainly gets *my* applause."

ACT 3

(Before dinner, several days later.) Man is serving cocktails made with Paul Jones.

FIRST GUEST: "Best Manhattan I ever tasted!"

SECOND GUEST: "Same here! Take a curtain call, old boy, and tell us the secret."

MAN: "You'll have to ask the Paul Jones people *that one* . . . and also ask them *how in the world they do it at the new low price!"*

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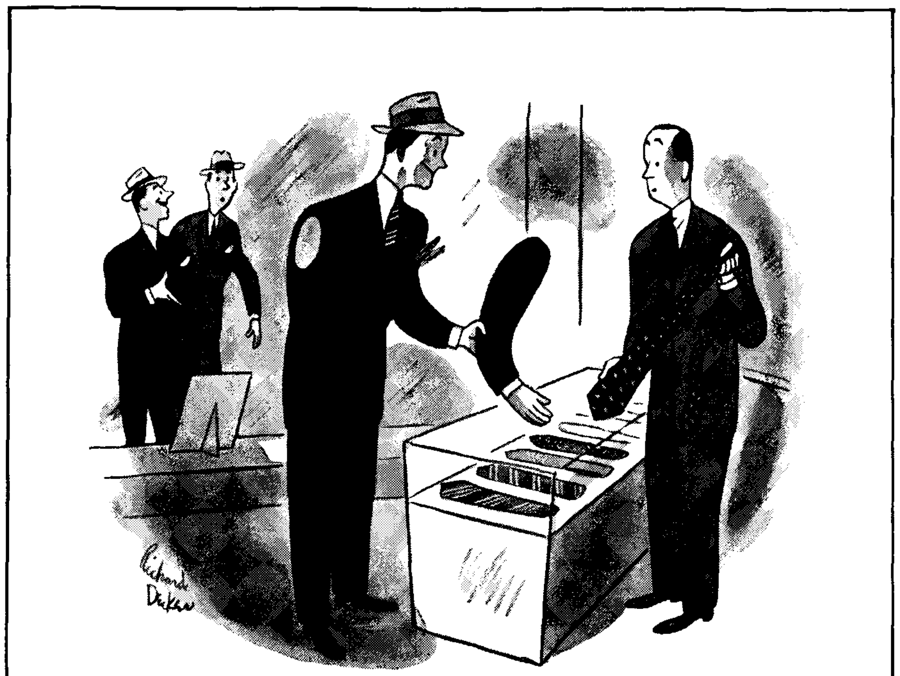

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15 MINUTES A DAY

light bag, but we ain't got 'em so we'll do the best we can."

"I'll do what you say," Refugee said.

"I'm gonna get you a fight," Willie said, "when we get to St. Louis. We got to make a strike."

"Yo' mean wid gloves like yo' tole me about?" Refugee asked. "Gee, that oughta be kinda fun. I seen some fellahs onct at a carnival play fight like dat. They wore little pants," he added irrelevantly.

"You'll have to get right in the ring without knowin' nothing," Willie said. "So all the time you play like you are fightin' in the ring with someone with gloves, like you are practicin' here along the road. When we get to St. Louis, we won't have any money."

"I still got my two dollahs," Refugee said.

"St. Louis," Willie Wurtzel said, "is a hell of a town for two dollars not to last very long in."

The two dollars never reached St. Louis. It went to feed Refugee Smith in Memphis but they caught a truck there and it took them to St. Louis.

Willie Wurtzel climbed down from the truck behind Refugee, took a ring from his finger and looked at it a moment. It was a medium-sized diamond ring with a well-cut stone. He looked up and down the St. Louis street, saw the three hanging balls that he sought and set off in that direction. As he walked, he took another ring out of his pocket and put it in the palm of his right hand. It was an exact duplicate of the one he'd taken off his finger except that its stone was well-cut glass. In the pawn shop he laid the real diamond on the counter. Refugee stood fascinatedly eying the guns, cameras, banjos and silver knickknacks in the showcase before him.

The man behind the counter examined the ring through a little thing screwed in his eye. He and Willie argued briefly. Willie picked up the ring in high dudgeon, called the man behind the counter various uncomplimentary names, then in one final burst of impassioned oratory in defense of the rights of the defenseless, tossed it back on the counter. "Okay," he said. "Okay, but I've got a hundred on it many a time."

The man behind the counter picked up the ring, labeled it and took it back to his safe. He came back and gave Willie three ten-dollar bills.

Willie faded quickly from the store.

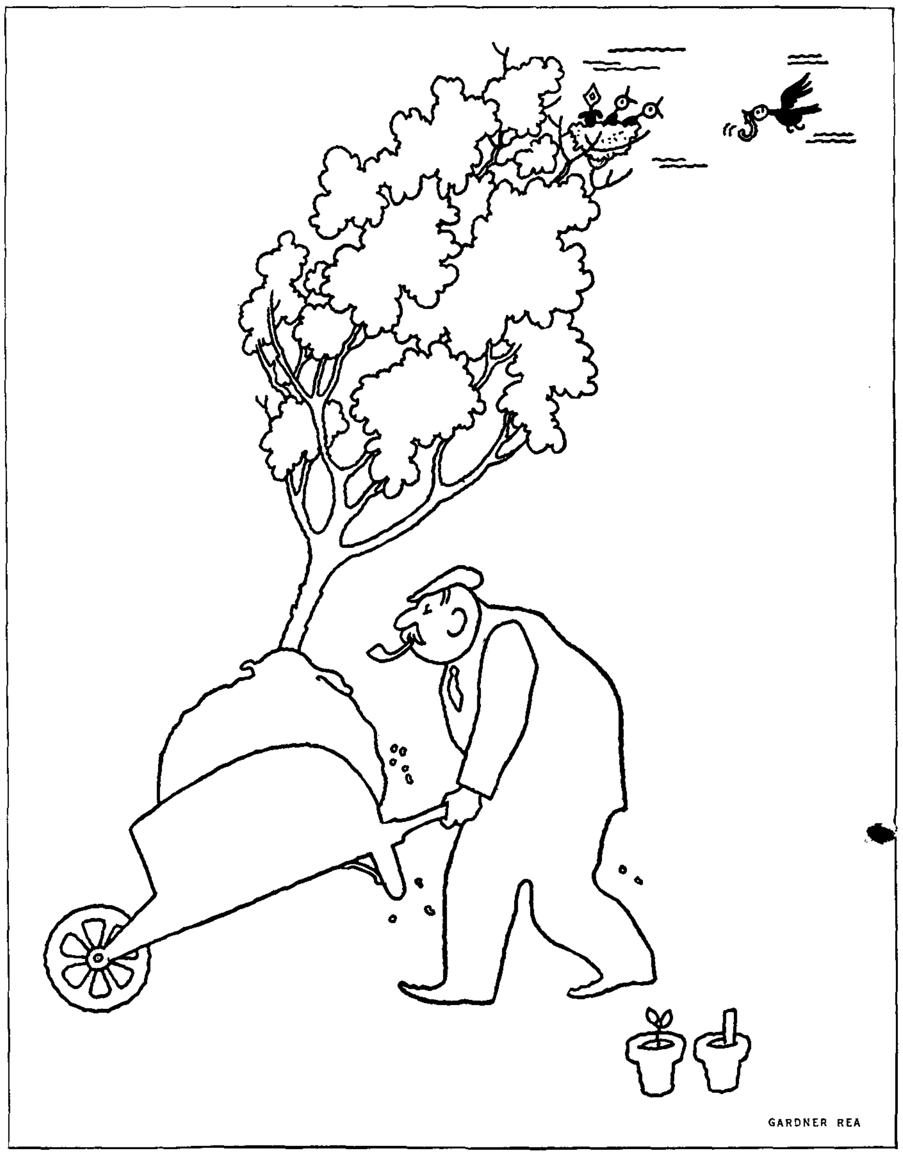
In another pawnshop he bought Refugee a suit, shirt and shoes. Refugee scorned socks. He had, he pointed out, never worn socks. Willie didn't argue with him. He bought him ring trunks and boxing shoes, a worn silk bathrobe with a golden harp on its faded green back. Then he took Refugee and planted him in a pool hall with explicit directions to talk to no one and not to go away. Then Willie took his last ten dollars in his hand and walked to the curb. "Take me to Tom Packer's office. Tom Packer, the promoter," he told the cab driver.

WILLIE WURTZEL came up the aisle behind his fighter without a thin dime in his pockets, carrying his own water bucket because he couldn't pay a boy two dollars. If Refugee won they would have fifty. If he lost they would have nothing.

The announcer got Refugee's name wrong, called him Refuse Smith but stated the other facts correctly: that Refuse weighed one fifty-eight, was fighting four rounds to a decision against one Western Mahoney and that Refuse was a substitute for the popular Eddie Andrews who had broken his hand while training.

This got a tolerant chuckle from some acquaintances of Eddie Andrews and Willie took Refugee Smith by the arm and led him to the center of the ring for his instructions.

Back in their corner, Willie leaned



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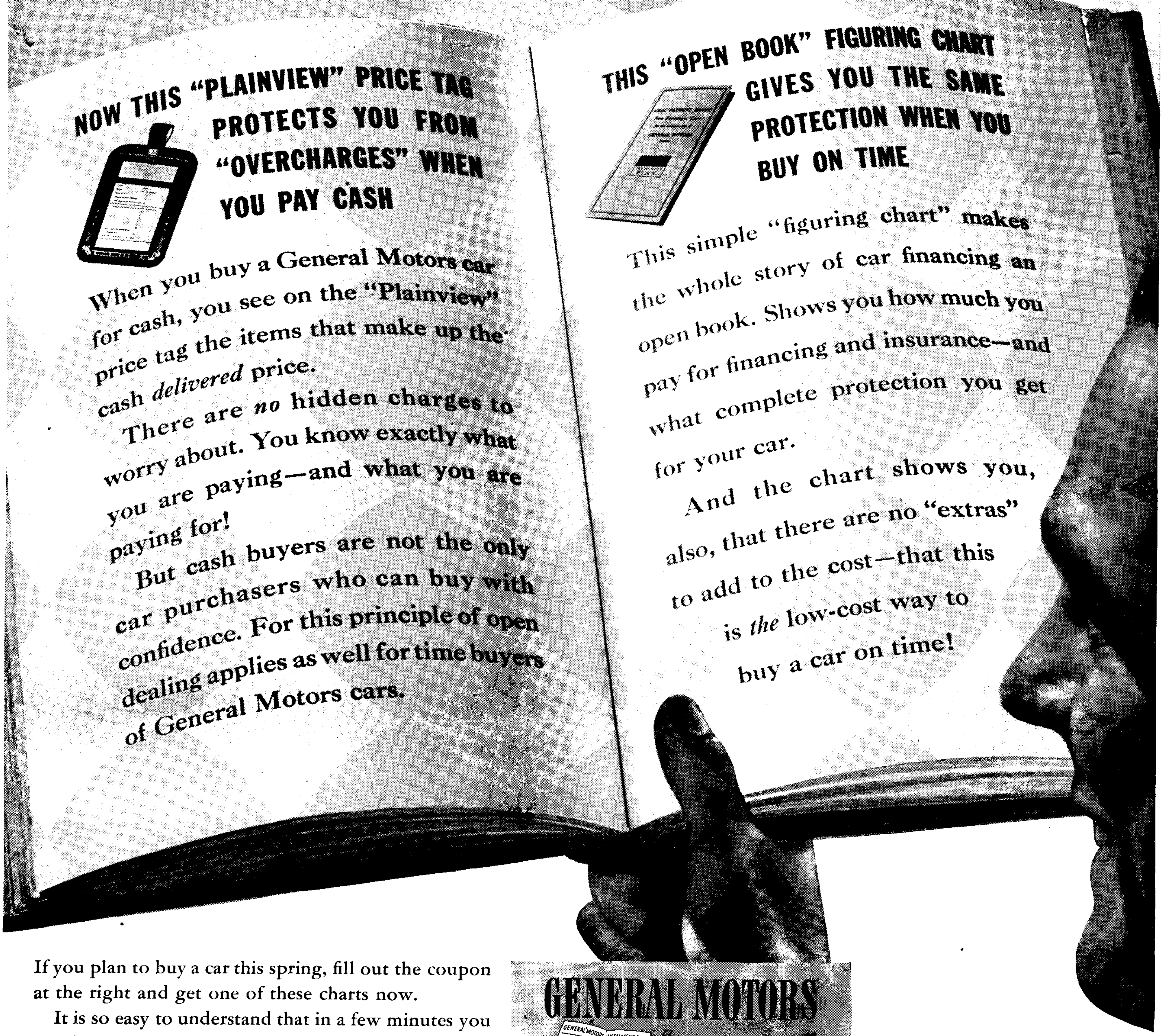

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HISTORIC CANNON—MAUI
LEGENDARY CAVES—KAUAI
RAINBOW FALLS—HAWAII
IOLANI BARRACKS—OAHU
FRISSELL

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over. "Remember about your left hand and keep your shoulder up and . . ." The *bell rang.*

Refugee Smith walked out to the center of the ring, wound up with his left hand to the delight of Western Mahoney who beat him to the punch by several miles and cut his cheek with a crashing left hook. The round was a shambles, *though Refugee never went down.* Willie couldn't look.

Refugee came back to his corner at the bell and sat down. He looked puzzled. "I can't remember all what yo' tole me, Mr. Willie," he said. "I try to remember an' he hits me."

Willie Wurtzel rubbed blood from his face. Refugee's heart was beating slowly. He wasn't hurt.

"Look out there," Willie hissed. "All those people. What'll they think of the Lord if His servant gets beat. They'll think the Lord is layin' down on the job. *That's what they'll think.*" He paused.

"Refugee," he said impassionedly. "*The Lord is in your corner.* Go out and smite him hip and thigh but don't hit him really that low because you'll lose on a foul. Forget everything I told you."

Refugee Smith's face creased into a grin. "Hot dog," he cried, and he left his corner with a big joyous bound as the bell for the second round sounded.

NOBODY was ever quite sure what happened. Willie didn't know, and it was plain that Western Mahoney never had time to get the faintest glimmer. But Western Mahoney was lying on the canvas from one of an avalanche of blows that came from all the unorthodox directions they should not have come from and Refugee Smith was standing at the ropes shouting to the crowd as the referee counted.

"Repent," he yelled, "for the Day of Judgment's comin'! The Lord gives me strength for I've seen the light . . ."

The rest was drowned in delighted cheers. A reporter at the ringside started a story: "The Lord and Willie Wurtzel *were in the corner of a colored middleweight named Smith last night.* Between them they seem to have something. . . ."

WILLIE WURTZEL dragged his feet into the pawnshop where he'd hocked his ring and laid down thirty-one dollars *and sixty-eight cents. He laid a ticket* down beside it. "I want to redeem that glass I give you," he said.

The man behind the counter picked up the ticket and went back to the safe. He came forth with the ring.

"Yeah," Willie said. "It's glass. I palmed the McCoy."

The pawnbroker screwed his glass into his eye and looked at it. Then he looked up, scratched his head under his little cap and sighed.

"Why did you come back?" he asked.

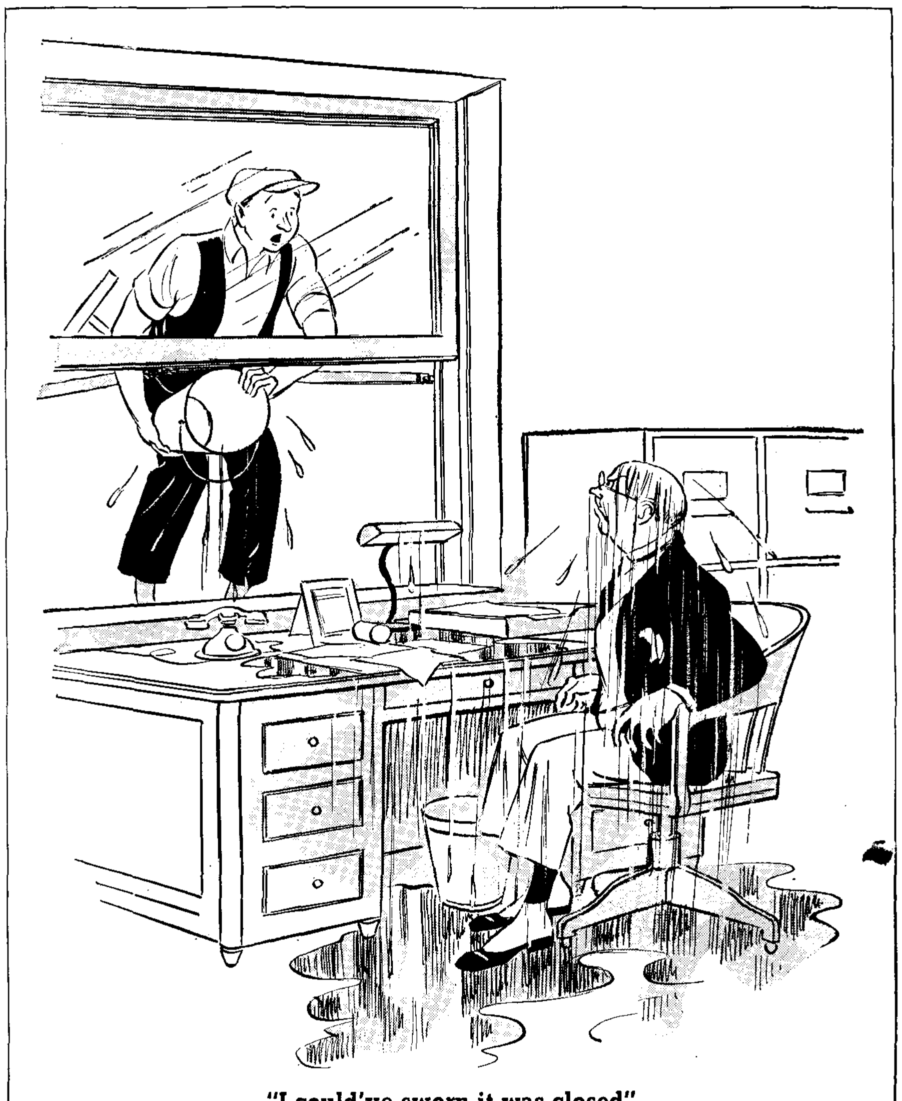
"I guess I got . . . I dunno. I—well—this boy here. He thought he killed a man and that I saved him and he believed so strong in me and the Lord that he made us fifty dollars and I thought . . . I dunno. Gimme the ring."

The pawnbroker took the money. He looked at Refugee Smith standing feasting his eyes on a pearl inlaid harmonica. "I give you the harmonica," he said. And he reached in and handed it to Refugee. Then he turned to Willie Wurtzel. "Keep this glass ring," he said. "You can always get thirty dollars on it here."

Refugee Smith blew a soft blast on his new instrument. "Where we go now, Mr. Willie?" he asked.

Willie Wurtzel looked up at Refugee Smith. "In a roundabout way," he said, "we are headin' for Madison Square Garden. When it's full," he added, "it holds eighteen thousand sinners, miserable sinners." He reached over and patted the old man behind the counter on the arm.

"Where is the nearest synagogue?" Willie Wurtzel asked under his breath.



"I could've sworn it was closed"

BEN ROTH

How the Germans Take It

Continued from page 15

per month. German dry measure is on the metric scale: figure one American pound for each 453 grams.

Butter	450 grams
Cheese	250 grams
Bread	4,400 grams
Child foodstuffs (oats, etc.)	500 grams
Meat and sausage	1,000 grams
Marmalade	400 grams
Ersatz honey	125 grams
Sugar	1,000 grams
Miscellaneous: (rice, noodles, etc.)	500 grams
Ersatz coffee	400 grams
Sago, corn, flour, etc.	100 grams

In addition, each child is entitled to ¾ liter, which is slightly less than a quart, of Grade-A milk per day, but is not supposed to eat margarine, oil, bacon or lard. If your little ones are over six, but less than fourteen, they get only ¼ liter of milk a day. Otherwise, they fare like their younger brothers and sisters; better in some things—such as bread, of which they get almost half a pound a day, and as much meat as adults, or a pound a week.

No One is Starving Yet

Over fourteen, you're a grownup: and then—unless you're an expectant mother, in which case you can have a pint of Grade A—you get only skimmed milk, what the Germans call "*blau milch*," as much as the milkman feels he can spare. If he is your pal, you might get a half pint. All foods are not rationed; only those that contain oil or are chiefly obtained from abroad, such as wheat and coffee. Potatoes, apples, grapes and pears are plentiful, and can be had without cards; so can vegetables in season. You can walk into any store that has these things, and buy freely. Most shops have a good supply of canned goods, too; but these can't be sold until their fresh prototypes are all gone. Moreover, they must be opened in the store, when sold; to prevent hoarding.

Fish and fowl, although not on cards, can only be purchased in the store where you are registered and given a number, which comes up in order. Fowl are not plentiful, and your friends will joke with you about this: "I am Number 14506 for a goose at Herr Breitstein's shop, come and help me eat it—in 1946!"

There is joking about bread also. Nobody understands why it was rationed, if there's so much of it. Germany's annual consumption of wheat and rye totals seven million tons. She has stored nearly nine million in reserve; and claims that, with normal harvests, she can add nearly a million tons a year to this backlog. Your waiter, if you dine out, nine times in ten won't ask for your bread card: he even has a pocketful for emergencies. But he certainly makes you lay your butter coupon on the table before you get your "wafer." The daily allotment of butter is 10 grams. That is about half as thick as one of the pats you get in restaurants at home. Of bread, however, you and your wife can get more than 38 pounds a month between you; more, of course, if there are others in your family.

You can get only one egg a week, even if they are available. City people grumble suspiciously that country people, who are also on ration cards, really fare better because they "hold out" on what they send to market. It is a fact that the government wisely considers sectional food habits: for instance, Bavarians, notably hearty eaters, get bigger ration card allowances all around.

It's the same old game of wits always played when a government imposes sumptuary legislation. Remember the fun we had during prohibition? Germany has daily contact with all her immediate neighbors except France—in particular, with the rich dairy countries of Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland. There is some bootlegging and some hoarding. Butter or soap will do more for casual romance than a bankroll. The habit of national discipline is strong, however; the patriotism is genuine; and there are heavy penalties to keep weak brethren in line.

Patients in hospitals get 2½ pounds of meat a week, instead of the well person's one pound. The hospitals had a rush of well-to-do boarders, until doctors, with the eye of the government on them, began looking closer. Foremost hotels are skillful in wrangling supplies for "*markenfrei*" dishes: such as chicken and fish, which are difficult for lay folks to obtain. So Germans who can afford it stay frequently in hotels. They take "*markenfrei*" dishes—and send out their meat cards to buy sausages; or save up for meat blowouts in fashionable restaurants. There was an unprecedented run on cough drops. All your German friends were hastening into drugstores, hacking pitifully. The government caught on and the coughing stopped. The cough drops contained more sugar than the allowance!

Scissors are used oftener than knives and forks in restaurants. Funny papers have many cartoons of modern young German heroes of love—the man who gives all his meat cards to his girl friend when he takes her out.

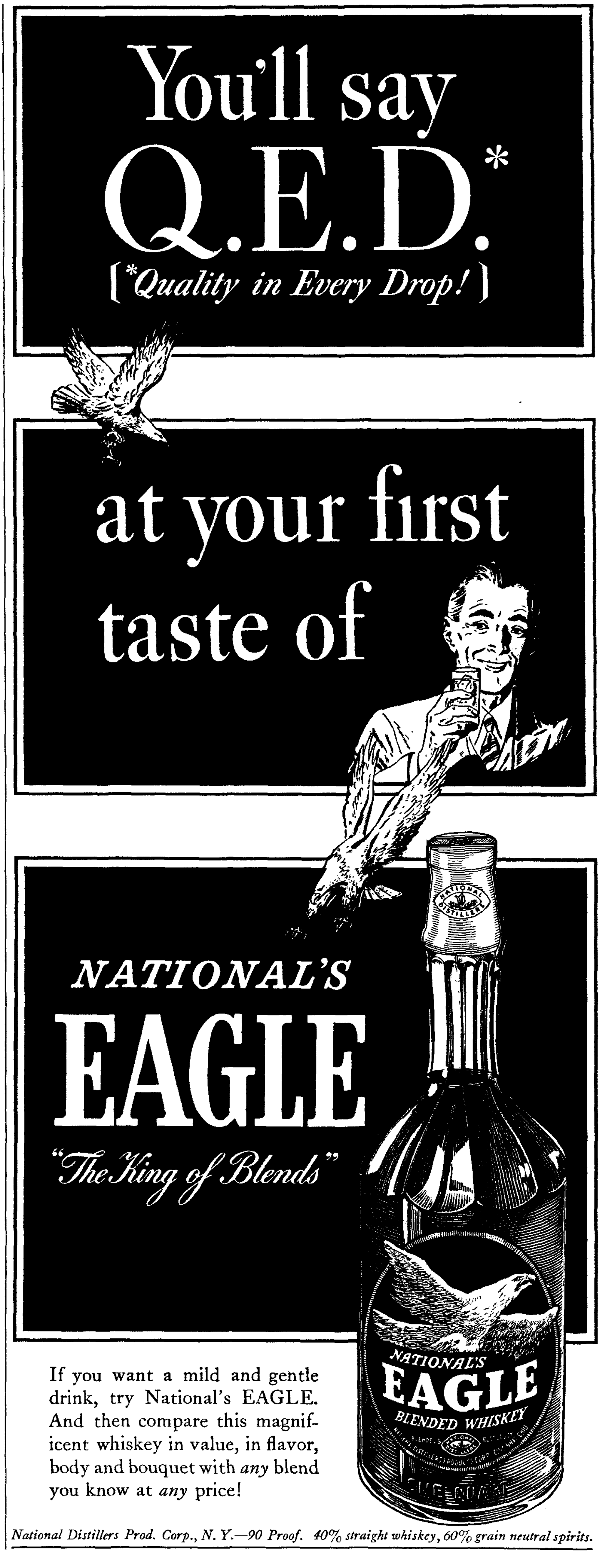
Your hausfrau's share in the game is to plan variations for home meals, and get away from the starchy food which fills your bellies but not your muscles. She bumps into the hardest part of all; shopping. Perhaps she has five to buy for: self, husband and three children. That will be better than three pounds of meat each week. She can reduce the interminable waiting in line at the meat shop if she buys the whole three pounds at once. Yet, thoughtful of her flock, she fears that by so doing she may overlook the chance to gain variety if she waits in line every other day—and buys quarter- or half-pound packets.

Do Your Own Shopping

There is no delivery any more, even from the best shops. Even if she is able to afford a maid, the dutiful hausfrau goes to market personally. First, to see that her ration cards are not oversnipped and that she is not cheated. Second, personal contact with your tradesmen is more important now than ever; they can be nice in so many little ways. For all that you've heard about "*gleichschaltung*"—the well-known regimentation that has been going on in Germany under the party—there is still class distinction. And shopkeepers can spot one who is accustomed to being well-served and will not quibble about prices.

Two meatless days a week here recall for Americans the meatless, heatless and sugarless days we had in 1918. Yet without cards, and without an uncontrollable appetite for meat, butter and sugar, you can in all truth walk into any restaurant in Germany today and get a wholesome, adequate meal. Shortages often are only apparent, due to bookkeeping or to militarily clogged transport lines.

The government tells you that table


You'll say Q.E.D.* [*Quality in Every Drop!] at your first taste of NATIONAL'S EAGLE "The King of Blends"

If you want a mild and gentle drink, try National's EAGLE. And then compare this magnificent whiskey in value, in flavor, body and bouquet with *any* blend you know at *any* price!

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y.—90 Proof. 40% straight whiskey, 60% grain neutral spirits.

On the Right Track!

● You're heading straight toward perfect satisfaction in Scotch when you follow Black & White.

For this great whisky has an unmistakable personality . . . a fine Character that leads you to magnificent flavor and subtle bouquet. And it's a Character you can always depend upon . . . for it has not been changed since the famous blend was created generations ago. That's why you're always on the right track when you ask for Black & White.

Fine Old Scotch
Black & White
Buchanan
Glasgow Scotch
By Appointment to the late King George V
Product of Scotland
Black & White
Fine Old Blended Scotch Whisky
8 Years Old
Scotch Whisky Distillers
Glasgow, Scotland
New York, N.Y.

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

The Scotch with Character

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discipline will be good for your waistline as well as your pocketbook. My German doctor argued: "We have never been diet faddists in the way you have—vitamin conscious. The staples of our common people's eating habits have always been meat, bread, kraut, beer and potatoes. There hasn't been the slightest cutting down of four of those items. The per capita German consumption used to be 3 pounds of meat a week. Now it can be only one. That won't hurt the average German. The real deprivation, from the standpoint of health and comfort, to German workers is butter. You need fats in this miserable, depressing Baltic climate, to build inner heat and energy, and resistance against colds. But I think it would take a very long war—ten years at least—before there would be a noticeable decline in national health."

"Look at the British"

Food rationing here is not merely a product of war—it is the outgrowth of totalitarian economy and preparedness. Goebbels reminds people of the last war, in which there were two years of prosperity, a third of want and a last of desperate hunger. He says: "This time, neither feast nor famine, but just enough, spread out for as long as is necessary."

Moreover, he constantly reassures Germans that "they (the enemy) haven't got anything you haven't got!" Capital is made of the fact that France has three meatless days a week, and that England, too, is on ration cards, and of a comparison between British and German rations. Sugar and bacon allowances, for example, are but fractionally higher in England, while butter allowance is practically the same in each country—four ounces a week. Also, you are reminded, the German system is more elastic: it gives preferences to people, which the English doesn't, according to occupation. A "*schwerarbeiter*," or hard-working man—say, truck driver or day laborer—gets double the normal allotment of meat and fats. A "*schwerstarbeiter*," or hardest hard-working man—coal miner, or munitions worker—gets double, plus two thirds.

Foreign correspondents are considered "*schwerarbeiter*."

Germany is gloomy. Human enlightenment, despite skeptics, has made too much progress for any civilized peoples to throw hats in air and dance in streets for joy because war has come. But everyone is spending because everyone is working, and—the Germans say—"no one in Europe knows what's coming next, so we may as well enjoy what we've got now!" Despite government preaching there is apparently no attempt to save.

I think the real horror of Europe today is that millions have abandoned faith in the future. Consequently, when you see good spirits you remain unconvinced.

Restaurants, even fashionable ones, amusement parks, sports grounds and proletarian beer and festhalls are crowded. Movies cost from four marks for the best seats in the finest theaters to eighty pfennigs in the neighborhood houses, and they are jammed, with American films the most popular and Clark Gable the favorite. Germans don't go much for female stars. Germany is a nation of music lovers and operas, and concert halls are especially prosperous this winter, not only because the government encourages these affairs as "antiblack-out depression" tonics but because the people demand it. There are inexpensive "People's Theaters" throughout Germany; and whereas in France and England art museums are closed, their treasures buried away in vaults for protection against air raids, German museums are undisturbed and special exhibitions are being held in Vienna, Dresden, Leipzig, Berlin and elsewhere.

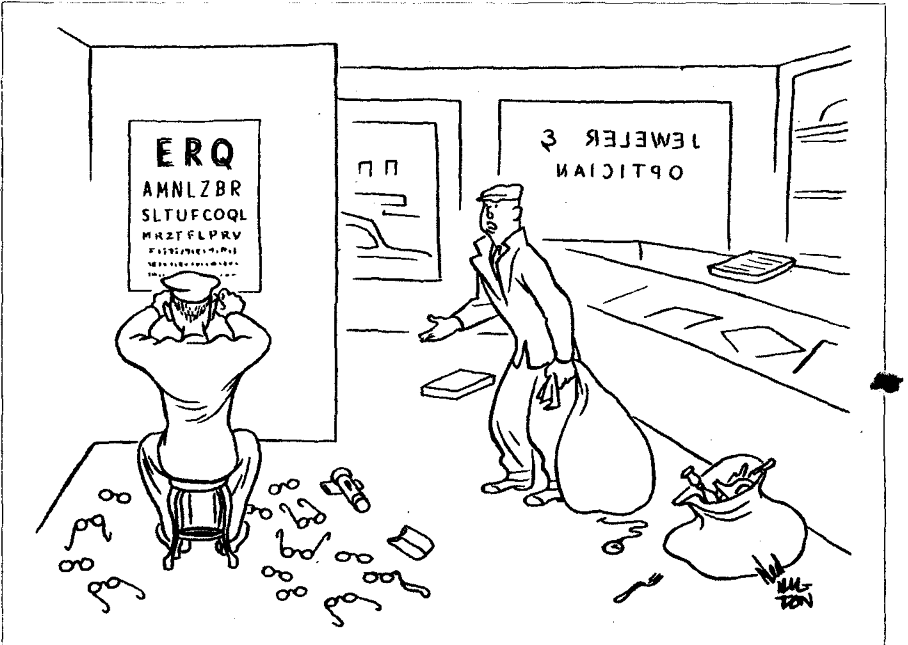
"The greatest hardship of this war," foreigners in Germany tell one another, "is to see a whole nation of female legs in cotton or shoddy!"

For clothing is on cards, and rationed even more severely than food. Wool and silk are the meats and fats of wearables. There's no such thing as a gift of silk hose to friend wife to get you out of the doghouse. One pair of stockings every two months is the most that any fräulein, rich or poor, loved or unloved, can hope for; "runs" are service chevrons.

It is simply impossible to dash into a shop and buy clothing. It isn't a matter of money alone. There has been no rise in prices, no profiteering. The government has attended to that. The important thing is to have a "*bezugschein*," or permit. You can get that if you have a real need—and plenty of time.

Ersatz fabrics are beginning to appear: paper, glass, pulp-fiber. Design is affected; to conserve materials tailors are making suits with fewer buttons, and only one pocket in the trousers and none in coats.

Even to buy mending thread or darning cotton you must be registered in a certain shop and buy only there. Shoes—and shoe mending—require special permits. You must go to the bureau



"Find a good pair quick—we gotta get out of here!" NED HILTON

YES, BUT A BLOW-OUT JERKS THE STEERING WHEEL RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HANDS..
I STILL SAY SKIDS ARE MUCH WORSE!.... WHEN YOUR CAR STARTS TO SPIN YOU CAN'T TELL WHERE YOU'LL LAND...

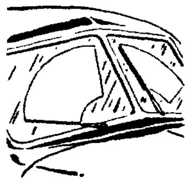
Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against *BOTH* Skids and Blow-outs

READING TIME: 1 MINUTE 7 SECONDS

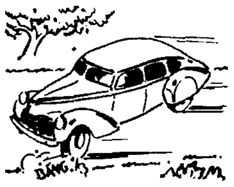
Here's an argument you can't win. Because when figures prove that thousands are killed or injured every year by skids and blow-outs, you need to watch out for *both!* You need a tire that gives you not just "half-way" protection, but safety all the way through — in tread and carcass. And that's why you need the full-time protection of the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown — the only tire in the world with Life-Saver Tread skid protection and Golden Ply blow-out protection.

* * * *

Ever see a tire sweep wet roads dry? Well that's just what the Silvertown Life-Saver Tread does. As its never-ending spiral bars roll over the wet road, they act like a whole battery of windshield wipers—sweep the water right and left from under the tire—actually leave a track so dry you can light a match on it. Thus it's easy to see why you get the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had—why you have a new feeling of security on wet, slippery roads.



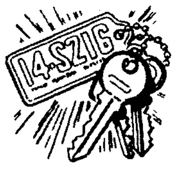
Yes, the Life-Saver Tread gives you the greatest skid protection ever offered. But *inside* every Silvertown is another great invention just as vital to your driving safety—the new improved Golden Ply. This exclusive Goodrich feature resists the terrific *internal tire heat that causes so many* of today's high-speed blow-outs—provides you with scientific protection against these blow-outs.

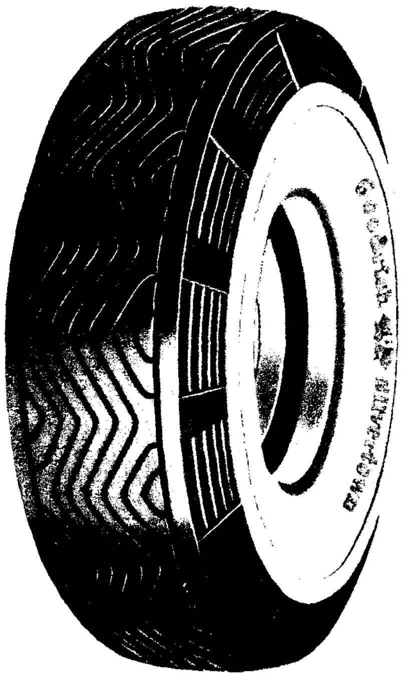


Don't take chances on skids or blow-outs. See your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store about putting the life-saving protection of Silvertowns on your car now.

* * * *

What's your license number? Drive into your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get you a miniature reproduction of your own new 1940 license plate on a key chain. It's handy, good-looking and made of brass with rounded corners. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.





The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

PLAN TO SEE JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

I thought I had A CAST IRON STOMACH

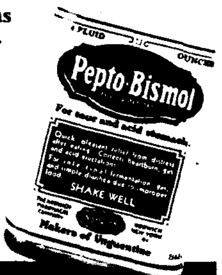
Do you abuse your stomach with indigestible foods—and with nervous, hastily eaten meals? Does your stomach often feel sickish, sour and upset? Take Pepto-Bismol!

●

Never upset an upset stomach with over-doses of drastic, irritating physics and purges. It is far better to help quiet the upset and soothe the irritated intestinal walls.

Take soothing Pepto-Bismol! Neither physic nor antacid, Pepto-Bismol is designed to aid in retarding intestinal fermentation, gas formation and to relieve simple diarrhea.

It helps the stomach distressed by nervous indigestion, over-indulgence, change of diet, or improperly selected or prepared food. *At all druggists.*



*Norwich

*Makers of *Unguentine*

*PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UpSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

designated for your neighborhood, file an application, and prove your need. If you are suspected of fibbing, the police may visit your home and tally your wardrobe. At the bureau, you may find a hundred people ahead of you and you may have to wait as much as six hours.

I know one lad who got a job with an orchestra. He applied for a shoes permit. Authority looked at his feet and said: "Why, you've got a pair of shoes, and they seem good!" He said, "Yes, but these are brown and for my new job I need a pair of black!" He was thrown out, with the admonition that the artistic ensemble of an orchestra was of little concern to the Reich at war.

There is some bootlegging in clothes. A business traveler might come back from Sweden wearing four sets of underwear and two suits. Both clothing and food are received legitimately, too, of course, through cabled help from relatives or friends abroad—especially from America through agencies in neighbor countries. And meanwhile, there are little tricks.

The government has some. It tells you that much wear and tear on clothes is caused by bad table manners. If you don't get soup and cabbage stains on your ties, or coats, you won't have to clean them so often—and thus wear them out. One third of all laundering, it explains, could be avoided if you take care not to get dirty. A careful, neat, and tidy nation will be one result of the war. War economy is doubly served here; soap, a fat product, is scarcer than income-tax rebates in the United States.

The people have "ways," too. A girl boasted to me how she got extra stockings and said this was not an uncommon stratagem. She went into the shop where she always bought stockings and picked out two pairs. *"Bezugschein, bitte!"* said the clerk. "Oh, but look here!" said my friend, "these are imperfect!" The clerk gulped—and got the point. Stockings with imperfections are free—and the little lady's fingernails had been busy.

If a girl wants to get a whole outfit in a hurry—two pairs of stockings, a dress, and all the trimmings—she can do it by marrying a soldier!

Perhaps you can best complete your picture of how people live in Germany now by looking at the budget of my young friend, Herr Peter Schufer.

Peter is in his early thirties, married and has a good job with a bank. Neither he nor Irma worries about things, for nearly every phase of their life is organized. No matter what happens—short of revolution and chaos—the government, like the Lord, will provide.

Herr Schufer, Doing All Right

Under the law, he cannot be fired without six months' notice, so long as he is honest and diligent. If he is mobilized, the government will pay their rent, and his firm will pay 85 per cent of his salary, while the government will make up the rest.

Like half a million of Berlin's more than four million population, he commutes. A thirty-minute ride each way daily on the excellent *Stadtbahn* costs him, for a monthly ticket, about $6.30. For a small fee, he belongs to a building organization, which cuts his monthly rent one fifth. Week ends they sail on a near-by lake in their own small boat, or bicycle in the woods. Irma does her own housework, but twice a month a cleaning woman comes in. She gets fifty pfennigs an hour plus carfare and lunch.

Peter and Irma do not belong to the party, although neither is against the Nazis. They think Hitler has done a good job in clearing slums, reducing unemployment and safeguarding the rights of workers. Peter explains that the one thing about the Nazis most resented by middle-class people is the interference with the normal home life of the children. Parents feel that six days a week is enough to give their children to the Reich; Sundays ought to be spent at home. But Sunday is collection day—not only money for charity but for metal, clothing, scraps—the hundred and one things "saved" in the national economy. Children do most of this collecting.

Peter and Irma have a radio, of course. They listen to news broadcasts, and to important speeches, but not to all the propaganda. They occasionally risk tuning in foreign stations. Irma says that her favorite is the "Soldiers' Request Program." This is a daily feature. Music and other numbers requested by men in the Westwall are put on. In this program are also announced the names of men at the front who have become fathers since they joined up. Twins or triplets bring resounding cheers. Peter and Irma send mail to relatives in the army postage free. The government, through radio and other means, does everything to make the war homey.

They'd Rather Have Peace

Peter's salary is 369 Reichsmarks per month. Out of this he must pay in taxes:

1. Income tax	25.50
2. Head tax	3.50
3. Army tax	12.70
4. War tax (½ income tax)	12.75
5. Unemployment insurance	10.00
6. Old age insurance (his firm pays another 8)	8.00
7. Sick insurance	31.78
	104.23

The total he pays in taxes, therefore, does not reach one third of his income. The government likes to point out that he pays less than we do in the United States, less than people in England and many other countries do. There are no hidden taxes and no sales taxes, except for a small one lately on beer.

The sick insurance is really something. All German workers are insured: if Peter hadn't joined a private company, his employer would have put him in the general municipal sick insurance. This insurance enables Peter and Irma to have every kind of medical and dental attention.

Peter and Irma are reasonably contented with their lot, but they hope the war ends soon. In common with ninety per cent of their fellow Germans, they hate the war; they are depressed by the black-outs, weary of the red tape of rationing, afraid the outcome might take away from them what they now have.

Irma is young and, physically at least, she does not mind the waiting in line, for this and for that, as much as her friend, old Frau Mehring, whom we met in a meat shop the day I went there with Irma to see how things worked.

We were early, but so was everyone else, because that's how you get choice things. It was a large store; even so, many had to wait outside on the blustery sidewalk. Few of the hausfrauen had gloves: the hands that held shawls tightly around their heads were blue and swollen. They stood in the sharp morning with complete docility, talking little, and neither pushing nor grumbling. I asked Frau Mehring if she did not mind. She smiled. "I've got five boys in the army. Just think of that. As many sons as you have fingers on the hand. No, I do not mind waiting here like this, every day. Because my sons tell me in their letters that they have never eaten better. Don't you think any German mother should be happy to know that?"

I could not tell whether it was the cold wind that made her eyes run.

It's an advantage to know

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF
NEW JERSEY

and an advantage to remember

GORDON'S HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF 94.4

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

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Linden, N. J.

Ma-ma Mosquito

Continued from page 17

Mikado's men has become a grim but joyful business.

This fire-breathing mite of a woman was taught long years ago to have a healthy fear and distrust for the neighboring Japanese. She was driven from home in Siu-yang the first time during the Sino-Japanese war of 1895. She saw the Mikado's armies raze her home town again in 1904 during the Russo-Japanese conflict. And finally, when the Japanese rushed into Siu-yang for the third time, after the Mukden incident of 1931, Madame Chao Yu-tang had enough.

Leader Without Followers

She was already fifty-six. But she took a vow to spend her remaining years in a private war against Japanese who seized Chinese territory by force. She called in her oldest sons, Chao Tung and Chao Lien-chun, who had dropped their civil engineering studies and fled from Northeastern University in Mukden when the Japanese engulfed the town. She borrowed ten rifles from a unit of regular troops and bought up all the food she could find.

"My sons," she said, "I am willing to place everything I have in your hands. Food, guns, money. But only on the condition that you join me in fighting the Japanese until they clear out of the country."

"We will make that promise," they replied.

The brothers went up into the mountains behind Peiping, accompanied by a few other university students. They lived in caves, built lookout stations on steep, rocky crags and began picking off Japanese soldiers who came through the region with supplies.

Madame Chao, already undergoing the metamorphosis that was to result in the incredible Ma-ma Mosquito, established headquarters in a plain little house at Chunganhsien. She built an underground hospital to take care of wounded guerillas, stored food, arms and medical supplies in crude vaults. Then she borrowed a Mauser pistol, practiced until she had mastered the kick of the heavy gun and started out through the countryside to round up recruits and take pot shots at birds and other innocuous targets. The first few months were discouraging; guerilla warfare was an undeveloped idea and all her eloquence brought only a handful of men to her sons' headquarters for enlistment.

The turning point came the night Ma-ma Mosquito called a bluff.

She had gathered a small crowd around her in the dusty market place of a little town in North Shansi Province. She talked of guerilla war and the need for men.

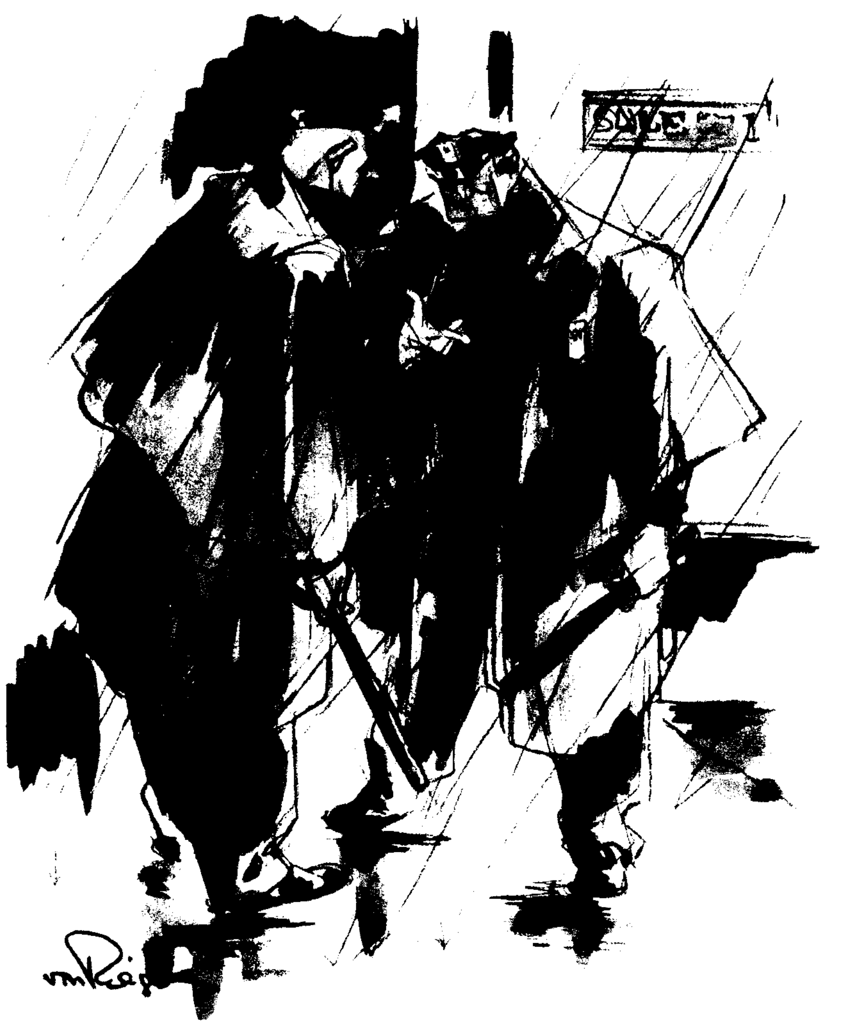
But on this night something was wrong. The coolies only stared. The farmers were mute, unmoved.

"China needs a million men," she cried. "But I will ask for just one tonight who will join my army in the hills. Is there not one man of courage among you?"

"How do we know you are not a spy?" one farmer finally spoke. "You are an old woman. What do you know of guerilla war?"

They were all taunting now.

"Wait . . ." Ma-ma Mosquito cried;



"Then Jimmy Cagney pulls out a gun an' bing, bing! Singlehanded he cleans up the whole mob!"

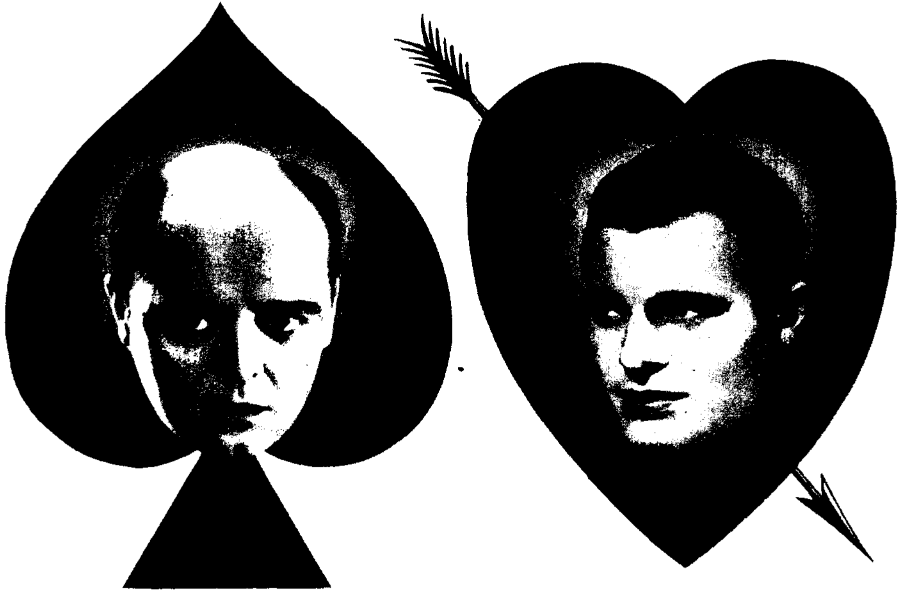
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

WHEN CUPID DEALS THE CARDS

(Can you pick the winner?)

It wouldn't be the King of
Clubs,
Love would soon exclaim.
He combs his hair with water
Kreml would keep it tame.

Nor would the King of
Diamonds
Make a gal sing hi de ho.
He packs his hair with greasy
goo—
Looks like a gigolo!



When the cards are chosen,
This one won't be called.
Kreml can never help him,
Poor guy, he's just too bald.

But with the King of Hearts
It's love's old sweet story.
Because he uses Kreml
His hair's a crowning glory.

DON'T douse your hair with water to comb it. Water washes away natural oils—leaves hair wild and unmanageable. Don't go to the other extreme and pack hair with greasy goo. Use Kreml regularly. It keeps hair in place and looking its natural best. Most important, Kreml checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp.

Ladies! Kreml puts your hair in splendid condition for permanents, makes them look lovelier.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair soft and pliable.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

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LIMITED TIME ONLY

REGULAR ~~$1.00~~ SIZE 59¢

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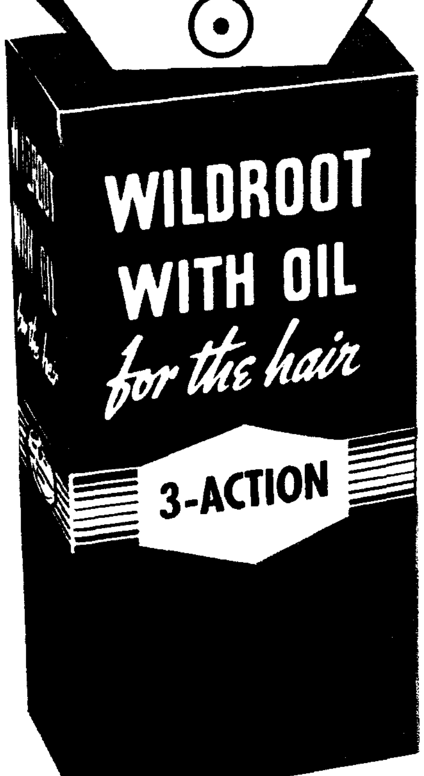

TRY THE FINGERNAIL TEST!

SCRATCH your scalp now if you dare! If your fingernails show ugly dandruff scales, you need 3-action Wildroot-with-Oil! Removes loose dandruff, relieves dryness, grooms the hair. Wildroot-with-Oil is the original Wildroot formula plus pure vegetable oils to dress hair neatly without building up grease on scalp. Get Wildroot-with-Oil today while this sensational bargain offer lasts! Professional applications at your barber.

Dare you to try it!

WILDROOT-WITH-OIL

3-action for the hair

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS. 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS

3. REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES

IMPORTANT: *Wildroot, original formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily hair preparation, also on sale everywhere! Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Fort Erie, Ont., Canada*

"are there any Japanese patrols near by?"

A farmer pointed toward a hill behind the town. "Yes. Up there."

"Then follow me."

She moved down the rutted road softly, and they trailed on behind her, with the dry dust muffling their cautious steps. They came to the first slope and the humped spine ridge above it, where the Japanese sentries stood stiffly like blackbirds on a fence.

The old woman fumbled in her full skirt, pulled out the Mauser, took aim.

Zing-g-g-g.

The first man dropped like a shooting-gallery duck.

The second sentry was silhouetted black against the yellow moon. Ma-ma Mosquito grinned, took aim again.

Zing-g-g-g.

The third sentry ran, yelling and threshing through the dry grass until he was out of range. Ma-ma Mosquito put the gun away and trudged silently back along the road to town. She had been lucky—she had won a hundred men, and they went with her into the hills.

And so passed three years.

During that period Ma-ma Mosquito's seventy-five-year-old husband gave up his farm near Antung, and came to help his sons. The mountain army grew, so did the number of spies trying to uncover its urban headquarters. In February of 1934, Japanese troops came to Ma-ma Mosquito's village and summoned the inhabitants.

They chose five of the town's leading citizens at random, tortured them for information and, when none was forthcoming, burned them at the stake in the village market place. The following day the invaders picked out a dozen houses by drawing lots and set them afire. And one of them happened to be the headquarters of the guerilla clan.

Ma-ma Mosquito waited until the Japanese moved on before she dug into the ashes of her home and salvaged the cache of arms and food in the hidden tunnels. She loaded the stuff into some old wagons, covered it with vegetables and traveled the wheel-scarred roads back to Siu-yang.

A Tight Spot for Ma-ma

In May she started a patriotism school for Chinese illiterates; planted a bomb under the local Japanese barracks and blew them up; held up a supply train with her men and got enough guns and ammunition for a hundred recruits.

And in June, Ma-ma Mosquito was in jail. A hundred Japanese soldiers came to her house one night, accompanied by five Chinese spies. They hustled the old amazon outside, held an oil lamp close to her face.

"Is this the one?" asked the troop leader.

"Yes," said one of the spies. "That's the old devil herself."

Ma-ma Mosquito said nothing, and in half an hour she found herself in a big cell with her husband and daughters. Ma-ma Mosquito was brought to trial three months later, after warning Chao Tung not to attempt a rescue raid on the town until all hope was gone. The prosecutor had no evidence, but the paid Chinese traitors told a good story, and in an adjoining building a firing squad began oiling its guns.

On the second day of the trial Ma-ma Mosquito hobbled to the stand, bowed politely to the judge.

"Look at me," she said in a querulous voice. "I am an old woman. Do I look as if I have the strength to lead volunteers?"

The judge nodded, frowning, as though he had already thought of that. It was a foolish idea—such a frail and stupid old woman leading an army of men.

"But," he said, "the prosecutor says you gave information to the guerillas."

Ma-ma Mosquito waggled her head. "I haven't left my house since the last rice festival," she sniveled. "I am too old. But my ancient ears hear things. Yes, yes. I hear things."

"What things?" snapped the impatient judge.

"About five men here in the village . . ." the venerable warrior's voice was as sibilant as the whisper of the willow trees. "Men who get money from both sides. They are paid to tell the guerillas when your troops march. They—"

The judge glowered at her over his glasses.

"Who are they?" he roared. "Name them and I will let you go!"

Ma-ma Mosquito chuckled, moved slowly around in her chair and leveled a calloused finger.

"There they are!"

She was pointing at the Chinese spies who caused her arrest. The speechless informers were hurried outside and immediately executed. Ma-ma Mosquito *lost no time in fleeing the town and* moving on to another refuge.

A Woman Against an Army

For the next three years Ma-ma Mosquito made her headquarters in or near Peiping, raising funds, enlisting new recruits and hoarding supplies for the long war she knew was coming to China. In July of 1937 the ponderous Japanese military machine rolled in from Manchuria and seized the ancient capital of Peiping.

Japanese secret agents carried her photograph and that of her son; women police in Japanese-controlled centers searched and examined every Chinese woman with the desperate hope that one of them would be revealed as the notorious Ma-ma Mosquito.

They do not know that she got inside Peiping a dozen times by squeezing her thin body through a 14-inch hole in the northeast city wall, nor that the blind vegetable woman with the ox cart at Tientsin was the will-o'-the-wisp chief of the guerilla troops.

The last time the invaders sent out a punitive expedition to her temporary base at Miaofengshan Hill, they used 6,000 soldiers and 50 planes.

And when the noise was all over, Ma-ma Mosquito crawled back into her hole laughing—with a total loss of seventeen men.

She rarely leaves the hills now . . . the net draws a little tighter, and the hardships of mountain life, with its severe climate and constant travel over rough terrain, have drained much of her strength.

She came down once to wheedle $2,000 for fresh supplies from Admiral Shen Hung-lieh, who was then mayor of Tsingtao. One other time, prior to the reception at Chungking, she traveled to Hankow to talk to guerilla leaders from other provinces in China. Characteristically, *she refused invitations to* social feasts, and spent her time roaming the streets challenging every able-bodied man she met.

The Hankow authorities dispatched an automobile to her hotel to take her to the train.

"What?" she snorted. "Ride a motorcar? What would my troops say if they heard about that? They might think I had forgotten how they have to live, like exiles in the hills."

She picked up her battered bag and walked the two miles to the railroad station . . . fierce, unbowed. Half a dozen regular army commanders were there to see her off: men who have lived and known the worst of bombs and cannon—and defeat. They stood stiffly at attention as the train pulled out.

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The Pie-Eyed Piper of Hollywood

Continued from page 22

I gaped at him. "You mean," I said slowly, "that after four years of lousy assignments, lousy directors, lousy actors, lousy budgets, you're gonna give me the bum's rush?"

"It ain't me," he said soothingly. "It's the war. We're lettin' out three hundred people. We gotta cut down expenses."

"You cutting down any producers?" I said.

"Don't be cynical," Finckel answered. "Times are tough. When they pick up, I'll give you a ring."

"I just have to wait till the war's over?" I asked.

Finckel shrugged.

I walked out in silence. In silence I went home. No one was there in the house. It was a beautiful house and I looked around wistfully. It cost me two hundred a month without water, lights or gas. It was going to be tough to lose it. There was a back garden that was beautiful too. The deep shade of a willow darkened the pond where the goldfish swam among the white lilies. I went out to the lawn sadly and saw Waldo. His tremendous length was stretched out on the ping-pong table. He was gazing at the sky and telling Vivian about the great crusade. She sat beside the table, holding an untouched highball, gazing at him in mute awe, a sort of divine rapture in her eyes.

I walked up to them. "I see you're stuck with the Pie-Eyed Piper," I said to Vivian.

WALDO sat up. Vivian got swiftly to her feet. Her eyes flashed. "You don't have to call him names!" she said. "It's really nothing to make gags about. I think the whole idea is perfectly superb. It is absolutely thrilling!"

I kept shut. Waldo interrupted her. "Nick," he said to me, "did you fix it with them producers?"

"The wonderful little children!" Vivian was murmuring. "The marvelous little darlings, marching to peace! Marching on Hitler! Nick, it's terrific."

The time had come. Cold anger gave me courage. I looked from one to the other. "You're both bughouse," I said evenly, "nuts, crazy, lunatic, screwball, psychopathic. Am I making myself clear?"

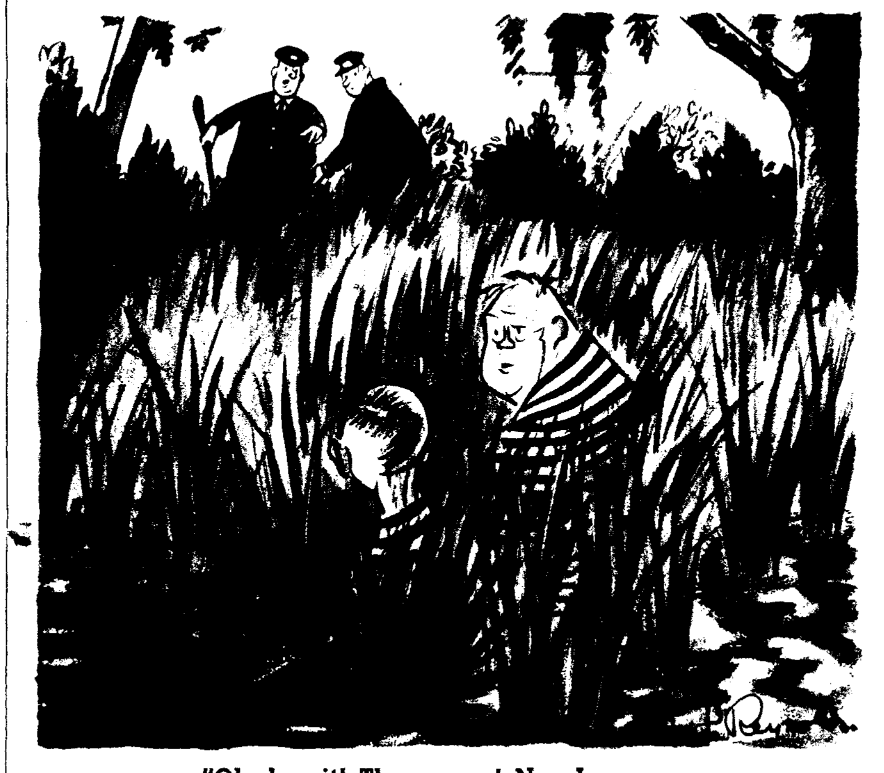
In that silence the impact of a pin would have sounded like a bomb. Waldo scratched his ear. But Vivian stared at me as Joan of Arc must have gazed on her persecutors. "Yes, you certainly are," she said icily. Then she strode imperiously out of the garden. Waldo got to his feet in silence and followed her.

IT'S hard to get drunk when your heart's broken. I tried it for a week and all I got was a crying jag in a radio car between two cops who were taking me home. I think that sobered me up. Besides, the end of the month was coming around and I had to move out of my house.

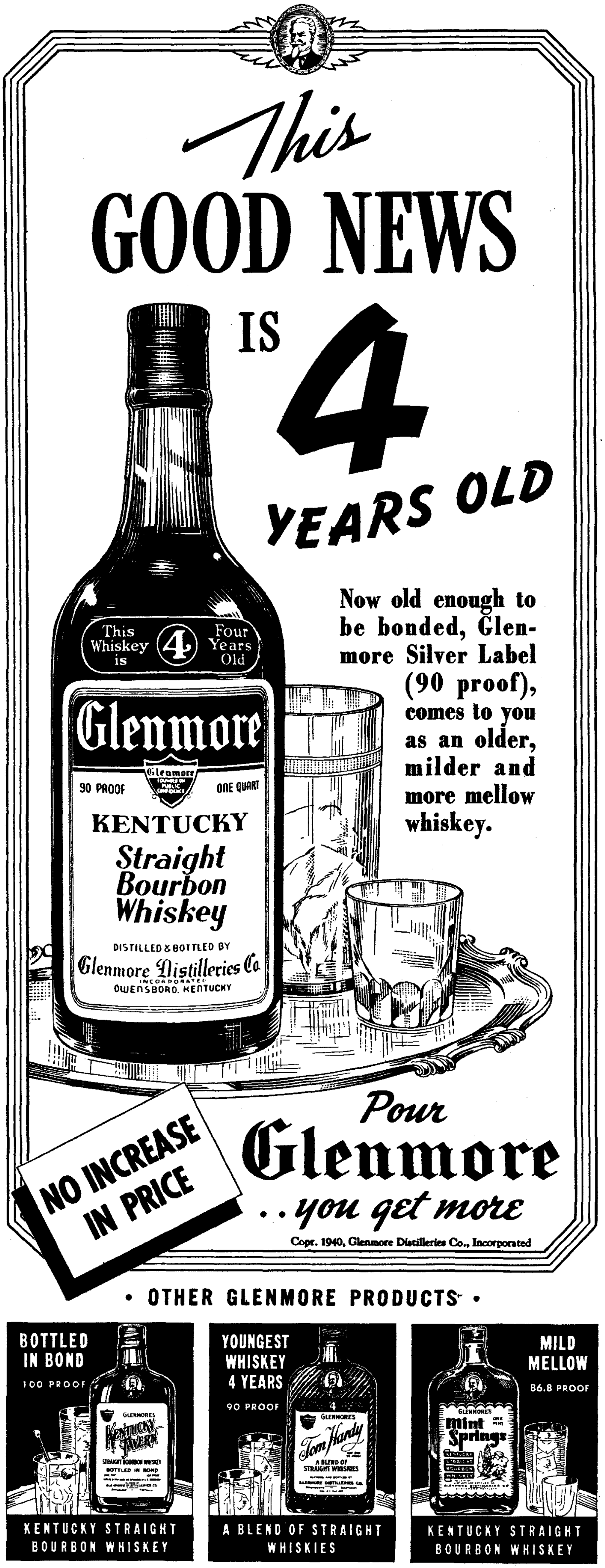
The new place I rented was called a "studio apartment" by the landlady. There was just about enough room inside to swing a Manx cat by the tail. I gave the landlady three months' rent in advance. It left me ten dollars. It wasn't until the rent was paid and I was sitting by the window that I realized the street was thick with kids. I watched them yipping up and down the asphalt and they reminded me of Waldo and that awful crusade. How can anybody be that crazy? I couldn't keep thinking about it and how it had ruined my life, so I went out and bought nine dollars' worth of canned groceries. It was almost like old times, except that now there was still the shadow of Vivian. She was a glamor girl and I've always been a sucker for glamor.

I would have crawled over broken beer bottles on my knees to apologize to her, but now I'd have to tell her I was out of work and broke, and Vivian could never understand men who were unemployed. I thought about it until I ran out of canned goods, and by that time I was resolved to go and see her.

Walking down the streets toward Beverly Hills, my courage revived itself in the sunshine. By the time I reached her little rancho mansion I even felt mildly sympathetic toward Waldo, wherever the hell he was now. And by



"Oh, darn it! They see us! Now I suppose we've got to go over an' say, hello!" LAURENCE REYNOLDS



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ADULT

the time I rang the doorbell I was filled with ecstatic anticipation.

When the door opened my ecstasy blurred swiftly into amazement. The house, the patio, the garden, all were crowded with people. I never saw so many famous people in my life, that is, all in one spot. Actors, writers, directors, producers, columnists and owners of fast horses. It was like Winchell's gabbiest column come suddenly to life. Dizzy, I headed for the bar, where two Filipinos worked desperately mixing drinks. Then I stopped dead in my tracks; for there at the bar was Waldo!

There was Waldo, gorgeous in a polo shirt and brilliantly checkered sport jacket, and talking down from his great height to no less a personage than producer Moses Winegold himself!

I edged nearer and listened. Winegold was holding a glass of buttermilk and gazing at Waldo in rapt wonder, and as for Waldo, he was telling again the great plan of the projected Child's Crusade. I heard again the words: "And I aim personally to lead them million kids right through France, right across them forts and right smack into Berlin!"

I SWALLOWED a straight one. I waited till Waldo turned away to collar a new victim, then I seized Winegold by the coat sleeve. "Mr. Winegold," I said urgently, "don't mind him. He's loco. He's only my cousin. He's out here for his health. He grew up too fast." But Winegold only walked slowly away like a man in a trance.

I knew I was ruined. I was about to leave when Vivian came up to me. She was like a saint who had just performed her first miracle. "Oh, Nick!" she cried. "It's grand, isn't it? And here you are too! You should hear Waldo! Where have you been for two weeks? Oh, we *did* have a little tiff, didn't we? Yes, it's all for Waldo, and what a wonderful reception he's getting. Doesn't he look nice?"

She rushed away, and I went outside. I knew I was ruined. No man in Hollywood can survive a relative that crazy. I walked the five miles to Keefer's Nook and there drank three Sherrys in a row as fast as Jenny could dish them up. There was a newspaper on the counter and I picked it up mechanically. What I saw did not surprise me. There was a huge photo of Waldo in the sports coat, and under it the caption read: "Can He End World War?" And another photo of Waldo and Vivian, arms linked, Vivian smiling her glamor-girl smile.

I slammed the paper on the floor. Publicity! So that's what Vivian was after! And she was certainly getting it, even if Waldo, whose last name was the same as mine, became the laughing-stock of the Second World War. Then I became calmer. "Jenny," I said, "I'm sorry." I picked up the newspaper and returned it to the counter. I looked into her eyes, into those gentle little pools of understanding, and felt better already. She was no fly-by-night actress. She was the real Miss America. And right then I knew that I loved her. It was not Vivian I loved, but it was this little waitress. I was just about to tell her so when a hand slapped my back. I whirled around and saw that the owner of the hand was my agent, Mike Swan. "You!" he bellowed. "Where in the devil have you been? Haven't you got a home any more? I get a job for you and you disappear!"

"A job?" Things were happening too fast.

"Yeah," he said, "and if you want it, you better scram over to Grand Slam Studio tomorrow morning and see Finckel. Okay?"

I nodded. He went out with a wave of his hand. Finckel? Had Finckel's heart melted? Was this another mystery of the Fox? I shuddered at the thought of it, but out of the corner of my eye I saw Jenny smiling, and I said to myself, "To hell with art, to hell with glamor, to hell with everything but Jenny!"

The next morning was the earliest I ever got to a studio. I was standing, washed and combed and full of coffee in Finckel's big office at nine A. M. flat.

Finckel came in at nine-thirty. "Oh, yeah," he said, looking at me strangely, "stick around a minute." He tossed his hat on the rack and hurried out. I waited. Then the door opened again.

It wasn't Finckel. It was Waldo!

I got up slowly, staring at him vindictively. He wore a handsome brown tweed suit and his goatee was beautifully trimmed. He walked calmly to the desk and sat on it. He was grinning pleasantly at me.

"Damn you, Waldo," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm in the driver's seat," he said. "You know that crusade? Okay, I'm gonna do it for Winegold. I got a million bucks."

"You mean," I said incredulously, "that's he's gonna finance a stunt like that? Winegold is? You're off your head."

"It ain't a stunt any more," Waldo said simply. "It's gonna be a movie which is gonna be released all over European countries, and I'm gonna write it and produce and direct it. That's all."

Finckel had walked in quietly. "Fink," I yelled at him. "You heard that, Fink. Is that on the level?"

"Of course it is," Finckel said with a scowl.

I took a deep breath and looked at Waldo. He was smiling and getting more patronizing every second. "What I want with you, Nick, is to help on the writing," he said. "I can do it okay, I think, but Vivian she thought it might be a nice kind of gesture if I had you working too. She—"

I don't know how he finished that sentence because I was walking out.

I didn't explode until I got to the corner of Vine and Sunset, and then I said, "Damn the war!" So a newsboy sidled up and said, "Okay, Buddy, here's the latest!" I gave him a nickel for the paper and slammed it in the gutter. It was my last nickel.

I walked so far I got hungry. So I turned and walked to Keefer's Nook. By the time I got there I felt pretty good. I'd hit bottom and now I was working back up.

I even smiled for Jenny. I never saw her looking so sweet or pretty.

"Jenny," I said, "you sure look pretty!"

"I had a permanent," she said.

"Well," I said, "I'm back where I started. I'm gonna have to bum a hamburger."

"Sure," she said.

I WATCHED as she stood by the stove. The sizzling meat smelled good. I was on the upgrade again. "Jenny," I said, "I was wrong about being back where I started. I'm smarter. I've found out something. What time do you quit tonight? And this time I really mean it. This is another life."

She flipped the burger, then she looked at me with a smile. "No fooling, Nick?"

"Cross my heart, Jenny," I said. "It is another life, and we are going to have a lot of fun together. From now on."

"Why, Nick," Jenny said. "That sounds swell."

"Jenny," I said, "don't keep a starving man from bread. What time are you off tonight?"

Jenny served me my hamburger, then she looked at the clock over the cash register. No man rates the look that was in Jenny's eyes.

"Can you wait till five, Nick?" she said.

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HOW TO DRINK: Empty 1 env. (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in ¾ glass of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink quickly. If it thickens, stir again.

Sheer Magic

Continued from page 13

pasture is feathering the nest of a brand-new industry that eventually may make our foreign trade balance do nip-ups. A few of the eggs in that nest have hatched out amazing chicks and the world of science is holding its breath until more eggs crack. The whole clutch is called nylon.

The first wheel of the Seaford nylon plant turned last December 15th and in a few weeks (about May 15th) you will see the first nylon stockings on the shelves of your hosiery shop; months later professional models will mince in nylon undies across the newsreel screen in another debut. And that's only the prologue to a parade of nylon products—fishlines, tennis rackets, gloves, parachutes, brushes (tooth, hair, paint, dog and industrial), electrical insulation, lace—but why go on?

How Nylon Was Born

What's amazing about all this is that any one of the items listed can be produced by mortal man from three commonplace and superabundant ingredients—coal, air and water. Scientific history will record it as man's challenge to the Japanese silkworm, the bristle-bearing hog of China and a whole stable of nature's champions.

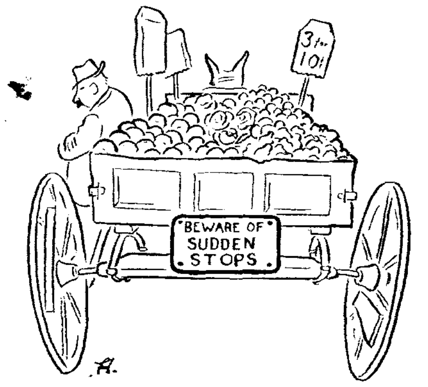
So let's have a thorough look at nylon; its usefulness, its background, its limitations, its practicability, its future.

To get the story straight, you have to go back ten years and watch a du Pont chemist tap a still in a Wilmington, Delaware, laboratory. The molten liquid he draws off looks like any of the hundreds of other samples drawn off in the past two years. But wait—this one is different. As it hits the air it becomes a silken white fiber. The chemist tenses it in his fingers and it bounces back. It's elastic!

Referring back to his formula, the chemist reads: "phenol," "oxygen," "ammonia." Now phenol derives from bituminous, or soft coal; ammonia is synthetized by marrying the hydrogen of water to the nitrogen of air. Coal, air and water, then, were the group parents of these fibers that stretched like rubber bands.

The experiment the chemist had been working on was mere routine—trying to make big ones out of little ones. Specifically he and dozens of other chemists in the du Pont laboratories were prying into the private life of the protein molecule. Our chemist knew that when you mix and heat a dibasic acid, derived from phenol, with an organic diamine (a dibasic acid, plus ammonia and hydrogen) the molecules born of this union were much bigger than their parents. He was trying to find out what jobs these giant molecules, known in the lab as superpolymers, could do.

But these freshmen superpolymers were elastic and not much else. The thread was feeble, melted in warm water. That didn't discourage the Wilmington chemists who went right to work on this new clue. Even though the molecules they were fooling with were too tiny to be seen under a microscope (1/100,000th of an inch long), they kept mixing up cocktails of coal, air and water—hundreds of them. Eventually, four years later, they found one that seemed foolproof. Squeezed from a hypodermic needle, the molten nylon "froze" as it hit the air into a length of gossamer.



Twisting several of these into a single thread, they flexed it tenderly in their fingers and saw it stretch to four, five, seven times its original length without breaking. Even then it had "give"; it remained elastic. A ten-inch fiber lengthened out to forty-four inches in their careful fingers. Released, it bounced back to forty inches.

That was only one test. To find out how tough it was, they matched the new thread against the same size of thread in linen, wool, rayon and silk in a tug of war. The nylon thread flexed its superpolymer muscles and won easily.

Then they lined up the same contestants and doused them all with water. Before the others had wrung themselves out, the nylon entry emerged high and dry. Another swimming event, staged in a tank of dry-cleaning fluid to see what effect a strong solvent would have on the several threads, proclaimed nylon the winner—and still champion.

The remaining years have been spent in adapting the new thread to practical use in hosiery, gloves, lingerie, men's socks (they'll be around in a few months) and other products. The bill: $17,000,000 for research and plant construction before a single pair of nylon stockings ever reached a hosiery counter.

What You'll Find in Your Stocking

And right now suppose we try to straighten you out on all the fancy rumors you have been hearing about nylon stockings. So far the stockings have stolen the nylon show.

Take it straight from headquarters, nylon stockings *will* run, they *will* snag and they *will* wear out—eventually. Sure they'll run; so will stockings made of steel thread. Runs are caused by a break in the almost endless thread that is knit into a stocking and that, ladies, is your own fault because you insist they be knit that way to make your legs look lovelier.

Many runs, however, are born when a sharp bend of the knee strains the tiny threads in this area beyond the breaking point, and here's where nylon has the advantage over other stockings. The elasticity in the nylon threads (ten per cent or more) takes up that strain beautifully. This same elasticity prevents them from bagging at the knees.

Snags? No such hope here. Snags are just snags and they will cause runs if the thread breaks. It has been observed, however, by the hundreds of women who wear-tested nylon stockings during the past two years, that a snag will often result in just a tiny hole that should run but doesn't.

Laundering is simpler. You can use strong yellow laundry soap or soft, creamy suds. And since the nylon thread is highly water-resistant, the stockings will take about half the time to dry.

To find out all these things—and more—the nylon chemists mobilized as an army of inquiring reporters. At the New York World's Fair last year hostesses paraded their nylon hose around the du Pont exhibit all day, rinsed them out nights and reported weekly on them in

CAL SAYS: I want whiskey that's smooth on the tongue and mellow in the mouth. Old Drum fits my pocketbook and suits my taste.

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for the
good opinion of those who count

The Thing for Spring
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British informality of

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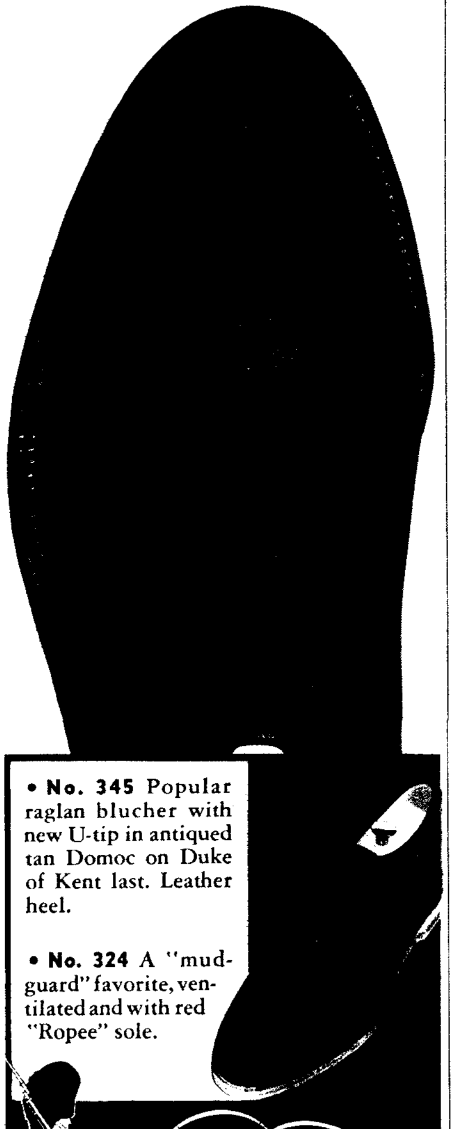
Shoes

Informality, suited to the occasion, is the key to distinction in your footwear this season. Wise men, knowing that *correct* informality is found only where fashion is authentic, turn to these handsome Crosby Squares, reproductions of custom-made shoes . . . For distinction with trim comfort try on a pair now at your Crosby Square dealer's. Write for his name. *The House of Crosby Square, 2460 N. Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.*



• **No. 345** Popular raglan blucher with new U-tip in antiqued tan Domoc on Duke of Kent last. Leather heel.

• **No. 324** A "mudguard" favorite, ventilated and with red "Ropee" sole.

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TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

$5.50
to $6

—some
at $5

• *Also PRE-FLEX Shoes, $6.85 to $7.50*

detail to headquarters. The handful of knitting mills entrusted with the precious new yarn then being produced only in a small experimental plant tried them out on girl employees and demanded similar reports. Then, just a few months ago, six shops in Wilmington were authorized to sell nylon stockings to recognized local customers (no more than three pairs to a customer) and salesgirls kept a weather ear to windward for comments.

The guinea-pig consensus confirmed all the sales points listed above and added a few other sometimes conflicting remarks: some of the test wearers said the nylon stockings gave the skin a cool feeling, fine for summer but shivery when the north wind blew; others complained that the water-resistant threads also resisted the absorption of perspiration, which made their feet uncomfortable in hot weather or in tight shoes; all agreed that Pair A might be worn a month or six weeks without running while Pair B might snag and run the second day; all agreed that, stocking for stocking, weight for weight, nylon gave the best service.

Price? The hosiery knitters plan to meet the current price of sheer silk stockings of comparable grades—$1.15, $1.25 and $1.35.

Bad News for Tokyo

So for the time being our Little Yellow Brothers, listening to their silkworms rustling in the mulberry leaves, needn't be alarmed by price competition. If and when the nylon stockings are accepted by Mrs. and Miss America, however, you may look for strange doings in the raw-silk market. That Oriental Wall Street is seldom stable and early this year was on one of its periodic sprees; in twelve months, from January, 1939, to January, 1940, a pound of raw silk shipped from Japan rose from $2 to $4.30 with no immediate ceiling in sight. So you can see what a sobering effect a quality stocking of nylon, cheaply produced from U.S.A. coal, air and water, might have on Tokyo.

Although the new stocking is the most spectacular member of the nylon family there is an older brother who has been working hard these past three years—the nylon bristle. Toothbrushes and hairbrushes studded with nylon bristles were placed on the market well over a year ago, and they have been on the factory test block even longer. The results? Well, any number of nylon toothbrushes have survived a two-year period of daily usage after which the bristles were examined and found to be practically as chipper as they were at birth. The new hairbrushes proved just as revolutionary.

Until nylon came along the brushmakers were dependent on the importation of hog bristles, mostly from China. When the Japanese army decided to go visiting a few years back, the hog-bristle industry in China slumped, our imports fell off and prices jumped. Now with the prospect of a constant supply of bristles available in this country and at a stabilized price the brush manufacturers can get some sleep nights.

Nylon bristles solved several other problems for the brush manufacturers. They won't split, thus weakening the brush as a whole; there is no wastage due to uneven lengths; they resist water and so can't get flabby in a hurry, and their thickness is uniform.

You won't find the name "nylon" on all tooth, hair, clothes or industrial brushes. Most of those used for toilet purposes are called "exton." Incidentally, the generic term, nylon, was chosen after 350 possible names were considered.

Before cataloguing its many other uses let's visit that ex-pasture and watch nylon actually being made. You climb high in a tower that looks like a grain elevator and stop at the sixth level where you see mammoth tanks of glistening stainless steel. Into these tanks go the humble coal, air and water, or rather a combination of their derivatives, known at this stage as nylon intermediate. This initial blending prepares the neophyte for its next trip through a battery of cooking receptacles two stories high. They're called autoclaves and their job is to heat the mix to molten heights, then cool and transform it into a milk-white solid which can be drawn off in wide, flat sheets or in a long, narrow ribbon. When it's cool enough, finger it and it feels satin smooth. Bend a length of it under your knuckles and it chips like fine china.

This solid nylon is then fed into mammoth meat choppers that reduce it to small chips. The chips drop another flight down the tower. There, carried in hoppers traveling on an overhead rail, they are emptied into a battery of spinning tanks that resemble kitchen flour sifters. More and terrific heat is applied and the melted nylon is forced under high pressure through "spinnerets," cups pierced with holes so tiny your naked eye can't spot them. Each hole in the spinneret spews out a stream of white liquid that solidifies when it hits the air and becomes a filament no thicker than a spider's whisker. Twisted in with several of its neighbors, that filament grows to a thread that some day may grace a queen's kneecap.

All these operations are supervised from control stations where a staff of chemical engineers stand watch before an ordered confusion of gauges, dials, mercury columns, recording graphs and switches.

Before the thread is shipped out to hosiery manufacturers it undergoes a few more operations, the most important of which is "cold-drawing." One whirling reel feeds it to another reel running at a higher speed. This stretches the nylon thread to a predetermined length and seals in the toughness and elasticity that still amazes the textile world. If you could penetrate the interior of that thread with a microscope you would see the technical reason for this miracle; you would see all the giant molecules, those superpolymers, respond to the cold-drawing by lining themselves up elephantlike, trunk to tail, and defying anyone to break the chain. Before the stretching they had just been a scattered herd of big fellows.

Nylon bristles go through the same manufacturing process as the textiles up to the spinneret stage. There the molten nylon is forced through larger holes to produce a "monafilament" the size of the bristle desired.

Fisherman's Luck

Coal plus air plus water equals fishline. The nylon chemists thought they had a tough one here, for the up-at-dawn fisherman is hard to please. But the Wilmington chemists went to work. They cooked up a few trial nylon brews, tested them, discarded them and started all over again. This went on for days, weeks, months. A few brews survived and these were finally narrowed down to one. When the spinneret spit it out to the twisters, the chemists perked up. They stretched it on the reels to the length their slide rules told them would give maximum strength, then they stretched it some more to see how elastic it was. The last yank pulled a thirty-foot thread out to forty feet, and when released it bounced right back to thirty. It was tops for strength, too.

Still the chemists in Wilmington weren't satisfied, so they shipped a batch of the new yarn to a factory where some of the best line that ever snagged a

NO SIR, I WANT TWO GLASSES
ALL KIDS LIKE DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

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Are you confronted with such an annoying—distressing—situation? Are you forced to dress less becomingly because of psoriasis blemishes? Then give Siroil a trial. Siroil tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on outer layer of skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of Siroil will help keep them under control. Applied externally, Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linen—nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a two weeks' satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

SIROIL FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES

Write for interesting booklet on psoriasis direct to—

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Detroit, Mich., Dept. E-7
Please send me your booklet on PSORIASIS.
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________
If you live in Canada, write to Siroil Laboratories of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.

trout or a tuna is made. There it was twisted into lines of different weights and given the works. The nylon passed all stretch, strength and backlash tests and even came through a prolonged salt-water bath with no material damage.

Last spring the nylon fishlines were offered to the trade, and the letters of praise still pouring in.

Encouraged, the nylon chemists then stewed up a nylon leader. The leader has to take much more punishment than the line on the reel and for years fishermen who insist on the best have been using leaders made of Spanish gut. This was imported, expensive and, during the late civil war in Spain, scarce.

So the nylon leader was welcomed by the tellers of tall tales, especially after it had won all sorts of prizes for endurance. We don't advise you to try it, however, until you have learned how to knot it properly. The usual leader knots won't hold, but if you use a Turle knot it won't open under any pull.

Chemicals with a Future

That horrid little word, gut, pops up again—this time in a surgical ward and on a tennis court. For years doctors used the tough interiors of sheep to make repairs on our hides and more recently shifted to silk stitching. Last summer dermal sutures made of nylon were distributed to twenty-odd hospitals and medical centers and the surgeons using them later reported that, unlike gut, they didn't irritate the tissues, they didn't deteriorate when infection was present and the noncapillary filament resisted the spread of infection. They also reported that the smooth surface of the nylon sutures (called "zytor" in the hospital) caused less discomfort to the patient when they were being removed.

You won't see the other brother of zytor for a while because it's still kept under heavy wraps in the laboratory, but it's safe to say that it has been crisscrossed on a tennis racket to produce a very satisfactory ping.

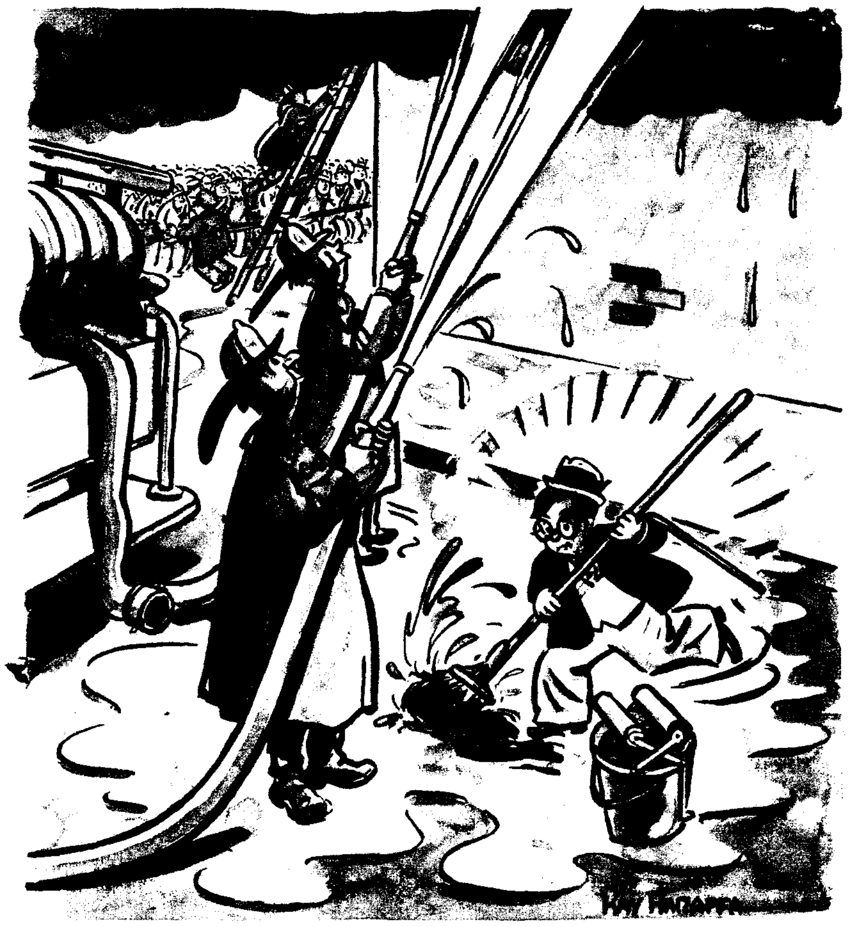
And if you could slip by the guards into a very private display room in Wilmington you would see a dozen other products you use every day, all made of (a) coal, (b) water, (c) air. You would see swatches of heavy lace in intricate designs for evening gowns; a variety of gloves; men's neckties; filmy silken scarves in pastel blends; parachute fabric; spools of wire with nylon insulation apparently welded to the copper it covers; sewing thread; dainty flesh-colored unmentionables that, like the nylon hose, jump automatically back into shape after laundering (no ironing); nylon strings for beads and pearls.

Crash the gate a year from now and you probably will see in these same glass cases a man's summer suit of nylon, a thick-pile rug that will outwear the finest woolen import, automobile upholstery, fabrics for drapes, women's street and sports clothes. But no definite prediction can be made of what you may see, for some of these are still in the nylon test tubes.

There seems to be no end to the jobs nylon can perform. Only a few weeks ago a patent was granted for a nylon coating which will make paper oilproof, will give a patent-leather finish to goat's leather and will resist cracking. Processed on cotton broadcloth, it renders the material waterproof and hard to tear. Smeared over wire mesh it produces "glass" that transmits ultraviolet rays and is tough as all get out. You'll have to wait for these until the mass production details are worked out.

Meanwhile the nylon people will go plodding along, peddling their brushes and hosiery and fishlines and cautioning the customers not to expect miracles. And down where the placid Nanticoke laps the shores of Seaford, the light and power company is doubling its capacity, Mayor Donoho paces briskly down High Street these mornings and the volunteer fire department is looking over plans for a new firehouse. So don't be surprised if the U. S. Census Bureau issues the following statistic in 1950: "Seaford, Del.; pop. 25,000."

USEFUL EUSTACE



KAY KARAFFA

"But we can't possibly get another 100 clean copies until I've cut a new stencil"

WHEN YOU WANT a lot of copies in a hurry, use the paper that won't clog your stencils . . . the paper that will give you, from one stencil, uniformly sharp, clean copies whether you run 500 or 5000. Use Hammermill Mimeograph, and be sure of readable copies every time. You can even write on this paper with your pen; the ink won't feather. Test Hammermill Mimeograph free. Send for 100-sheet trial packet plus "Good Stencil Duplicating"—tips on how to get better results from stencil duplicating equipment.

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100 SHEETS As operators of a model________ Stencil Duplicator, we would like to test Hammermill Mimeograph. Send 100-sheet packet and "Good Stencil Duplicating." *(Students and outside U. S., 50¢)*

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A CARELESSLY USED KNIFE CAUSES MANY A LITTLE CUT. WHEN CUTS, MINOR BURNS AND BLISTERS NEED BANDAGING..

USE A READY-MADE BAND-AID... AFTER TREATING INJURY... INSTEAD OF FUSSING AROUND WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES.

BAND-AID IS NEAT AND CONVENIENT. JUST STICK ONE ON...AND IT STAYS... EVEN ON HARD-TO-BANDAGE PLACES. BUY A BOX TODAY AND HAVE IT READY. 19¢ FOR 36 ASSORTED SIZES.

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E. H. Taylor Jr. & Sons
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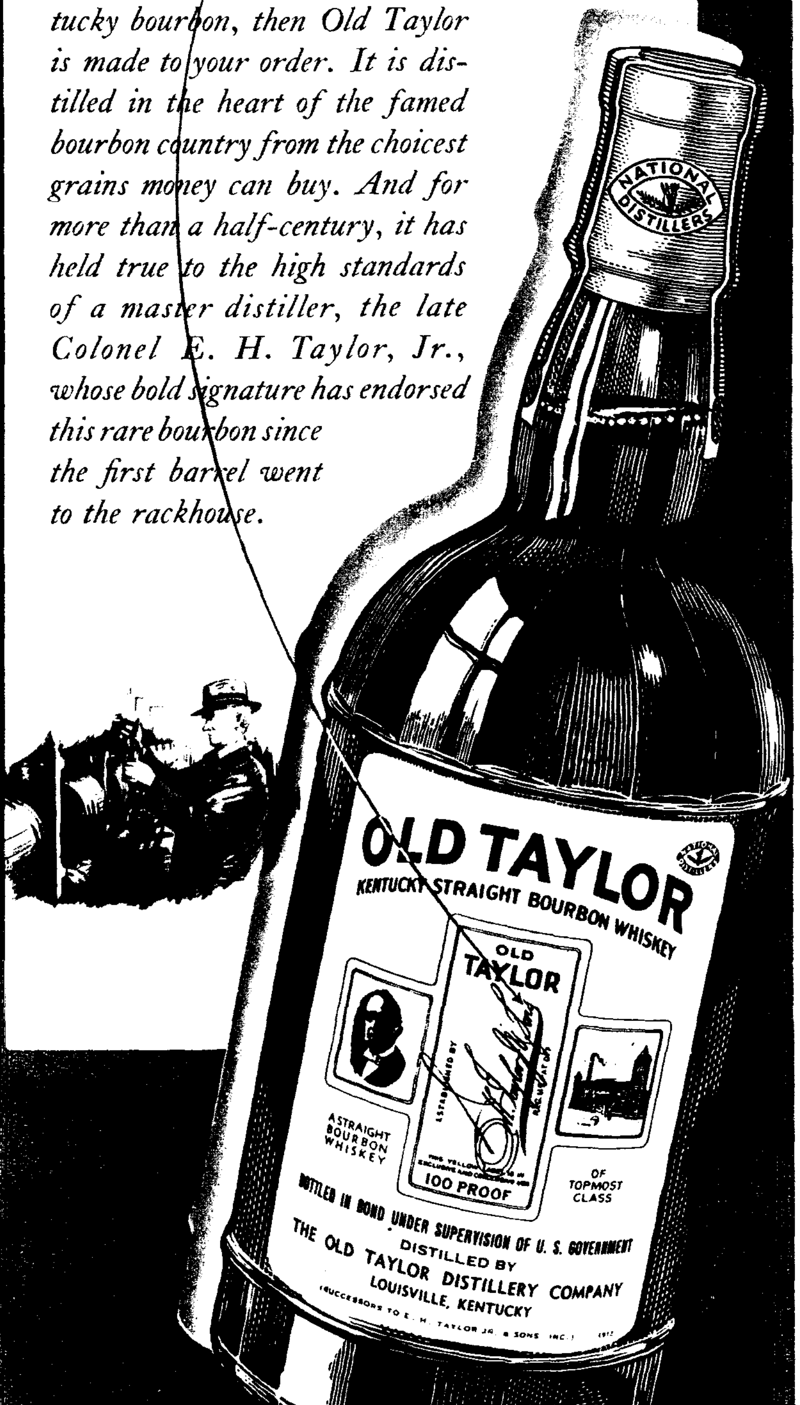
If you've a liking for fine Kentucky bourbon, then Old Taylor is made to your order. It is distilled in the heart of the famed bourbon country from the choicest grains money can buy. And for more than a half-century, it has held true to the high standards of a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., whose bold signature has endorsed this rare bourbon since the first barrel went to the rackhouse.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OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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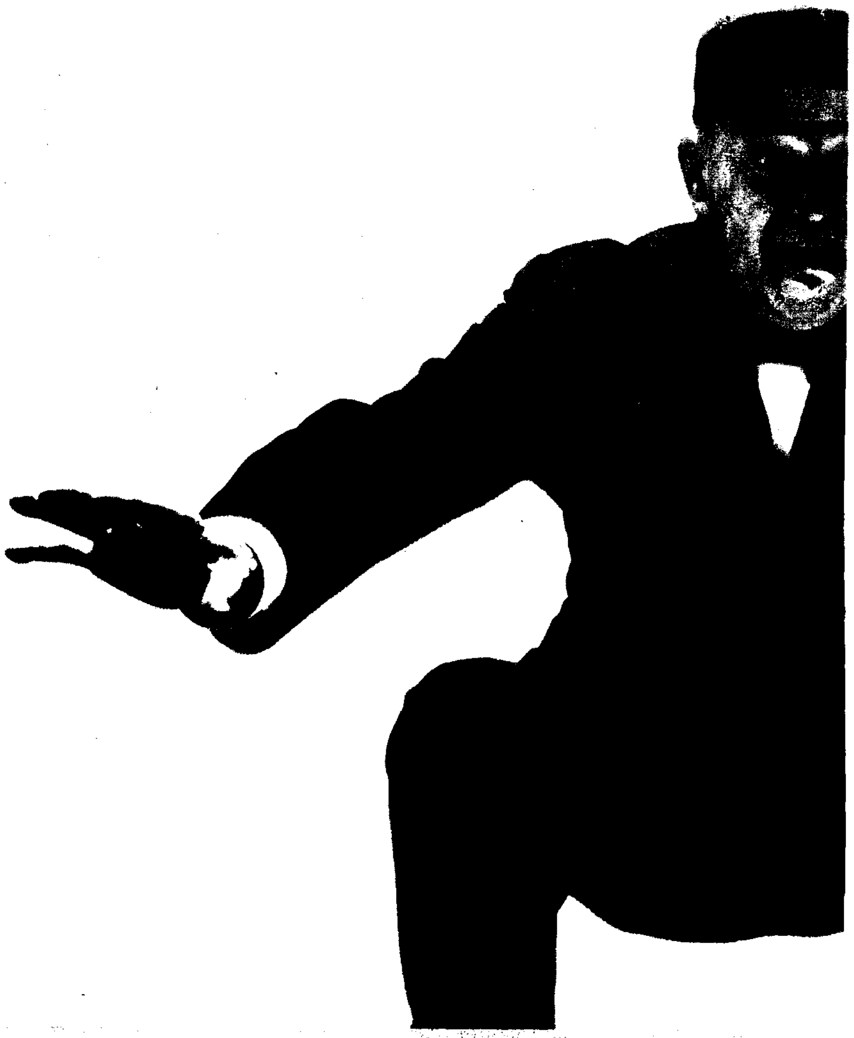


FOGHOR

By Bob Considi

IN 1926, when God got tired of the whole contraption and smote down Miami, He made one important amend: he kept Bill Klem in the umpiring business.

Klem had a fortune of $250,000, particularly at low tide. He was fifty-two years old then and he had been in the ball-and-strike business for a quarter of a century. He had contributed greatly to the bringing of law and order to baseball, and had done much to strip the old battle cry, "Kill the Umpire," of its sinister implication. It was time to retire.

When Jehovah's hurricane blew away Klem's choice corner lots, Bill shrugged, sighed, dusted off the old blue serge and went back to work. Today (February 22d) at sixty-six he is still at it, getting ready once again to rattle the eight National League stadiums with his bellicose fairs and fouls, safes and outs, and stormy expulsions of managers and players foolhardy enough to question the vigorous old boy's word.

If you suggest that he is getting pretty old to be bouncing around the circuit, scrapping with ballplayers young enough to be his grandchildren, Bill's face swells and colors until it is like a ferocious tomato.

"Of course the Old Arbitrator is getting old!" he'll roar at you, as he bounds unmindfully between the first and third persons of speech. "But am I getting too old to do the thing that's a religion to me? Listen, m'boy, I'm getting old, but I got so doggone much experience that everything about umpiring has become second nature to me. As long as my legs hold out, I'll be the peer of them all. And did you ever see a pair of legs like this at my age? Feel them!"

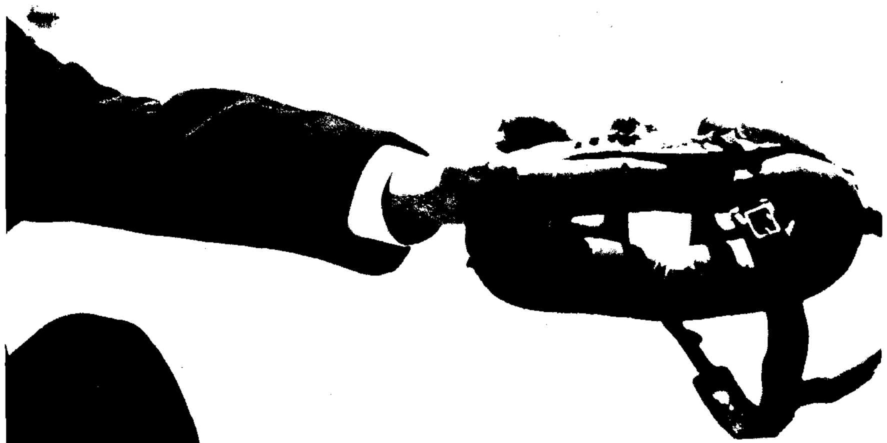
Last year the forces seeking Klei
retirement—an act that would lop
his $10,000-a-year salary and endow h
with a $3,500-a-year pension ($10
year for each year he has served in
National League)—almost had h
cornered. But when Ford Frick,
youngish president of the league, pu
up to the league owners a majority
them refused to turn old Bill out to p
ture.

Bill was touched. Full of gratit
for this vote of confidence, he opened
new season with a burst of old-ti
alacrity. And he promptly develope
hernia. He was out of uniform fr
June 21st until August 8th, and he ca
back wan and, for the first time in
life, peaceful. They put him on th
base, to get him back in stride gen
But he seemed like an old fire ho
who no longer can sniff the air for sm
or prick an ear at a clanging bell.

Back to the Wars

Then one day, last September,
Shibe Park in Philadelphia, old Bill
covered. From his third-base outpost
listened moodily to a long-winded ar
ment between Leo Durocher, mana
of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and anot
umpire over a mistake in calling in
wrong Brooklyn relief pitcher. As
debate went its interminable way, Kl
felt the color coming back to his was
cheeks. A lick of flame reached up fr
the embers of his old fighting soul.

"Mister Manager," he intoned, f
gily, his voice arresting all action, "
in fifty years of baseball has there b
a more danged-fool argument than t
Now, for wasting all this time, I ref
to allow your relief pitcher his us



For nigh on forty years the foghorn voice of Bill Klem [illegible] been rattling the outfield fences of our leading ball parks. He's so good even other umpires like him

HOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KNOPF-PIX

practice pitches. He must start pitching for keeps, right away."

Durocher said, "Whassat? Why, Bill, you haven't any right to do that."

"You'll see," Klem challenged.

Hugh Casey, the relief pitcher, self-consciously stepped on the rubber and lobbed one easily up to the plate, while the Phillies' batter stood off to one side, outside the batter's box. Umpire Lee Ballanfant was behind the plate that day, and thus the game's umpire in hief. He had chosen to ignore Klem's dictatorial pronouncement.

As Casey's practice pitch plopped into Catcher Babe Phelps' mitt, Klem, a ense and stooping figure far down the hird-base line, roared:

"Bawllll one!"

Durocher threw down his glove and tarted for Bill; but Klem repulsed him with one savage glare. Casey lobbed another one plateward.

"Bawllll tee-yew!" Klem clarioned, rom his distant point of observation.

It was too much for Ballanfant. He walked down the third-base line, a stern gaze fixed upon the squat old warrior. "I'll call the balls and strikes in this game," he grumbled to Klem.

It was a thrust deep into Klem's sensiive heart. He turned on his heel and lumped back to his position. But the men in the press box, the players of both eams and a few knowing fans, suddenly were happy and relieved. The doctor's knives had not done what Klem's friends feared they had: snipped out the old boy's priceless gall.

This winter he has shaken off the last effects of his operation. He walked countless miles in the Florida sun, ussled with big and little fish from his boat. "The Old Arbitrator" wrestled valiantly with his race-horse charts and form sheets, or just sat in his sun-washed yard, watching the soft winds do tricks with his weather vane—a self-effacing gadget which depicts a tin Klem calling a tin Wagner safe at a tin home plate.

The only favor he asks of Frick, other than his earnest plea not to retire him, is that he be excused from umpiring spring training games. He's tired of them, he dislikes to perform before small crowds and he feels that his appearance in them subtly suggests to the public that his is the kind of umpiring genius that needs to be polished and honed before it is in working order.

The Man Who Never Missed

Klem denies that he ever uttered the line for which he is most famous: "I never missed one in my life." But no amount of prodding will get him to name a single instance where he did miss one, so great (and wholly disarming) is his pride of position. His great gift for making up his mind in a hurry is bolstered by the fact that the baseball rules provide that not even Judge Landis can reverse him on any matter of judgment.

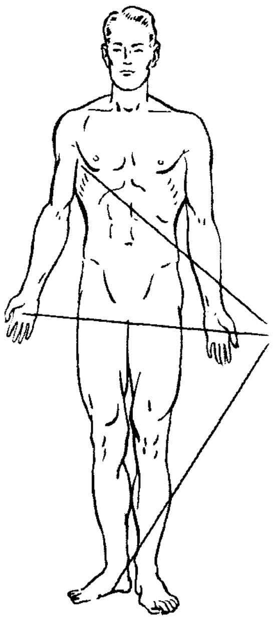
An umpire is fallible only in his interpretation of the rules of the game. And twice Klem—who knows the multitudinous rules of baseball better than you know the alphabet—has been reversed.

In 1911, in a Reds-Pirates game, he refused to call Hans Wagner out, even though Wagner stepped out of the batting box to reach for a wide pitch. Klem argued that all the opposing Cincinnati pitcher wanted to do was walk Wagner, when he threw the wide pitch, and that was all he was entitled to get. Clark Griffith, the Cincinnati manager, pro-

WILL IT HURT, DOCTOR?
B-ZZZ

Every-day living is a war of nerves ...often causing

NERVOUS B.O. (NERVOUS BODY ODOR)



WHEN you're scared—feel pain—out comes nervous perspiration. When you're tense—thrilled—strongly moved—then, too, you perspire—and "nervous B.O." naturally follows. It can happen any time, any place, to anyone. And the last to know is the offender.

Take no chances. Use tangy Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath, for it protects hours longer from "nervous B.O." *Lifebuoy contains a hygienic deodorizing ingredient present in no other popular bath soap.*

Science reveals intimate facts about your nerves and how they work

Your body is covered with sweat glands. Science recognizes certain areas especially as "danger spots" for nervous perspiration and its consequences. The under-arm, for example, has about 1,000 sweat glands per square inch.

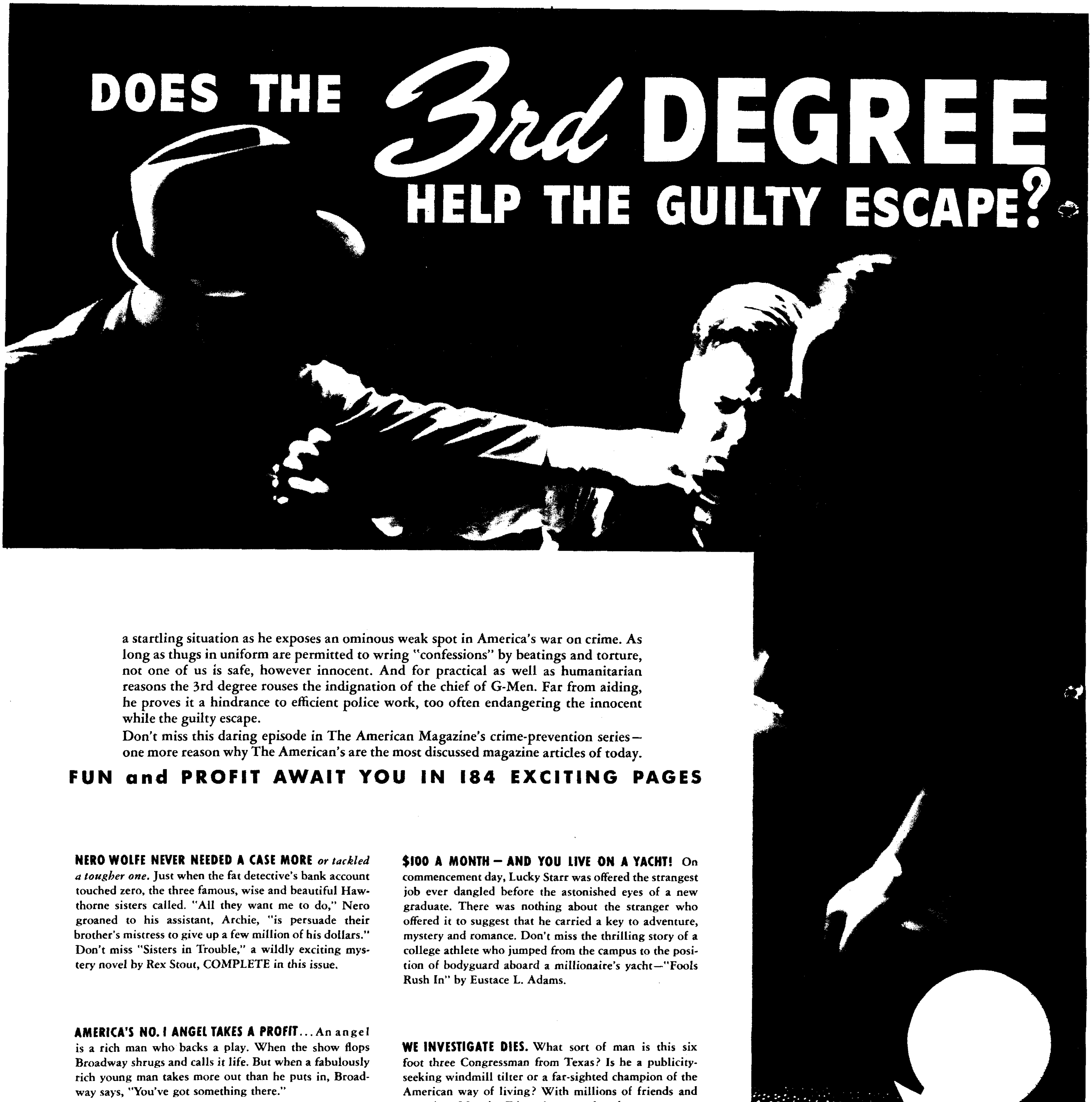
Ever get a clammy palm? Busy people with lots of personality are apt to perspire here. The feet and other confined places are also *very* susceptible to "nervous B.O."

YOU'LL REVEL in the mild, peppy lather of Lifebuoy . . . feel refreshed—keen—clean . . . safe from "B.O." caused by nerves, heat, or exercise. Lifebuoy is used by more people for the bath than any other soap.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy—Its Protection lasts and lasts



DOES THE *3rd* DEGREE HELP THE GUILTY ESCAPE?

a startling situation as he exposes an ominous weak spot in America's war on crime. As long as thugs in uniform are permitted to wring "confessions" by beatings and torture, not one of us is safe, however innocent. And for practical as well as humanitarian reasons the 3rd degree rouses the indignation of the chief of G-Men. Far from aiding, he proves it a hindrance to efficient police work, too often endangering the innocent while the guilty escape.

Don't miss this daring episode in The American Magazine's crime-prevention series—one more reason why The American's are the most discussed magazine articles of today.

FUN and PROFIT AWAIT YOU IN 184 EXCITING PAGES

NERO WOLFE NEVER NEEDED A CASE MORE *or tackled a tougher one.* Just when the fat detective's bank account touched zero, the three famous, wise and beautiful Hawthorne sisters called. "All they want me to do," Nero groaned to his assistant, Archie, "is persuade their brother's mistress to give up a few million of his dollars." Don't miss "Sisters in Trouble," a wildly exciting mystery novel by Rex Stout, COMPLETE in this issue.

AMERICA'S NO. 1 ANGEL TAKES A PROFIT... An angel is a rich man who backs a play. When the show flops Broadway shrugs and calls *it* life. But when a fabulously rich young man takes more out than he puts in, Broadway says, "You've got something there."

Jock Whitney, polo player, industrialist and patron of the arts, has poured millions into shows, motion pictures and industrial adventures—often against the advice of experts. And when they have counted his share of the gate for "Gone With the Wind" this amazing young financier will probably have doubled his money.

DON'T BAWL OUT THE CENSUS TAKER! *Any day now* a determined stranger will head for your home toting a cardboard portfolio and a long list of extremely personal questions. Many of them you won't like. "Fine way to waste the taxpayers' money," you'll say. But before you slam the door, read John Kobler's article on the census and what there may be in it *for you.*

$100 A MONTH—AND YOU LIVE ON A YACHT! On commencement day, Lucky Starr was offered the strangest job ever dangled before the astonished eyes of a new graduate. There was nothing about the stranger who offered it to suggest that he carried a key to adventure, mystery and romance. Don't miss the thrilling story of a college athlete who jumped from the campus to the position of bodyguard aboard a millionaire's yacht—"Fools Rush In" by Eustace L. Adams.

WE INVESTIGATE DIES. What sort of man is this six foot three Congressman from Texas? Is he a publicity-seeking windmill tilter or a far-sighted champion of the American way of living? With millions of friends and enemies, Martin Dies the man has been so obscured by the smoke of battle that The American sent a staff writer to investigate the investigator and his family in their Texas home.

28 OTHERS
to enjoy and profit by

There are eleven stories and novels altogether—including Clarence Budington Kelland's delightful yarn of Scattergood and the Spiteful Man, and *another romantic episode* in Noel Pierce's novel of tropical passion in the West Indies. *Plus* eight of the month's most fascinating articles, two photographic sections, amusing quizzes and cartoons, tips on home repairing, and sketches of interesting Americans. Treat your family to the big May American Magazine today!

erican
MAGAZINE · MAY

F.P.G.

tested the game and Klem was reversed.

In 1934, in a Cards-Cubs game, Klem refused to rule as an infield fly a pop-up by Chuck Klein that hit in front of home plate. The bases were filled at the time and there were less than two outs, and the rules thus called for Klem to declare Klein out. Klem refused, and, above the fearful abuse of the Cardinal players, he shouted that the rule read that the infield fly was an automatic out (with first and second bases occupied and less than two outs) only when it could be handled by an infielder. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me that a catcher is an infielder?" he bellowed.

He was reversed again, but is content that he will live to see the day when organized baseball apologizes to him for both these "rank injustices."

The Klein incident was not the gusty old umpire's only headache in 1934. In the crowded lobby of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, during the World Series, Klem bawled out Goose Goslin thunderously for speaking to him, after Klem had told him, during an argument on the field earlier in the day, never to address him again. Judge Landis fined Klem fifty dollars for what he piously called "overripe" language. And by a coincidence so galling that the very mention of it provokes astonishing tears in Klem's bright blue eyes, Bill hasn't been appointed to umpire in a World Series *since then. He was in seventeen of* them before that.

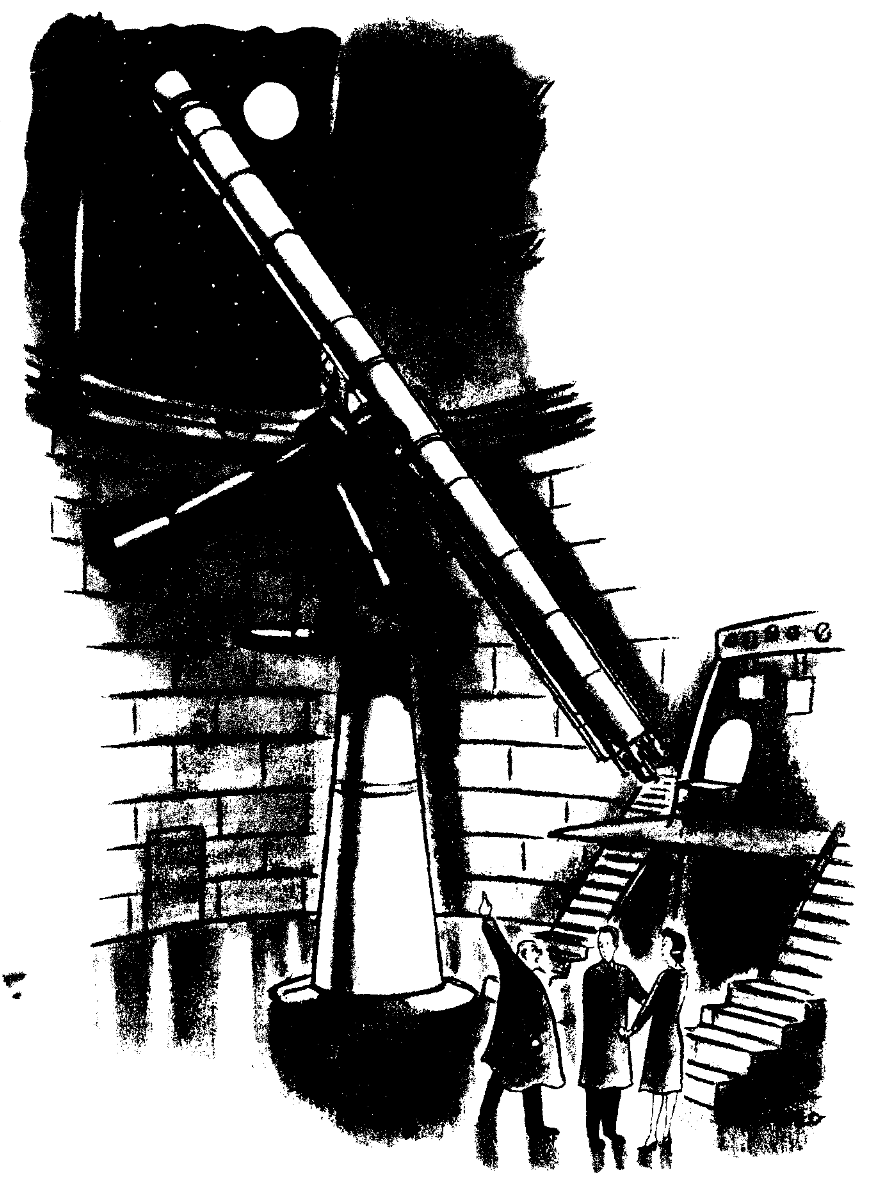
Landis and Klem have similarly explosive qualities, but they don't hit it off very well. Landis once called him on the mat, glared at him for a piercing moment, and dismissed him without a word. The probable trouble is that the Judge has heard that old Bill has been a two-dollar horse player for forty years, and that he will be if he lives another forty. The Judge's acidity toward thoroughbreds, and those who take an interest in them, has an almost pathological fervor.

Klem bets his meager sums (albeit loudly) only during the off-season at Tropical and Hialeah, which are near his Venetian Causeway home. There is a legend that one day after the judges at Tropical had decided that Bill's selection had run second—in a photofinish—Klem stormed up to the judges' pagoda, shook his fist up at the men above him and from the pit of his soul and his lungs he cried out the line that so often had been hurled at him: "That's the worst decision I've ever seen. You must be blind, dag-nab you!"

But if Landis is frosty, and Klem's immediate boss, Frick, tends to sniff censurably around him, the rest of the baseball kingdom has taken the Old Arbitrator into its heart. He has become the first beloved umpire. The last barrier tumbled down a year ago when the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers of America honored him with a plaque, at their annual banquet, as one who had served baseball long and well. It was the first time an umpire had ever been so honored.

A few fat tears slid down his rude *round face as he stood up, fumbling for* the speech the National League office had written for him and reaching for the big bronze and wooden trophy.

Klem reached into his pocket for a handkerchief and blew a melancholy blast into it. Then he put his hand in his



"Come, come, you two—the stars are out, and the moon is full—this is no time for romance!"

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pocket again, looked up with a wonderful sheepishness and took out a pair of eyeglasses. For years he had been bragging that he had supernaturally good eyes. But now he gave no one an opportunity to remind him of that boast. "The Old Arbitrator," he grumped, "is not now acting in his official capacity."

It had been a long, rough road up to that night of triumph.

The man who was destined to take more abuse than anyone else in sports history began life obscurely in Rochester, New York, where he was born February 22, 1874. He was mildly exposed to education, for the old German family was not well-to-do, and by 1900 he seemed to have found his life's niche, a minor job with the American Bridge Company at Berwick, Pennsylvania.

He had played baseball with more enthusiasm than skill since his early childhood. At Berwick he was playing first base with a semipro club when one day he suggested to the management that they let him umpire one of the games. He insisted that he be paid his usual five dollars in the new job, and the management agreed.

An Umpire Had to Be a Fighter

He did a good job of it, a spectator told him, and a few days after this he read something about "the great Silk O'Loughlin," the American League umpire, in a Philadelphia paper. Klem snorted. The "great" Silk O'Loughlin wasn't very great to Bill. Klem remembered him from their days as boys together. So he went to Philadelphia to see him work, met him after a game and through O'Loughlin he became acquainted with Hank O'Day, old-time National League umpire.

O'Day encouraged him to make umpiring his career. Klem hooked on in the old Connecticut League for the 1902 season, then moved over to the New York State League for 1903. Before the start of the 1904 season, O'Day introduced him to Harry Pulliam, president of the National League, and Pulliam gave him two assignments to games at Princeton and Holy Cross. The reports from those two schools were so good that Pulliam offered Klem a job at the end of 1904, after Bill had had a season in the American Association. He offered Klem $2,500. Ban Johnson, president of the American League, offered him $3,000, but Klem liked Pulliam and took the lesser offer.

Those were fighting days, and an umpire had to be all man to breast them. His short, hard apprenticeship had added layers of brusqueness to Klem's tough skin. John L. Sullivan himself had marveled at Klem's manner. Sullivan saw him throw Jim O'Rourke, umpire-baiting manager of Bridgeport, out of the Bridgeport park one day in 1902 and after the battle he clapped Klem on the back and thundered:

"M'bye, that was a great thing you did. You're the gamest man in Bridgeport, and you're a great empire. Go on empiring like that. Don't take no back talk from any man alive." Klem made that his motto.

His eternal feud with John McGraw began the day they met. It was in June of 1905, and Klem's first assignment in the Polo Grounds. He knew McGraw's reputation as the most abusive umpire-baiter of all time, but the manager of the Giants disarmed him at the start by presenting him with a gold indicator, for use in keeping track of balls and strikes.

Klem has never been without it, though he wouldn't deign to use it, for fear that it might be said that he couldn't remember the "count" on a batter. He carried it down all those years of savage fighting with McGraw. And he had it clutched in his sweating paw that same afternoon in June, 1905, at the Polo Grounds, in the sixth inning, when he threw McGraw out of the game for reviling him over a decision. It had taken only that much time, after the presentation, for them to declare war.

McGraw never could tolerate him, but it was mutual. Their red, profane faces, stuck up close to each other, screaming curses, became a standard attraction at most of the Giants' games in which Klem officiated. In New York it made Klem hated. But in the seven other cities of the league Klem began to win a grudging respect. No rookie ump had ever stood up to McGraw's assault like that.

One of their bristling encounters changed the course of baseball. At the Polo Grounds one day Klem made a decision at first base that enraged the Giants. McGann, Giants' infielder, leaped on him and shook him viciously. Klem, with a motion that was more of a punch than a gesture, thumbed him out of the game. He sent Donlin with him, for shaking his fist in Klem's face.

Then McGraw got to him. He vented on Klem all the picturesque abuse for which he was famed, and he concluded: "You're ruining my club. I won't have it. I'm going to have you fired."

Klem, who had been giving it back as well as he took it, shrank back as if struck by a whip.

"Mister Manager," he replied, heavily, "if it's possible for you to get my job, I don't want it."

He walked off the field, got in touch with Pulliam, told him of the threat, and Pulliam assured him that he would stand up for him—even against McGraw. From that day the lot of the umpire began to grow easier. The league was still spiced with players who were virtually a law unto themselves, but Klem was leading a responsible counterattack that commanded respect. Fewer and fewer harassed umpires had to be spirited out the back gates of ball parks to escape the fists of players or the rocks of irate fans.

But when the stormy McGraw abated, with the passage of years, Klem found no full surcease. Frankie Frisch, McGraw's protégé, would sting him just as sharply. But not in quite the same manner. Frisch would argue, and ferociously, but in the middle of it he would stop, sniff the air and to the nonalcoholic Klem's dismay cry out, "It isn't even *good* Scotch, Bill."

Klem Drew the Line

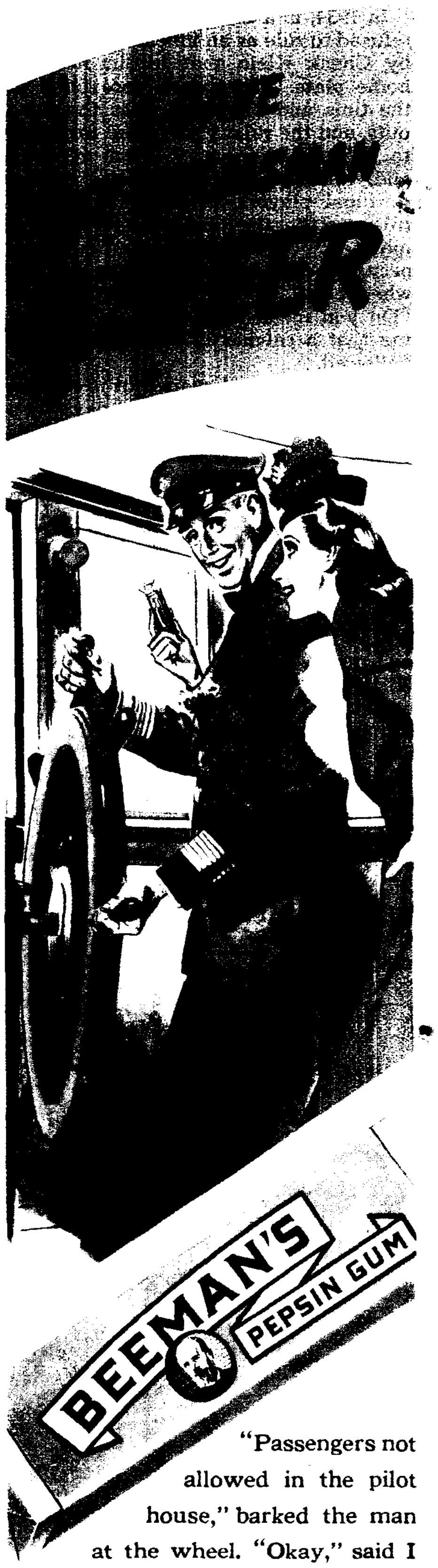
Klem probably has "drawn the line" on Frisch oftener than on any other big leaguer. Bill is the inventor of line drawing, and the years have made it a ritual that will find a place in baseball history. He first did it by chance in a rough-and-tumble semipro game around the turn of the century. He had made a decision at home plate against the home team and as he turned, magnificently indifferent to the bray of the crowd, to brush off home plate, he had a sharp premonition of danger.

Bill looked up and saw the team's captain and center fielder, a bully-boy famed for the number of umpiring eyes he had blackened, coming in after him. Klem stood his ground, just in front of home plate. But when the man got within several yards of him, Klem suddenly shot his own right foot forward and—unquestionably prodded by divine inspiration—drew a jagged little trench in the dirt with his spikes.

And, fastening his severest glare on the player, he bawled, "You put one foot over that line and you're out of the game!"

The sheer novelty of the threat stopped Klem's would-be assailant. It is no longer a novelty in big-league baseball, for Klem has "drawn the line" hundreds of times.

Once Klem excommunicated Warren



"Passengers not allowed in the pilot house," barked the man at the wheel. "Okay," said I meekly, "but before I go, won't you have a stick of my Beeman's Gum? The flavor's grand! Zippy as a breeze off the bay!"

"Humph!" grunted the helmsman, but he sampled my Beeman's—and say! His grouch evaporated like dew in the morning sun. "Lady—that's flavor! Smooth as a fair weather passage. Refreshin' as a dash o' salt spray. Hey—don't go! Rules or no rules, Miss, ye're welcome in my pilot house as long as ye want to stay!"

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

Giles, present business manager of the Reds, although Giles had not opened his mouth. Bill thumbed him off the premises for what Giles was thinking.

Klem firmly believes that baseball could not have existed or prospered without the aid of umpires. "We stamped out rowdyism, we made it possible for decent men and women and children to go to the ball parks and see a ball game, without having to hear a lot of cursing bums," he'll tell you. "And let me ask you this, m'boy, did you ever in your life hear of an umpire being mixed up in a scandal? Answer me!"

You'll mumble "No," or words to that effect. But Bill will wince at your ignorance and with a curious pride continue:

No Cabbage

"Well, *I* was offered a bribe. It was away back in 1908. The Giants and Cubs had been in their big mix-up, you know: Merkle not touching second base, and they had to play it off for the pennant. I was one of the umpires in the play-off game, and as I was walking under the grandstand on the way to the field a fellow pushes a roll of bills in my hand that would've choked a horse. 'Give the Giants the best of it, Bill,' he said.

"Then I let out a roar and I took that 'cabbage' and pushed it back in his hands. And I went out and umpired one of my best games. I guess you remember, m'boy, that the Giants lost."

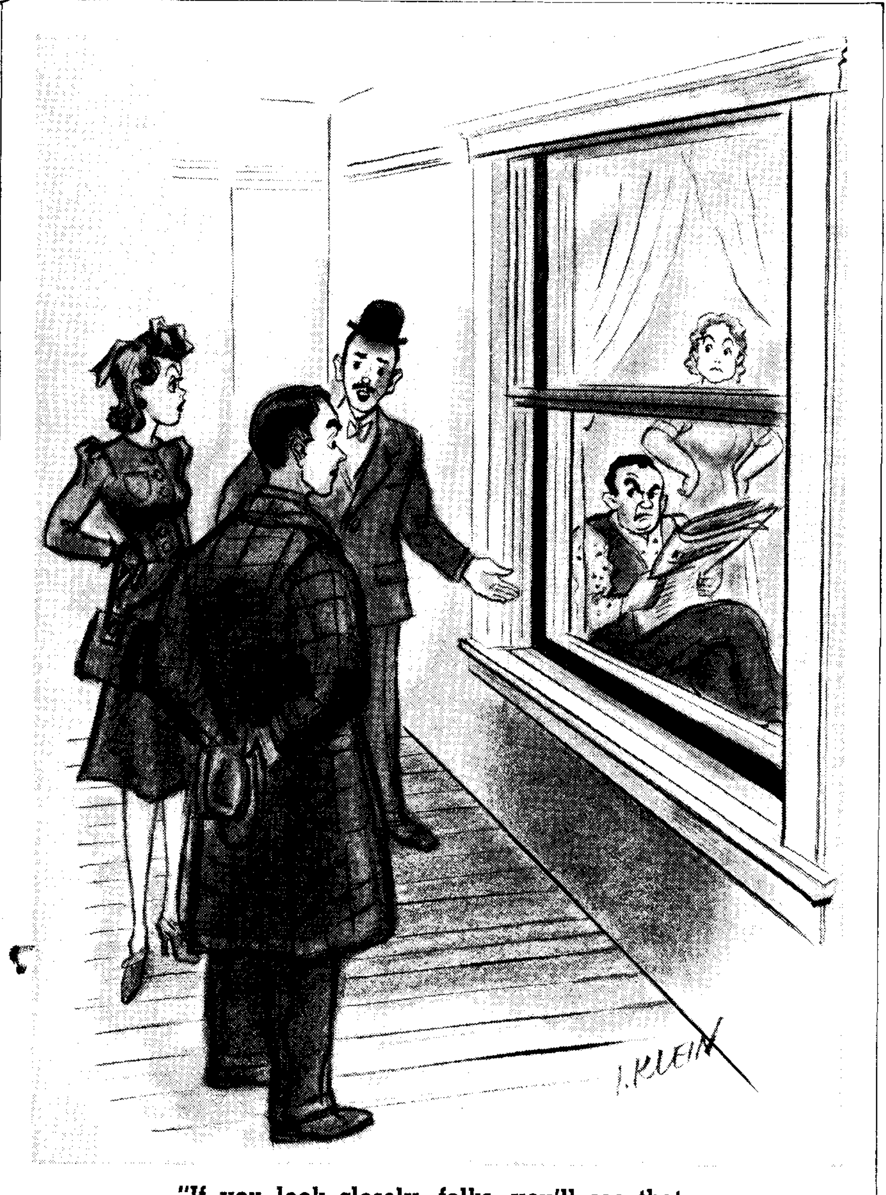
Klem reported the incident to headquarters and the grateful National League owners rewarded him by appointing him to umpire in the 1908 World Series. The appointment resulted in a serious overcrowding, for previously three other umpires had been assigned, and three was a crowd in those days. But Klem showed them a way to have an umpire at every base, and four men have umpired World Series games ever since. For that 1908 series Klem received $400. Today, because he has campaigned for more money ever since, the fee is $2,500 and Bill expects to live to see it raised to $5,000.

More and more Klem mellows, though he never unbends in his authority, and the ripening process comes more from without than within. "The league's filling up with gentlemen," he told us one day in Cincinnati last season. "It's a fine thing . . . I guess," he added a trifle sadly. Last summer at the Polo Grounds he dispersed a group of angry players, who had hemmed in Umpire Bick Campbell, simply by striding in among them and stating flatly that Campbell's decision was right. Young players use him more and more as a father-confessor.

Even the umpires have a kind word for Klem these days, and that represents the zenith of praise, for the confining nature of their work makes most of them jealous egoists.

He's going to umpire until he's seventy if they'll let him. Bill has an idea that one of these days the big leagues are going to decide that if a ballplayer is worth $30,000 a year then so is an umpire.

And it is an ill-fitting and ill-timed rush of modesty that prohibits the Old Arbitrator from telling one and all, in his best booming manner, his nominee for the job. He just wants to be around when that millennium arrives, bustling about—taking charge.



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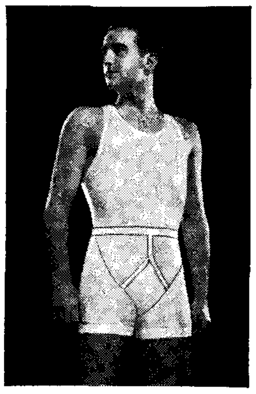

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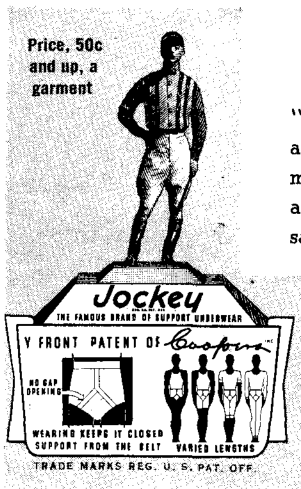
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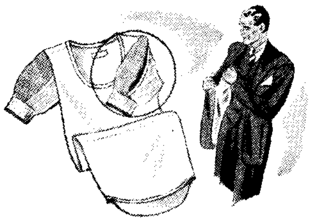

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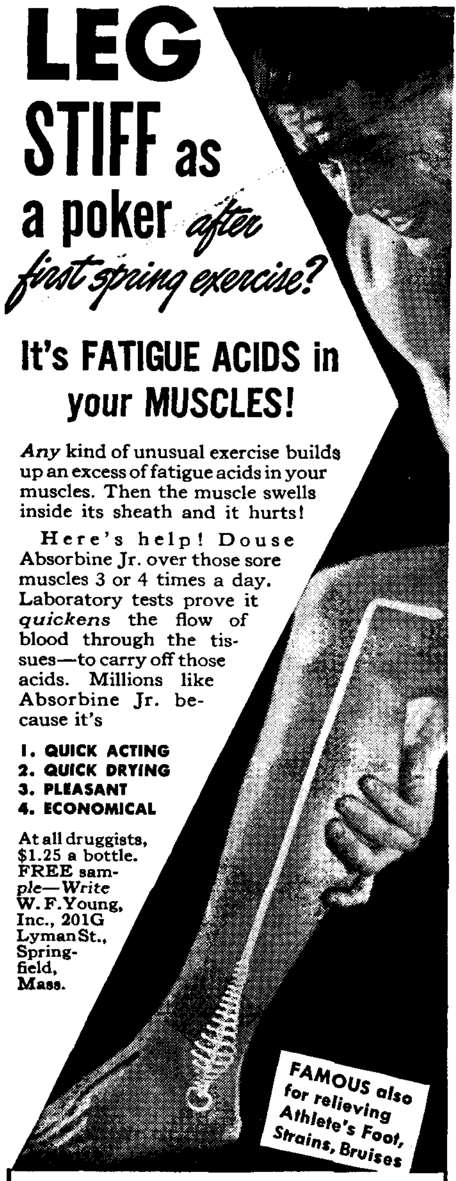
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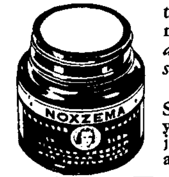

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The Room of Death

Continued from page 23

James Lee said. "Was Mr. Young interested in another woman?"

"Absurd! I know there was no one else. I'm positive of that."

"That complicates things," James Lee reflected. Then, aloud, "When was Mr. Young last seen?"

"We had a dinner engagement in Burlingame for tonight. He usually spends an hour or two at his club before he comes home, but he was not in the club. He left his office at one o'clock, and that's the last we have heard of him."

"Mr. Romer will know about his engagements?"

"Of course."

"Did your husband drive his own car?"

"His car is still in the Central Garage, half a block from his office."

"Why haven't you turned the case over to the police?"

"Because his captors might kill him if it became public."

"WHY do you assume that he has not yet been killed?"

"Because he is worth more to his enemies alive than dead."

"Why do you think his captors are holding him for ransom?"

"Because they are the kind of men who would do just that."

"You seem to know who they are. Unless you are reasonably sure of their identity, your ideas may complicate our work."

"I see what you mean, Mr. Lee. I don't know who they are; I was thinking of a gang of insurance murderers that Walter sent to the penitentiary ten years ago. One of them, the most desperate, was released last week."

"Who is he?"

"His name was Sears. He had other names. Mason Romer will tell you all about it." Terror suddenly clouded Jane Young's eyes. "Mr. Lee, I'm afraid my husband is dead!"

"No—he's probably alive. Maybe you had better return to your home. I will call you after I get through with Romer. Let me take you to your car."

When he put Jane Young in her car, in a final reassuring word, "We will do everything that can be done to find your husband," James Lee said. "Please go straight to your home. I will telephone you after I have talked with Mr. Romer."

Jane Young started her car. When she was half a block down the street, driving well enough, James Lee turned toward the dimly lighted entrance to his apartment.

In the shadowed doorway, as the door swung open, he felt the searing pain of a bullet plowing through the flesh of his left forearm. He heard the smacking explosion of two pistol shots directly across the street. He slammed the door from the inside. Then he saw a splintered bit of the frame where the second shot, missing its mark, had struck.

Ten feet ahead of him, against the baseboard of the entrance hall, he saw the little battered projectile. He picked it up, still hot.

In the library of his apartment, "First aid for my arm," he said to Frank Wilbur. "Then size this up and tell me about the gun that fired it."

Frank Wilbur scowled at the blood dripping from James Lee's left elbow.

"Flesh wound," James Lee said. "Let's get a dressing on it before Romer shows up."

"Who did it?"

"Some third-rate gunman from across the street. He shot me right after I put Mrs. Young into her car." . . .

Frank Wilbur's examination of the pistol bullet was interrupted for a moment when Mason Romer arrived at James Lee's apartment. The visitor, evidently none too pleased at having his night disturbed, replied to Wilbur's greeting with a question.

"What's all the excitement?"

"Sit down, Mr. Romer," Lee invited. "I'm sorry that we had to disturb you, but the occasion seemed to justify it."

Mason Romer lighted a cigarette. "What occasion, may I ask?"

"Your chief's disappearance," James Lee answered shortly. "Walter Young has vanished. There are reasons to suspect that he is in serious danger."

Romer yawned. "What makes you think he's in danger?" he asked coolly. "He's probably barging around on some new reform mission. Under cover."

"His wife fears that he is dead," James Lee said. "What do you know about an insurance killer by the name of Sears?"

"Mr. Young socked him ten or twelve years ago," Romer answered. "Sears was mixed up with several killings. He was released a week ago."

"Do you know of any threats that Sears made against Walter Young?"

"Once or twice during the trial he threatened to kill him. Lots of people threaten Mr. Young. . . . May I ask, Mr. Lee, if you have any other reasons for fearing foul play except Mrs. Young's story? She's a bit flighty in that respect, you know."

For a moment James Lee considered the increasingly painful wound in his left arm. "Yes," he said, "I have other reasons for believing that Mr. Young may be in serious trouble." Abruptly, then, "Who would kill him, Mr. Romer? Who were his enemies?"

Mason Romer deliberated before he answered Lee's question. Then, in a somewhat pompous tone, "A crusader with Mr. Young's enthusiasm creates many enemies. He's been fighting arsonists and accident fakers and wreckers many years."

"What kind of wreckers?"

"Crooked shipowners. Mr. Young handles marine insurance with his other interests. He virtually owns half a dozen ships—the Silver Stack Line has them under lease."

"I don't follow you," James Lee said. "Do you imply that his interest in the Silver Stack Line involves physical danger to Mr. Young?"

"Possibly," Romer said. "His board of directors—"

"Just a moment," Lee interrupted. Frank Wilbur had slipped in from the laboratory and had placed a penciled note on his chief's desk. "Pardon me, Mr. Romer."

JAMES LEE scanned Wilbur's report on the bullet. "Caliber close to .331. Weight checks with nothing in the American or foreign records. Must be new type of gun—maybe homemade?"

"You can speak freely, Wilbur. Mr. Romer might be of great help to us. Notice anything else about the bullet?"

"Well, the tin percentage is away up. Looks like Malay metal."

"That settles it!" said James Lee "That bullet was fired from one of the new Japanese automatics from the Sanjo-Hiyoshi factory in Tokyo. I got a confidential bulletin on that automatic this afternoon."

He turned to Mason Romer. "This narrows things down somewhat. Mr. Romer, have Walter Young's activities ever brought him into any dealings with agents of the Japanese government?"

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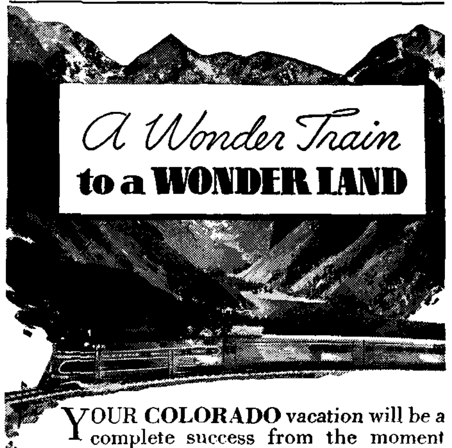

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A NEW HIGH IN STREAMLINED LUXURY

Romer smiled in a superior way. "That's just what I was about to mention before we were interrupted. The board of directors of the Silver Stack Line wants to sell all the ships to Japan at a good price. Mr. Young has opposed this in the face of considerable pressure."

Frank Wilbur whistled softly as he saw the grim look on Lee's face. The visitor rose.

"However, if I may say so," he remarked, "you are probably barking up the wrong tree, and Mr. Young is safe at home by this time. Why don't you call him and find out?"

JAMES LEE reached for the telephone and called Walter Young's residence number. A drowsy servant answered him.

"Let me speak to Mr. Young."

"Mr. Young is not at home."

"Let me speak to Mrs. Young."

"Mrs. Young has not returned."

"Thank you," James Lee said. He hung up and faced Mason Romer.

"This gets more serious every minute," he said crisply. "Mrs. Young has had plenty of time to reach her home, but something must have happened on the way. Your information has been very useful, Mr. Romer. Just before you arrived I was hit by a shot from a pistol made in Japan. Now you tell me that Japanese agents have more than a little to gain by removing Walter Young, who has been missing since one o'clock this afternoon. No more time must be lost!"

"Where are you going?" Frank Wilbur asked Lee.

"I'm going to see if Sung Ying can help us. It's a long chance—but we have no time for routine methods. He's the one man in the whole city who might put us on the trail of the enemy. Telephone Sung Ying that I'm coming over to have a talk with him."

"Why not tell him to come here?" Wilbur suggested. "You've been shot once tonight."

"We can't waste a moment. It will be too late."

"Then at least let me go with you."

"Stay here," James Lee ordered, "and after you tell Sung Ying that I'm on my way, stick close to the phone. Mr. Romer will keep you company."

"But—but I'm not staying here, sir!" blustered Romer. "You have no right—"

James Lee shook his head. "I've no time to explain. But I will say that if you leave this apartment you may be in great danger of your life. Mrs. Young left here a short time ago, and has not been heard of since. If I work fast I might be able to save her from death—but I cannot permit you to take a similar chance!"

Disregarding the outraged protests of his guest, James Lee left his apartment.

The streets were almost deserted at this hour, and in the five blocks of his journey toward Grant Avenue, Lee encountered but three pedestrians. When he reached the central section of the colony of his countrymen, he proceeded along the colorful thoroughfare until he reached Jackson Street. He turned to the left here and walked up the hill until he came to a narrow door between the Smiling Friend Pawnshop and the jewelry store operated by Sung Ying, chief of the Pacific Division of the Chinese Intelligence Service. He knocked lightly once on the door, and it was immediately opened to admit him. "I need your counsel and advice," he said, in greeting. "I have a problem in your field, Sung Ying. Walter Young has disappeared."

"The president of the Silver Stack Line?" asked Sung Ying. "I know him. That is serious. Let us go into my office."

James Lee preceded him into the small room.

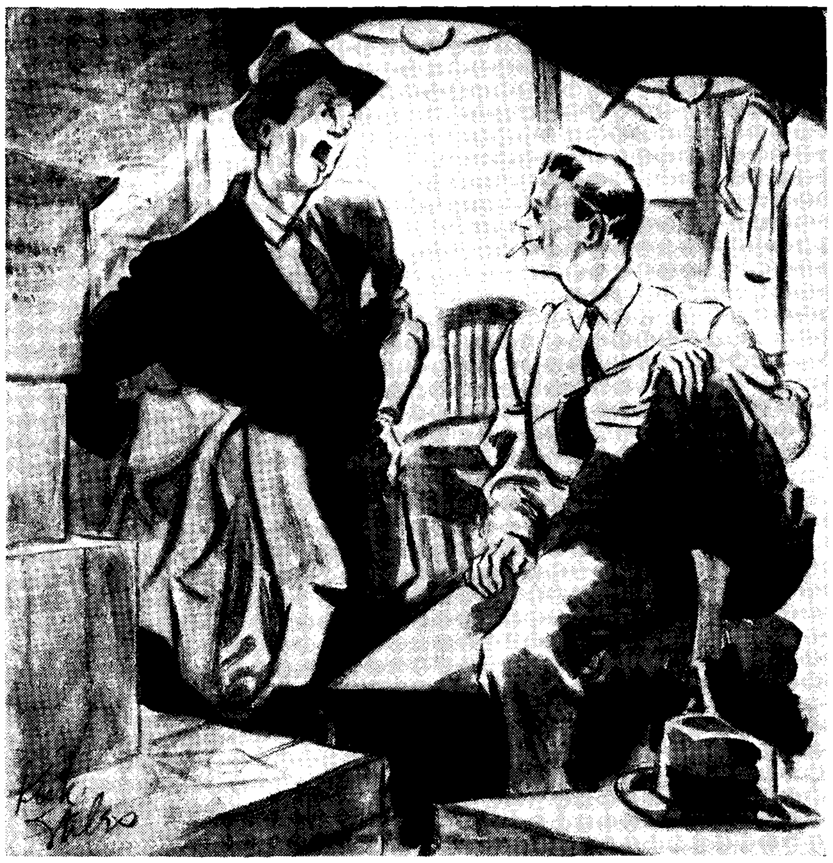
"How can I help you?" asked Sung Ying.

"Walter Young has various enemies, but I have good reason to believe that his present peril comes from Japanese agents in San Francisco, because of his firm opposition to the sale of his ships to Japan. Does that strike you as being motive enough for getting rid of him?"

Sung Ying's eyes narrowed. "More than enough!" he said. "Shizaki and Nakamura are operating in this district. They are killers. When did Young disappear?"

"At least six hours ago."

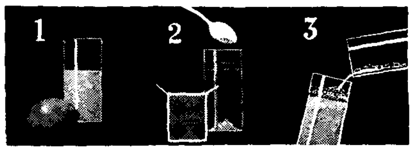
"Then they have probably finished



"So I said, 'I'm gonna get a raise or know the reason why!' Well, here's why I didn't get it . . ."

KIRK STILES

TRY
LEMON
and SODA
TO AID "REGULARITY"



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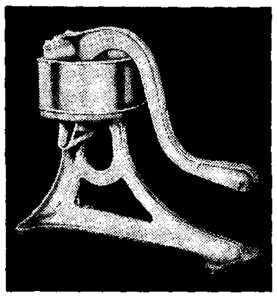

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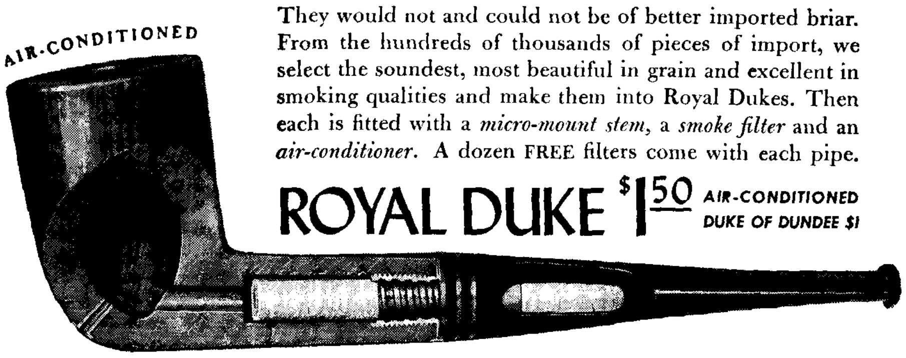

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him by this time," Sung Ying said.

"Where can I find these murderous ones?"

"Nakamura will be in Kadsuma's house on Post Street. My men have not seen Shizaki for two days."

"Kadsuma's house—the grocery store, do you mean?" James Lee asked. "I know the place. Why haven't you finished with Shizaki?"

"He has escaped me twice. He is a fox."

"I may help to kill him?" James Lee requested. "You will forgive me if I offer my aid?"

"It is about time that we were rid of him," Sung Ying said. "I will be delighted to accompany you."

"I cannot express my gratitude. Tell me—if Shizaki and Nakamura have captured Walter Young and Mrs. Young, would they hold them in Kadsuma's house—kill them there?"

"Undoubtedly. Dead men are awkward property. Kadsuma has a clever way of getting rid of them."

"How is that?"

"The empty fish boxes," Sung Ying explained. "There is a fish market in the rear of his grocery store. The empty boxes are returned to the Japanese fishermen each day. At least ten of Shizaki's victims have been buried in the night, miles at sea. . . . Wait until I get my coat—and a pair of guns—and we will see if we can solve your problem. Are you armed?"

"Yes," James Lee said. "One moment, my dear friend; I must let my office know where we are going, so that they can follow through on this if we fail."

WHEN he had Frank Wilbur on the line, "Sung Ying and I are going to Kadsuma's house on Post Street," James Lee announced. "We should be in the clear within an hour. If you do not hear from me, get hold of Riley and look things over."

"I still think I should come with you," Wilbur protested.

"Stay where you are. Is Romer all right?"

"He's gone to sleep in his chair. He's a funny customer."

"Good! Now, check your time—two-thirteen—and if I don't call you within an hour, follow up with Riley."

James Lee hung up the phone and turned to Sung Ying. "If anything happens to us, we temporize with Shizaki for an hour, until Wilbur blasts his way in with the rescue party. Let's go!"

Nearing Kadsuma's house, "Park the car here," Sung Ying advised. "We'll walk the next two blocks."

"Right. Have you been inside of Kadsuma's house before?"

"No. I have been in the store. It is a three-story building, you remember, but our job is on the ground floor or below that. What do you suggest if we suddenly discover that I am unable to talk them into opening the apartment door?"

"We shoot the lock off and go ahead," James Lee said. "The lives of innocent people are at stake."

At the doorway of Kadsuma's house, Sung Ying rang the bell twice before a thin voice piped through the battered tin speaking tube set above the bell. "Who calls?"

"Two men of the Service," Sung Ying answered, in Japanese. "Be quick! Open the door!"

"Shizaki?"

Instantly deciding from the question that Shizaki was expected, "Yes," Sung Ying answered. "Shizaki and distinguished companion from south office."

The click of two bolts followed. "We have long expected you," spoke the thin voice through the speaking tube. "Enter."

"Great luck!" James Lee whispered to Sung Ying. "They may have held Young alive waiting for Shizaki. . . . If they open fire, shoot them down as they come. Keep on my left."

A Japanese man stood at the far end of the hallway before an open door. As the two marched forward into the dim light of an exposed bulb, something suspicious in their movements must have made the man realize his error. A deafening roar sounded in the hall, and a wild bullet smashed the light overhead.

"Down him!" James Lee directed. Sung Ying fired twice at the silhouette of the gunman in the doorway. The man went down.

Instantly, from beyond the lighted doorway there lifted a cackling chorus of voices. "We lose," James Lee said. "No chance, but keep your guns going."

He leaped through the doorway, firing as he went. A man faced him with a swinging automatic. James Lee's shot brought him down. Two others were shooting wildly. Lee's gun knocked one of them over, Sung Ying got the other. Then, out of the shadows in the corner of the room, there came a single explosion and the weapon dropped from Sung Ying's nerveless left hand. James Lee fired quickly and the Japanese sprawled on his face.

"That is Nakamura," Sung Ying said. "Good work! Kadsuma is dead there by the door."

"Shizaki?"

"Not here," Sung Ying said. "Come, through this door! There may be others."

The inner door of the room was locked. James Lee fired once through the lock, and turned to his companion. He saw for the first time that Sung Ying was seriously wounded. Flowing blood stained the left side of Sung Ying's coat.

"Let me go first," Sung Ying said. "I'll last for a while yet."

James Lee blocked the way with his tortured arm. "You are badly hurt," he objected. "If they get me, do your best."

He slipped his empty automatic into his coat pocket and reached for his second gun that he carried in a shoulder holster. He kicked the door open. Save for two occupants, Walter Young and his wife, gagged and wired to their chairs, the room was empty.

"We win!" James Lee whispered. "They're alive!"

"Held for Shizaki's coming," Sung Ying faltered.

"You are in bad shape, my friend. Do you think you could bear up for just a few moments longer?"

"I will do my best," said Sung Ying.

Jane Young, unconscious, was barely breathing. James Lee tore the padded cloth from her mouth. Color came to her ashen face as he turned to perform the same quick service for her husband. Walter Young gulped the smoke-laden air for a moment, and then, falteringly, "Is she dead?" he cried.

IN THAT busy minute, James Lee was unaware that behind him his countryman, who had sadly misjudged his strength, was slipping quietly to the floor. Collapsing from the pain of his wound, Sung Ying lay across the threshold.

"Mrs. Young is breathing," James Lee said, turning again to the problem of breaking the twisted wires that bound the woman to her chair. "She will be all right when—"

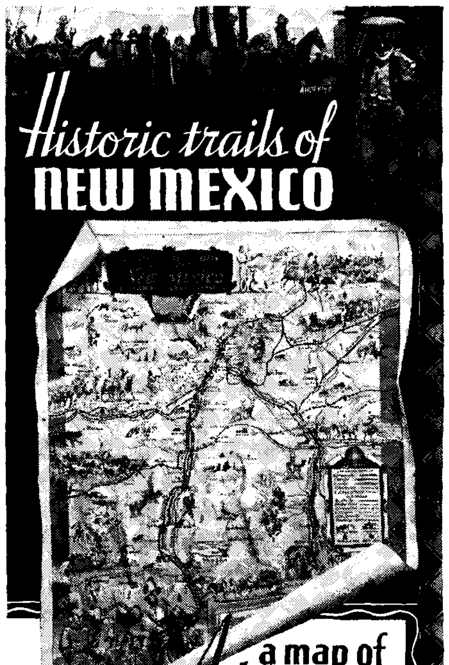
A strange voice from the doorway interrupted him.

"Good evening, Mr. Lee. Saving much trouble for me by coming to die here. I am Shizaki."

James Lee whirled to face the invader. The Japanese, smiling, stood in the doorway with a leveled automatic.

"If you please, not touching wire on hands of lady."

"Shizaki!" James Lee saw in a flash that here was death.



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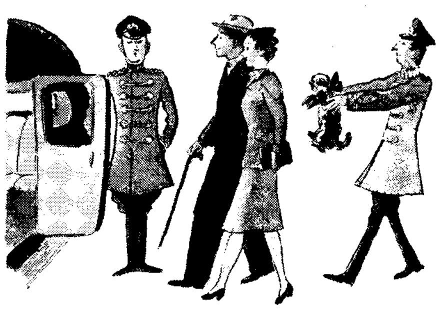

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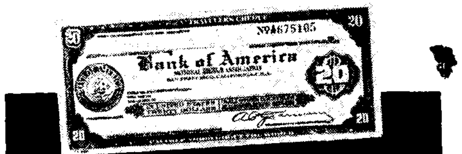

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"Shizaki, yes! Having honor first time to meet so much famous James Lee. Having many thanks for Mr. Lee coming here to die, saving small Shizaki trouble finding honorable gentleman." The Japanese walked into the room, glancing down at the unconscious Sung Ying as he stepped daintily over the body of the wounded man. "Everything finish now. Very bad luck; so sorry. At morning, feeding fish in ocean."

Five feet away from James Lee, Shizaki steadied the automatic for the shot that meant the end of life for his opponent.

With death but one brief moment ahead of him, James Lee smiled at Shizaki. "A cigarette?" he temporized. "One cigarette before I die. It is your generous custom, as I remember."

Shizaki nodded. "One cigarette, yes," he consented. "One cigarette and some talking. Not moving hand fast, please."

JAMES LEE reached for a cigarette and lighted it. As he struck the match, he saw, back of Shizaki, the fingers of Sung Ying's right hand close convulsively in a subconscious gesture inspired by the sound of Shizaki's hated voice. Sung Ying's eyelids fluttered. Then, with his eyes open, his right hand moved toward the weapon that he had dropped at the moment of his collapse.

James Lee, fearful that Shizaki might read some evidence of Sung Ying's awakening in Walter Young's eyes or actions, held his lighted cigarette away from him and regarded its glowing tip. "Thank you for this blessing of tobacco," he said to Shizaki. "If you will permit me to enjoy a little more of it?"

"Enjoy while talking," Shizaki said. "Why coming here, Mr. Lee? Same like dying. I think smart Mr. Lee is very large fool. So sorry not more fool like Sung Ying, James Lee, all Chinese man. Japanese so much smart as Chinese man. Shizaki very old man, James Lee very young child."

Sung Ying's fingers had closed on his automatic.

Without evident effort, James Lee compelled himself to address Shizaki in an even voice. "It is true," he said, "that your wisdom in this instance is that of a venerable sage. I admit that you enjoy wisdom."

Sung Ying's automatic inched up in line with Shizaki's heart.

The Japanese man smiled at James Lee. "First," he said, "closing door so that world not hearing shot when you leave life." With his gun still leveled at James Lee's heart, Shizaki edged toward the door.

James Lee realized that another backward step would bring Sung Ying within range of Shizaki's vision.

"This cigarette," he began; "you promised me that I might enjoy—"

The crash of Sung Ying's gun ended the sentence. Shizaki, dead before he fell, left life with his eyes searching in wonderment for a reason why his heart had suddenly exploded under the impact of the bullet from a dead man's gun.

"Oh, good man!" James Lee exclaimed, smiling at Sung Ying as he leaped toward the open door. "Play the game, giant of courage, for one more small moment, until I return!"

Over a telephone, three minutes after Shizaki had died, James Lee spoke to Frank Wilbur.

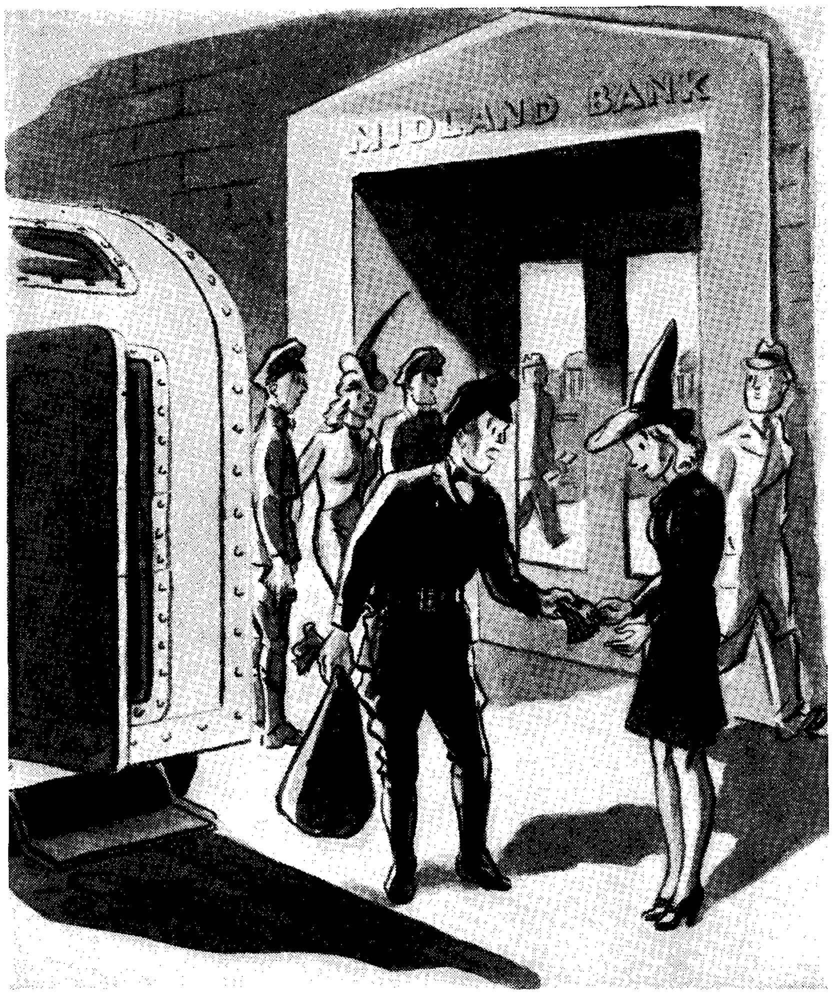
"A surgeon and an ambulance, quick, to Kadsuma's house on Post Street," he said. "Sung Ying is hurt."

"And you?"

"I'm all right," James Lee said. "Young and his wife are safe. Bring Riley with you. There may be some more bad actors drifting in."

"I'll be there in five minutes. Mason Romer just woke up. He wants to know if anything has happened yet."

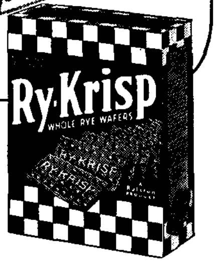
James Lee frowned. "Tell Mr. Romer he is free to go home to bed," he said. "That's where I'd like to be myself. It's been a rather crowded evening!"



"I wish you wouldn't ask me for money during working hours, dear. It doesn't look well!"

BRUCE CURRIE

SOMEONE OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT RY-KRISP



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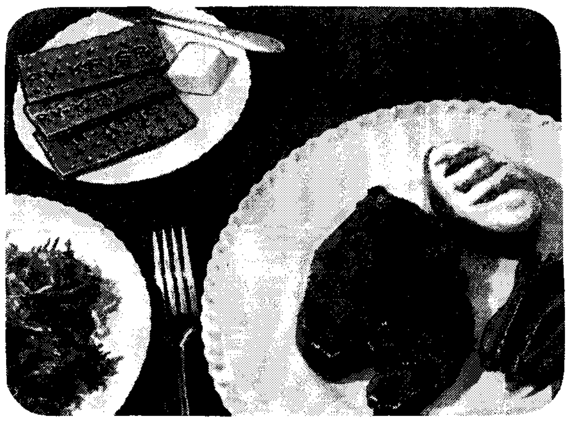

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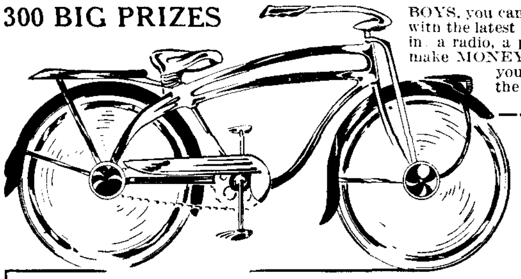

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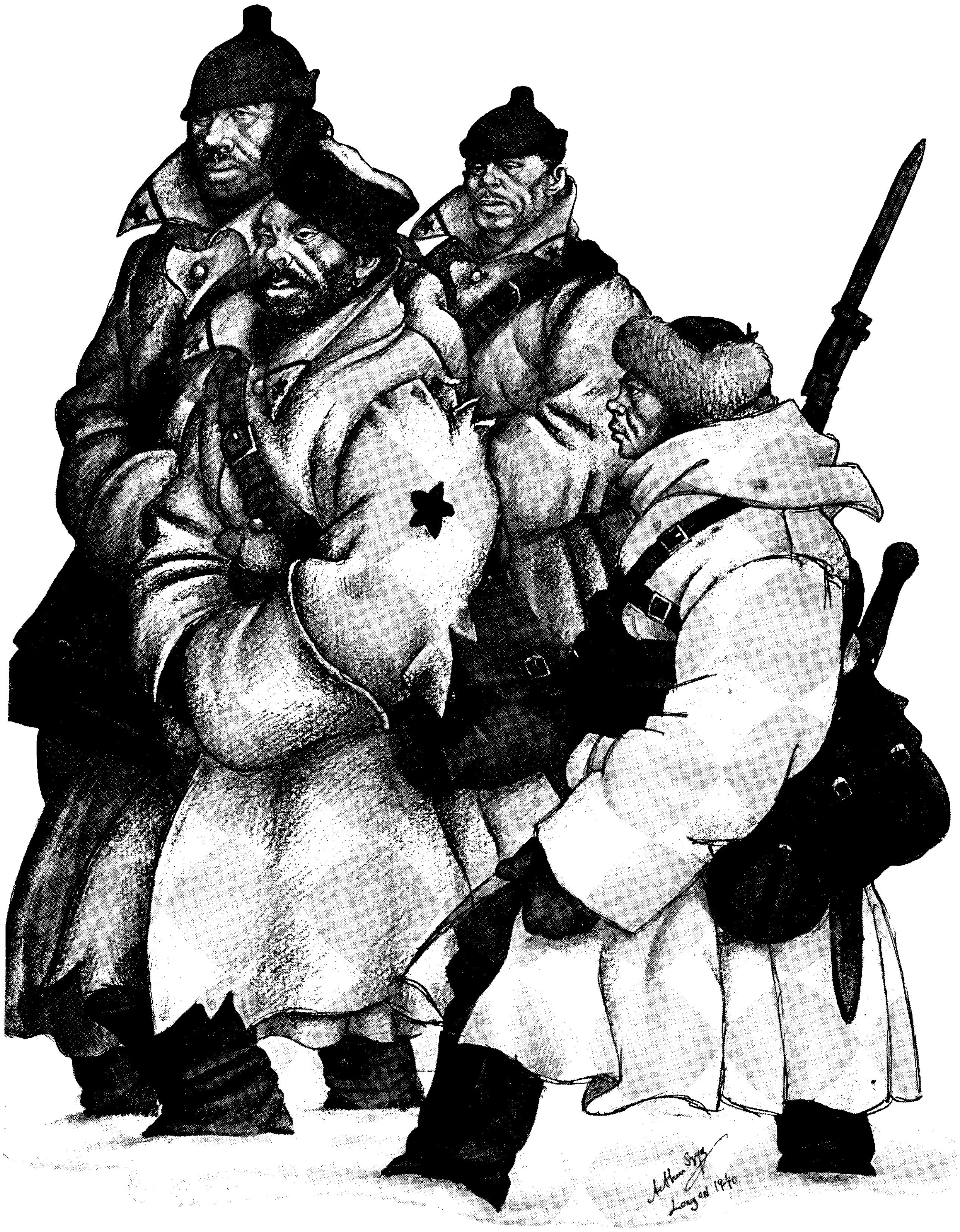

Arthur Szyk is an artist turned caricaturist by the war. He has been called the Raemaekers and the Low of color. Szyk is a Pole, 46 years old, living in London. He is one of the greatest living masters of an almost forgotten art—that of the illuminator. The clear detail and sharpness of line, the jewel-like colors of the medieval miniaturist has made his name famous. The Polish government gave him the Golden Cross of Merit, and he was decorated by the French government. He won the George Washington medal of America for his illumination executed to commemorate the establishment of the first Polish transatlantic steamship line in 1933. Only recently he completed a series of miniatures on Omar Khayyam for the First Edition Club of New York. When Poland was invaded Szyk turned to satire and criticism. His caricatures are on the miniature style, although on a somewhat larger scale. They are forceful in their deliberation and technical virtuosity. Szyk is neither extravagant nor exaggerated in his caricatures, but he sets down everything in cold anger in terms of incisive lines and glowing colors.

What the Finns Won

WE SUPPOSE debate will go on for years about whether the Finns or the Russians won their 105-day war of late 1939 and early 1940. Here is our contribution to the debate.

We think the Finns won all the phases of the war except those included in the peace treaty—and that the treaty was a minor matter in the long view of it all. It was as if a 98-pound flyweight had stood up to Joe Louis for six furious rounds, after which the flyweight's seconds had thrown in the towel and the referee had perforce given Joe the decision. The world would give the flyweight the decision.

Before throwing in the towel, the Finnish army under Baron Mannerheim and Gen. Wallenius took the following concrete packages out of Joseph Stalin's Red army:

An estimated 100,000 killed, an estimated 500,000 wounded; 1,486 tanks captured or destroyed; 587 planes destroyed; 295 artillery guns captured.

The Finnish losses in men and materials were unanimously described by competent observers as phenomenally small. Given anywhere near the 2,000,000 men Stalin could have thrown into the fight, the Finns would most likely be staging victory parades on Moscow's Red Square about now.

They are staging victory parades in the hearts of millions of men and women now, and will be doing so for a long time to come. For the Finns smashed two legends that had overshadowed the hearts of millions for twenty years—the legend of the inevitability of Communism throughout the world and the legend of the invincible Red army.

When Red Russia attacked democratic Finland, Finland rose almost to a man, woman and child, and fought like a tiger for the right to live its own life. When the Red army set forth on its first imperialistic conquest, it began by making all the mistakes that kids in military schools are earliest taught not to make, and it ended by taking a little territory over bloody carpets of its own wounded and dead.

The Finns demonstrated to the world the criminal folly of Stalin's purges of most of the Red army's best officers. They showed up the superman idea for what it was worth, which in our estimation is precisely nothing; they gave new life to the idea that you're not a fool needing a dictator to run you, and neither am I, perhaps, and probably the two of us co-operating with millions like ourselves can run our country and our lives better than any one Mr. Big could run them.

For themselves, the Finns won the right to live. The Forgotten Man at the end of the war was one Otto Kuusinen, a renegade Finnish Bolshevik whom Stalin at the war's beginning swore to make the Red governor of a puppetized Finland. The peace was concluded by the regularly elected democratic Finnish government that had prosecuted the war. As for the dark predictions that Russia will be coming back in six months or so to gobble up the rest of Finland—we may easily be wrong, but we can't picture the Russians tackling the Finns again for another thirty years.

The Finns who battled in Karelia, and around Viipuri, and on the far-flung Arctic and sub-Arctic fronts, and the civil population that backed them up, have entered into the company of Heroes of All Time, whose glory does not fade.

They have also earned the gratitude of the civilized world . . . which, we would urgently suggest, had better make some swift and generous initial payments on that debt of gratitude by pouring money, food, clothing, medicine and building materials into the republic of Finland.

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IF YOU SIPPED these 5 whiskies separately, the rare quality of each would delight you—but you'd miss the contribution of the other four. In Golden Wedding you get the fuller, richer enjoyment of all five whiskies skillfully "wedded" into *one* superb whiskey.

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11 YEARS OLD
Delicate Aroma
4 YEARS OLD
Distinctive Character
6 YEARS OLD
Rich Body
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

GOLDEN WEDDING WARRANT

We warrant that Golden Wedding, at its reduced price, is the same luxurious whiskey it has always been. It's all whiskey—five great whiskies skillfully "wedded" into one—every drop 4 years or more old.

No other whiskey has the reputation of Golden Wedding—It "Has Had No Peers for 50 Years."

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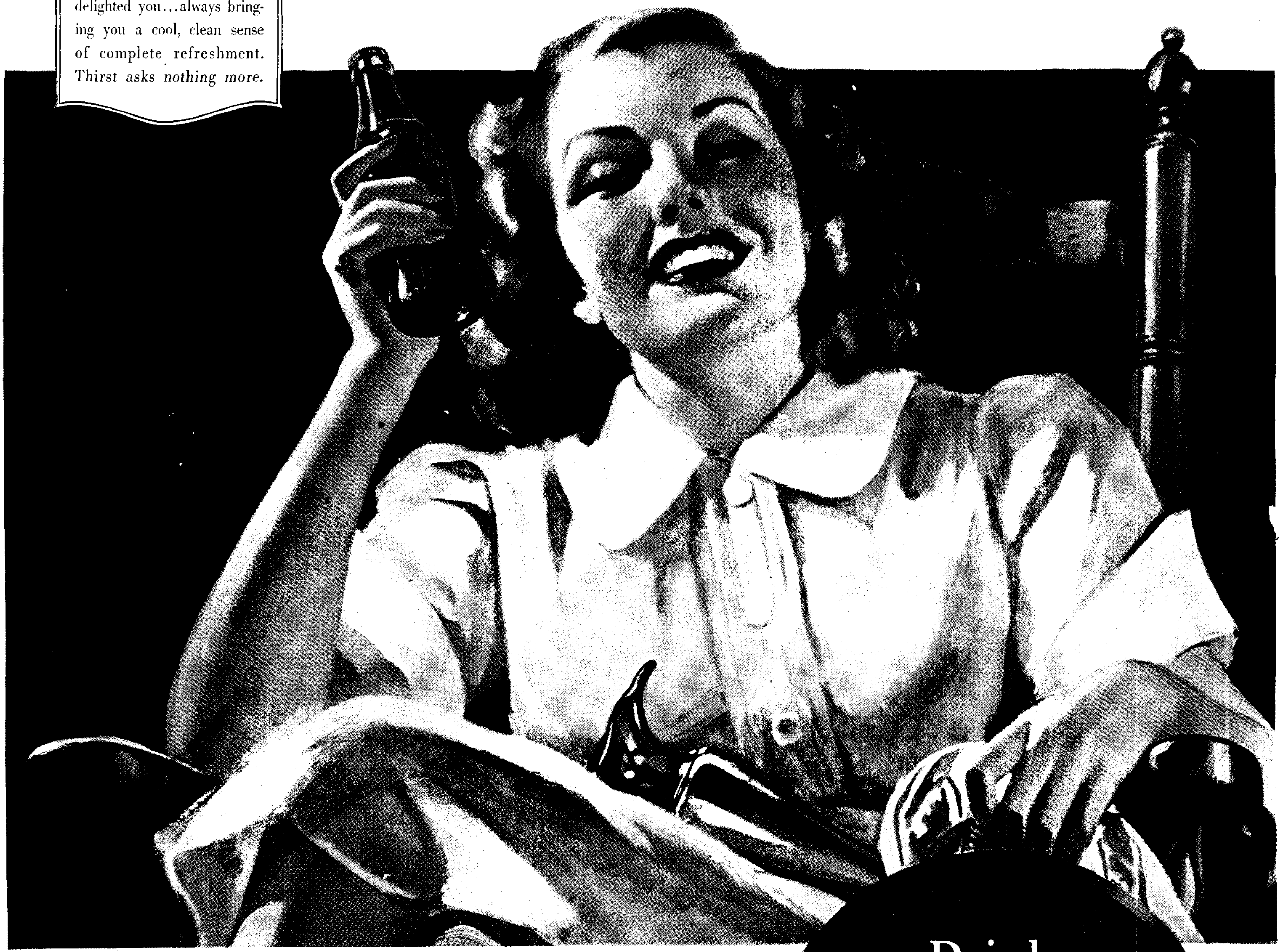
Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc.,
Schenley, Pa.

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old.

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks *nothing more.*

Take a minute to refresh



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When you're so busy you're ready to drop... drop into an easy chair and enjoy *the pause that refreshes* with a frosty bottle of Coca-Cola from your own refrigerator. It's a refreshing little minute that's long enough for a big rest.

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES